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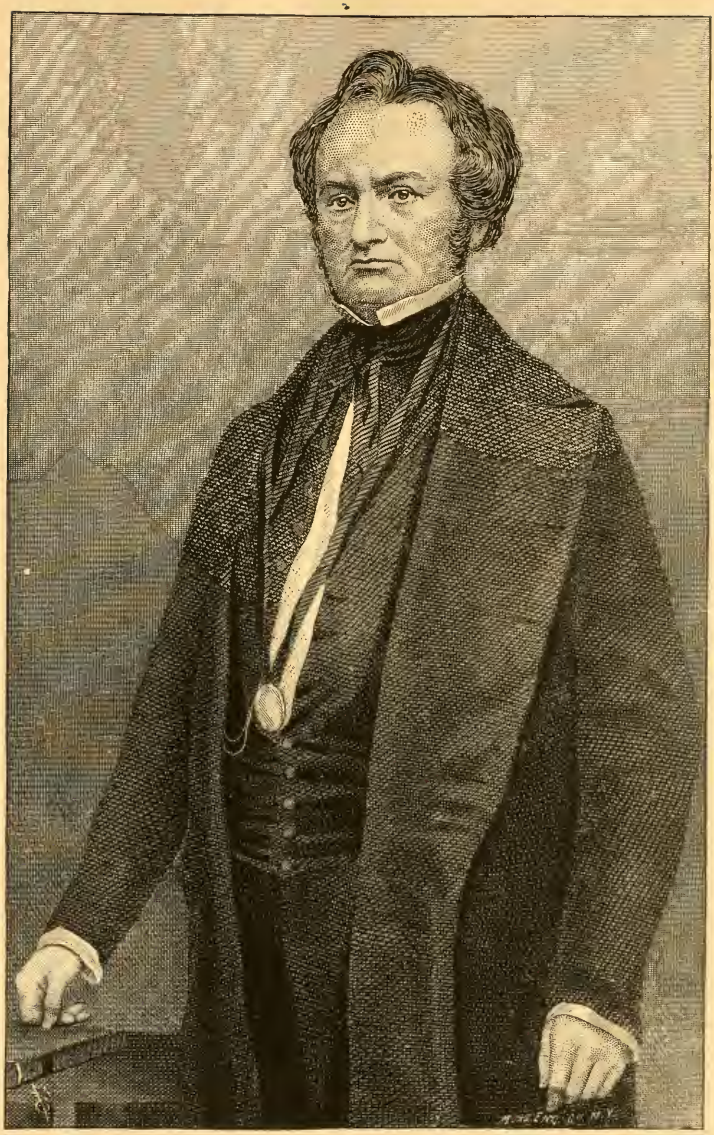

REV DR. CAHILL, D D

TREASURY

OF

IRISH ELOQUENCE,

BEING A COMPENDIUM OF

IRISH ORATORY AND LITERATURE,

COMPILED WITH ANNOTATIONS FROM

Thos. Davis, Dr. McNeven, Dr. Madden, J. Burke, and others,

CONSISTING OF SPEECHES OF

EDMUND BURKE,
HENRY GRATTAN,
JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN,
ROBERT EMMET,
THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,
RICH'D BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,
CHARLES PHILLIPS,
DANIEL O'CONNELL,
RICHARD LALOR SHEIL,
THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE,
A. M. SULLIVAN,
MICHAEL DAVITT,

WITH LECTURES, SERMONS, AND LETTERS OF

DR. CAHILL,
REV. BERNARD BUCKLEY,
VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE,
ARCHBISHOP McHALE,
RT. REV. THOMAS NULTY.

Illustrated with Numerous Portraits, Scenes, etc.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

OCT 23 1882
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Treasury of Irish Eloquence.

PRELIMINARY.

Some one has said, "the voice of eloquence is sweeter than the voice of song." It was a well-spoken tribute to the power of an art, heavenly in the magic of its inspiration, superior to music's charms in thrilling the ear, and privileged to sway by conviction the reason of the soul. In presence of its mighty influence, we must recognize the omnipotence and efficaciousness of that highest eloquence, born of pure and lofty ideas, of religious and patriotic feelings, and of noble and generous sentiments. Good ideas, eloquently expressed, conduce essentially to the intellectual elevation of every community. To meet the necessities of a higher education, and needs of an appreciative people, we advance this compilation, presenting specimen gems of the most beautiful in oratory and literature. We have long felt the want of a book of Irish eloquence, wherein could be found collected stray pieces, models of their kind, scattered throughout the libraries and elocutionary works of our land. In this volume, replete with emanations of genius and fervency from the pulpit and tribune, with flashes from the pen of the patriot and scholar, the youth of the country, the students and admirers of an exalted oratorical literature, and the friends and devotees of Christianity and Ireland everywhere, may contemplate treasures of eloquence endowed with a national and religious character. For ages, the religion and patriotism of the children of Ireland, have found utterance in a wonderful and emotional tongue; nor is it in the province of a far more gifted pen, to convey

to our readers' minds, an adequate idea of the grandeur of the eloquence of Ireland, descended from the lone talent of a distant age, when but one oasis bloomed amid the desert of intellectual darkness, and that one, Ireland; gleaming through centuries of unparalleled wrong and oppression, startling the world with its splendor, melting humanity to tears, personating an irresistible genius, and braving the tempests of tyranny and time, but to glow with a brilliancy reinforced by the progressiveness of the hour in which we live. To Ireland — martyred motherland — we look for that soulful and impassioned eloquence that springs from patriotic devotion, and is begotten of the sufferings of a crushed but unconquered nation; and to the one apostolical church we turn for the words of sublime and solemn inspiration that lift the soul to heaven and liberty. It can be sublimely said of the oratory of Ireland, that, while advocating the claims of catholic liberty, it was not confined to the utterances of one kind of religionists, for it fell from men's lips whose highest belief lay in the religion of justice, whose loftiest mission was the redemption of brother men, and whose most orthodox inspiration came from the God-given principle of universal liberty and man's equality.

One, among the many great ones, must ever remain unforgotten, wherever in the wide world heroism is honored. In our country's school-readers may be found a model of eloquence, framed from the lips of the patriot-martyr of 1803, from which the scholar for all time may learn his first lesson of manhood and patriotism. Preëminent in the grandeur of their devotion and conception, translated into every living tongue, the burning words of Robert Emmet, in the face of death, deep graven on the hearts of Irishmen and freedom-worshippers, will remain forever, though he who spoke them met a felon's doom — for he died for his fellow-men, that they might live happy in the sunshine of liberty, — asking, as a dying wish, that his "epitaph might not be written till his country should take her place among the nations of the earth." Soon shall the earnest tribute of a nation redeemed, illumine that unwritten epitaph.

No lover of the sublime in classic or sacred oratory, can refuse the homage of his appreciation to that island, that alone, amid the nations, has reproduced the Cicero and Demosthenes of his dreams, in a Curran and a Grattan, and gave to the world a pulpit-eloquence outstripping Massillon, in the discourses of a Father Tom Burke. No eulogium of ours is needed to characterize the eloquence of the illustrious agitator, Daniel O'Connell. But why particularize? It would require almost interminable space and time to call the roll of that prodigious galaxy of genius, which has extended to every clime, covered every emergency, and excited the admiration of the world. The immortal Henry Clay, and Prentiss of Mississippi, have declared that "Ireland has furnished more than her share to the world of genius and talent and heroism," and history confirms that declaration.

Our readers may here find the oratorical splendor of Grattan; the rhetorical grace of Curran, Phillips, Sheil, and Sheridan; the logical fluency of Cahill, Burke, McHale, and Nulty; the popular oratory of Daniel O'Connell; the pulpit-eloquence of Father Tom Burke, Bernard Buckley, and others; Emmet's Dying Speech; the patriotic brilliancy of "Meagher of the Sword," McGee, A. M. Sullivan, and last, but not least, the indefatigable agitator who, allied to the indomitable Charles Stewart Parnell, may be called the founder of The Irish National Land League, Michael Davitt.

We hope the choice of the selections may be acceptable to our numerous readers; and closing this labor of affection, we pray that the dissemination of these treasures of eloquence among the people of our country, may produce a bountiful harvest of good ideas, a beauty of expression, and an appreciation of the sublime in oratory; besides engendering in the youthful mind a higher ambition for learning, and an inclination for a higher order of reading in time to come. Present and unborn representatives of the Irish race may look up to these examples of national genius, and feel proud of a fatherland redeemed from centuries of adversity, by the intellectual

superiority of its sons. May the man of letters read, and drink in the logical brilliancy and rhetorical grandeur of its pages. May the student draw from its unfailing fountain, the essence of his noblest theme. May the scorner and the bigot here learn his misconception of a people's character, and, above all, may those to whom it is entrusted as a sacred and honored relic of fatherland, ponder it deeply, cherish it proudly, and quote it effectually on the occasion of its utterance. May the oratory of Ireland and the primitive church ever animate the generations of our race, and serve to advance their amelioration, until all national and religious aspirations are fulfilled.

P. R. M.

Providence, R. I. (Emmet Anniversary), March 4, 1882.

CONTENTS.

REV. D. W. CAHILL, D. D.: PAGE

Address delivered at Glasgow, at the anniversary dinner, on St. Patrick's day, ... 3

The Fidelity of Ireland in defence of her Liberties and her Ancient Religion: Lecture delivered at the Academy of Music, New York, March 17, 1860, ... 21

Immaculate Conception, ... 43

Last Judgment, ... 57

Dr. Cahill to five Protestant Clergymen, ... 75

Letter of Dr. Cahill, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, . . 84

REV. MICHAEL BERNARD BUCKLEY:

Panegyric on St. Finbar, Patron Saint of the Diocese of Cork, . . 99

Sermon on the Profession of a Nun, ... 114

Sermon on the Blessed Virgin Mary, ... 122

Lecture on the National Music of Ireland, ... 131

Lecture on John Philpot Curran, ... 159

The Irish Character Analyzed, ... 181

VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P.:

Answers to Froude. First Lecture delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, November 12, 1872, ... 203

Second Lecture, delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, November 14, 1872, ... 231

Third Lecture, delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, November 19, 1872, ... 251

Fourth Lecture, ... 269

Fifth Lecture, ... 287

HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN: PAGE

Speech on Attachments, February 24, 1785, ... 315
Speech on Orde's Commercial Propositions, June 30, 1785, . . 321
Speech on Pensions, March 13, 1786, ... 335
On Stamp Officers' Salaries, February 4, 1790, ... 339
On Government Corruption, February 12th, 1791, ... 345
On Catholic Emancipation, February 18, 1792, ... 355
In defence of Rev. William Jackson, April 23, 1795, ... 362
Suspension of the Habeas Corpus, October 14, 1796, ... 376
Last Speech in the Irish House of Commons, May 15, 1797, . . 379
For Peter Finnerty, Publisher of the "Press," December 22, 1797, . 388

HON. RICHARD LALOR SHEIL:

Clare Election, ... 423
Repeal of the Union, ... 457
Orange Lodges, ... 479
Irish Municipal Bill, February 22, 1837, ... 487
The Irish Catholics. Speech at Penenden Heath, October 24, 1828, . 505
Speech in reply to Mr. McClintock, ... 517
Speech on the Duke of York, ... 529

HON. HENRY GRATTAN:

Declaration of Irish Rights, April 19, 1780, ... 539
Philippic against Flood, October 28, 1783, ... 556
Commercial Propositions, April 12, 1785, ... 561
Anti-Union Speeches, January 15, 1800, ... 572
Anti-Union Speeches, May 26, 1800, ... 595
Invective against Corry, February 14, 1800, ... 611

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P.:

Speech at Limerick, 1812, ... 618
Speech in the British Catholic Association on the Defeat of the Emancipation Bill, May 26, 1825, ... 630
Speech on the Treaty of Limerick, ... 647
Speech at the second Clare Election, ... 659
Speech at Mullaghmast Monster Meeting, September, 1843, . . 666

CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ.: PAGE

A Speech delivered at a Public Dinner given to Mr. Finley by the Roman Catholics of the Town and County of Sligo, ... 677
A Speech delivered at an Aggregate Meeting of the Roman Catholics of Cork, ... 688
Speech delivered at a Dinner given on Dinas Island, in the Lake of Killarney, on Mr. Phillips' health being given together with that of Mr. Payne, a young American, ... 699
Speech delivered at an Aggregate Meeting of the Roman Catholics of the County and City of Dublin, ... 704

HON. EDMUND BURKE:

Speech on American Taxation, April 19th, 1774, ... 725
Speech on taking leave of the Electors of Bristol, ... 775
Select Passages on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings, . . . 778

HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR MCHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM:

To the Most Rev. Dr. Manners, Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England: The Question of Divorce between George IV. and his Queen, ... 791
To the Most Rev. Wm. Magee, D. D., Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, ... 799
Dr. McHale's Letter to Lord Bexley, ... 806
To the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, ... 814
Christmas Day at the Vatican, ... 818
Letter from Rome: Visit to the Pope. A Manuscript Letter of Mary Queen of Scots. The Tombs of O'Neil and O'Donnell, etc., 824

A. M. SULLIVAN, M. P.:

Address delivered by A. M. Sullivan, M. P., in his own defence, in Green Street Court-House, Dublin, February 20, 1868, . . 833

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN:

Speech delivered in Opposition to Pitt's first income tax, . . . 859

ROBERT EMMET:

Powerful address of Robert Emmet, delivered at his trial before Lord Norbury, Sept. 19, 1803, ... 869

Michael Davitt: Page

Future Policy of Irish Nationalists, ... 879

Thomas Francis Meagher:

Speech at Conciliation Hall, Dublin, July 28, 1846, ... 897

Thomas D'Arcy McGee:

Speech before the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, Quebec, May, 1862, ... 907

Right Rev. T. Nulty, D. D. Bishop of Meath:

To Joseph Cowen, M. P., Newcastle-on- Tyne, ... 913

ADDRESSES, LECTURES AND SERMONS.

BY

REV. D. W. CAHILL.

Rev. Dr. Cahill's Address,

Delivered at Glasgow, at the Anniversary Dinner on St. Patrick's Day.

MR. CHAIRMAN and beloved Fellow-Countrymen, — I do believe there is no nation in the world able to shout with the Irish. Our countryman, Dean Swift, counselled the Irish people, in his day, not to make speeches at public meetings, for fear of the Attorney General. "Do not speak," said he, "when you meet, as the law may punish you; but there is no law against shouting, — hence, groan and shout." And from that day to this, we can groan and shout better than any people in the whole world. Till I came here on this evening, I thought I could never forgive either Lord J. Russell or Lord Palmerston; but the speakers who have preceded me have inflicted such a castigation on them, that, with your kind permission, I will forgive them, — not in this world, — but in the next. For this purpose, I must have the key of the Kingdom of Heaven, and also the key of the other place, in order that, when I first let them out, I can next let them in.

Mr. Chairman, you have exaggerated my small services in reference to the public letters which I have written. Whatever merit I may have, consisted in my knowing well the history of Ireland. The history of other countries is learned from the cool pen of the historian, but that of Ireland is learned from the crimsoned tombs of the dead. The history of other nations is collected from the growing population and successful commerce, but the sad story of Ireland is gathered from the deserted village, the crowded poor-house, and the mournful swelling canvas of the emigrant ship. You gave me too much credit for those slender productions of mine, and

perhaps you are not aware that it was on the graves of the starved and shroudless victims of English misrule I stood when I indited the epistles. I dated them from the grave-pits of Sligo and the fever-sheds of Skibbereen. If I seemed to weep, it was because I followed to coffinless tombs tens of thousands of my poor, persecuted fellow-countrymen; and if my descriptions appeared tinged with red, it was because I dipped my pen in their fresh bleeding graves in order to give suitable coloring to the terrific page on which a cruel fate has traced the destinies of Ireland. It was not my mind but my bosom that dictated; it was not my pen but my heart that wrote the record.

And where is the Irishman who would not feel an involuntary impulse of national pride in asserting the invincible genius of our own creed while he gazes on the crumbling walls of our ancient churches, which, even in their old age, lift their hoary heads as faithful witnesses of the past struggles of our faith, and still stand in their massive frame-work, resisting to the last the power of the despoiler, and scarcely yielding to the inevitable stroke of time? And where is the heart so cold, that would not pour forth a boiling torrent of national anger at seeing the children of forty generations consigned to a premature grave, or banished by cruel laws to seek amongst the strangers the protection they are refused at home?

Nature does not deny a home to the untutored savage that wanders naked over her boundless domain; even the maternal genius of the inhospitable forest gives a welcome asylum to her young; she brings them forth from her bare womb, suckles them on her stormy bosom, and feeds them at her desert streams. She teaches them to kneel beneath the dark canopy with which she shrouds the majesty of her inaccessible rocks; she warns them to flee from danger in the moaning voice of the unchained tempests, and she clothes her kingdom in verdure and sunlight to cheer them in their trackless home. Well has the divine heart of Campbell given a preference to the savage beast over the ill-fated lot of the exiled Irishman, in these immortal lines which express the history of our nation: —

"Where is my cabin door fast by the wildwood,
Where is my sire that wept for its fall?
Where is the mother that watched o'er my childhood?
Where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?

> ' Sad is my fate,' said the heart-broken stranger,
> ' The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
> But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
> A home and a country remain not for me.' "

Oh! if St. Patrick were now to visit Ireland, what changes could not the historian recount to him since he first set his Apostolic foot on the soil? For many centuries after he died, Ireland enjoyed a profound peace and a national prosperity. While, on the fall of the Roman Empire, most of the kingdoms of Europe rose up in vindication of their national rights, and all the neighboring nations were filled with the disastrous accompaniments and results of war, Ireland cultivated the arts and sciences, and practised the sublime precepts of the Gospel to perfection. She was the seminary where Europe was then educated, and whatever progress has been made by them in letters and religion, they must own that they lighted the torch of Science and Faith at the sacred fires which burned on the altars of Ireland. No doubt, a storm has in later days been evoked from the abyss by the emissaries of Satan against this ancient creed. It has burst over Ireland with an awful violence, and in its devastating passage over our fine country it has blown down the venerable institutions of past ages; it has rent the monarch oak which crowned the forest with its lofty majesty, but the trunk and the roots were too strong to be torn by the rage of the hurricane; and here we are, the new growth of the flourishing branches sprung from the old stock, and likely to rise higher, and to spread farther than the parent tree, which, three centuries ago, reached to the skies over Ireland.

In fact, Catholicity, if I may so speak, is almost natural to an Irishman. He is, as it were, a Christian before he is baptized; he inherits faith by a kind of freehold grace which St. Patrick has bequeathed to the most remote posterity of Ireland. You can efface every feeling from his heart but Catholicity; you can crush out every sentiment from his mind but the love of his altars; you may break him into pieces, and crush him into dust, but like the diamond in fragments, faith shines in him to the last. The smallest particle of the Irish nature — the poorest, the most abandoned of Ireland's sons, — reveals the sparkling inheritance as well as the most noble and lordly possessor; in fact, the darkness of the night is more favorable for seeing the native light of the fragment, than the golden hours of

noonday sunshine; and thus the midnight of national trial is the best time to behold the effulgence of Ireland's creed, and to test the essential splendor of her national faith. Or, as our own bard has it, —

> "The gem may be broke by many a stroke,
> But nothing can cloud its native ray,
> Each fragment will cast a light to the last;
> And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
> There's a lustre within thee that ne'er can decay,
> A spirit that breathes through each suffering part,
> And smiles at thy pain on St. Patrick's Day."

No doubt, you have heard the amusing fact of the Irish in a certain town in England, when, in 1850, they proceeded there to burn the Blessed Virgin in effigy. When all was ready for the idolatrous conflagration, the Irish were seen collecting in patches of tens and twenties, in the square where the fagots were prepared. The police observed that each Irishman had a short, thick stick thrust up the sleeve of his jacket; and on asking what use they intended to make of these dangerous weapons in the present instance, one of the Irish said — "Why then, your honor, we were afraid you might not have wood enough to burn the Virgin out and out, and we brought these few *kippeens*, *asthore*, to keep up the blaze." It is unnecessary to say that the Virgin was not burned on that day; and the Irish on returning home, were heard saying to each other — *na bocklish*, *avick*.

As your chairman has given me credit for having some knowledge of astronomy, I must take the liberty of informing the people of Scotland that the length of the day and night in Ireland is twenty-four hours, and that it was twelve o'clock noon, in our colonies in the east, at about four o'clock this morning in Ireland; and again, that about this present hour, while we are filling our sparkling glasses, the Irish are just going to Mass, with the shamrocks in their hats, at twelve o'clock in America. The Irish soldier, therefore, on this morning, at four o'clock, saluted the glorious memory of St. Patrick at the mouth of the Ganges; he began the shout in the east as the sun culminated over Pekin, and as the day advanced, and that shout rolled along the foot of Himalaya, it swept across the Indus, passed over the track of Alexander the Great, was heard in ancient Byzantium, disturbed the slumber of the sleeping brave

in the gray field of Marathon, reverberated along the Seven Hills of Rome, and almost awoke, about ten o'clock this morning, old Romulus on the banks of the Tiber.

Owing to the mysterious destinies of Ireland and of our scattered race, there is not a spot, from the Yellow Sea to the Pillars of Hercules, from Garryowen to Melbourne, in which some merry Irishman does not on this day fix the green shamrock in his cap, and, with overflowing soul and wild transports of native joy, sing the inspiring airs of his country, and chant aloud the magical tune of "St. Patrick's Day in the morning." But the commemorating voice of this day through primæval Asia and old Europe is weak in comparison to the power it attains when it has crossed the Atlantic, and reached the friendly, crowded shores of young and vigorous America. There many a fond Irish heart welcomes the well-known cheers, as they burst in the patriot skies of Bunker's Hill: there the shout assumes the majesty of thunder as it rolls in peals, again and again repeated, over the boundless prairies that skirt the Mississippi, and is echoed and re-echoed along the chiselled Alleghanies, until it dies away into silence about two o'clock to-night, as it re-echoes the placid boundless bosom of the Pacific.

Thus round and round the globe is the voice of Ireland this day heard by all mankind — thus her scattered and fated children sing the wild song of their native land to the stranger — thus they pour forth the patriot strains of their beloved country to the idolatrous Tartar, to the polished European, and the savage Indian; thus they stretch their united hands to each other on this day, and round the entire world they form a girdle of national love and patriotism, which reaches from the east to the west, and we couple the north and the south poles within the wide circle of our exiled but glorious affections. He proceeded — Listen for a moment, about twelve o'clock to-night, and you will hear our own harp pour forth its Irish, plaintive voice from New York, across the broad enraptured waters of the Atlantic. Even now, if you will be quiet, you can audibly distinguish the shout of joy raised by seven millions of our blood, our race, and our Faith, along the free shores of glorious, hospitable America.

Oh! America, how I love your green fields, because they are now the resting-place of the wandering children of our country! I

worship your lofty mountains and your rich valleys, because they afford an asylum and a barrier against the storms of adversity, which have swept away and withered the ancient homesteads of Ireland. I bless your majestic rivers, your magnificent lakes, because I behold the friendly canvas of your marine spread on their joyous waters, conveying my forlorn countrymen to a peaceful and plentiful home. Oh! America, I could die for your generous people, because they have opened their arms to welcome the ejected sons of St. Patrick! — I long to stand in the presence of the patriot, the accomplished Mrs. Tyler, and the incomparable ladies of America, that I may offer to them the deep homage of my grateful heart — that I may present to them the respect and the enthusiasm of the people of Ireland, for the withering chastisement they have inflicted on the sainted cruelty of the Duchess of Sutherland, and for the grateful dignity with which they have exposed the well-meaning hypocrisy of her noble committee. And I long to behold the country where the broken heart of Ireland is bound for, her daughters protected, her sons adopted: where conscience is free, where religion is not hypocrisy, where liberty is a reality, and where the Gospel is a holy profession of Divine love, and not a profligate trade of national vengeance.

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou hold Thy omnipotent scourge over Ireland, the most faithful nation of all the kingdoms that possess the Divine revelations from Heaven? But till Providence is pleased to staunch the flowing blood of Ireland, and to heal the wound, we, her persecuted sons, are bound to raise the cry of horror against our relentless oppressors; to keep up through each coming year and each century, the watchword of our sires for freedom, till the happy day of our deliverance. It is glorious to struggle for the redemption of one's country; it is base tamely to submit to the tyrant's frown — liberty, and then death, is preferable to slavery and life. Oh! eternal liberty — inheritance of the soul!

> "Better to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
> Than to sleep for one moment in chains."

Beloved fellow-countrymen, of late years I have had more opportunities of seeing the sufferings of the Irish than many others I meet them at the seaport towns; I hear their complaints; I am

familiar with their hard trials, and feel intensely their dire fate; and, in the midst of all their misfortunes, they never lose the native affections of their warm Irish hearts.

About the year 1849 I went on board an emigrant ship at the custom-house in Dublin in order to see the accommodation of the poor emigrants. While walking on the deck, I saw a decent poor man from the County Meath, with the ugliest dog I ever beheld in his arms. He seemed to be keeping up a kind of private conversation with this dog, and occasionally he kissed him so affectionately, that I was led to speak to him, and made some inquiry about him. He told me that the dog's name was Brandy, that he and his mother were in his family for several years, and that he was the same age as his youngest child. He continued to say, that on the day he was ejected, and his house thrown down, Brandy's house was thrown down too; in fact, that the poor dog was exterminated as well as himself. That he took pity on him, brought him to Dublin, paid fifteen shillings for his passage to America, and that he would support him with his children as long as he lived. While we were speaking, the dog began to bark; on which I inquired what he was barking at. "Oh! sir," said he, "he knows we are talking about the landlord. He knows his name as well as I do, and the creature always cries and roars when he hears his name mentioned."

Oh, many a trial the poor Irish have endured during the last six years! Many a volume could be filled with the cruel persecution of the faithful Irish. From Galway to America, the track of the ship is marked by the whitened bones of the murdered Irish that lie along the bottom of the abysses of the moaning ocean. And yet those that have reached the friendly shore still drag a heavy chain which binds them to their native land; still they long to see their own beloved hills, and lay their bones with the ancient dead of their Faith and their kindred. And if death summons them beyond the Mississippi, or amidst the snows of Canada, or the pestilence of Mexico, they turn their fading eyes towards the day-star that rises over Ireland, and their last prayer is offered to Heaven for the liberty of their country — the last sigh to God is made for the freedom of her altars.

Rev. Dr. Cahill's Address to the Catholics of Glasgow.

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen, — I am laboring on the present occasion under a deficiency, for which I am convinced you will pardon me, namely, I am afraid you will not understand me in consequence of my Irish accent. I now beg to tell you, with the deepest feeling of a lasting gratitude, that, although I have received many marks of public favor heretofore in Ireland and in England, I have never found myself placed in a position of such exalted distinction as on the present occasion. Surrounded as I am, not by hundreds but by thousands of gentlemen and ladies, by priests and people, I return my homage for your advocacy, on this evening, of a great principle in thus honoring the individual who now addresses you.

Your eloquent and valued address, written on satin in golden letters, shall be preserved by me as long as I live; it is a model of exquisite taste, and conveys impressions of affection which I shall carefully bind up with the most cherished feelings of my life; but there is an eloquence of soul which the golden ink could not express; and that silent thrilling language must be read in the merry faces, the sparkling looks, and ardent bosoms which reveal to my inmost heart the sincerity and the intensity of your feeling towards me.

In associating me in the most remote connection with the great O'Connell, you do me an honor which would raise even a great man to imperishable fame; as you illume me with a ray from that immortal name which sheds unfading lustre on the records of Ireland's saddest and brightest history, and which will live in the burning affections of the remotest posterity of a grateful country. I am

like a jolly-boat following a line-of-battle ship, as I move in the foaming track of this leviathan guardship of Ireland. Large as I am, I am lost in the spray of the rudder; and no one who has ever witnessed the discharge of his broadside against the enemy, heard the thunder of his command, or saw the fatal precision of his aim, will ever think of comparing any living man to the great departed Irish champion. And it was not the fault of our old commander if his invincible barque did not convey the liberties of his country to a successful issue—he sailed in shallow water, he was stranded by necessity; but no one has ever dared to say that either he or his gallant crew ever quailed before danger, or struck their colors to the enemy. And when the returning tide rises and the breeze freshens, the old noble ship shall again set her sails before the wind; and, changing her name from Repeal to National Equality, her fearless crew shall again shout for freedom, and, with some future O'Connell at the helm, she will and shall again face the storm, and ride the swollen flood in pride and triumph.

Whenever I go to Dublin, I pay a sorrowing visit to the tomb of our old commander, where I shed a tear over his ashes and plant a flower on his grave. I mourn for the lip of fire which was wont to kindle into resistless flame our universal patriotism; I grieve for the melting tongue that could dissolve the whole national will into a flood of resistless combination; and as I gaze on the dark vault that spans the horizon of Ireland, and see pretty stars shining in the Irish skies, I weep as I think on the brilliant sun that once careered in these skies in peerless splendor, the luminary which guided our destinies for upwards of half a century, but which now, alas! has set forever below the saddening west of time, leaving the crimson clouds, like funeral drapery, to shroud the fading twilight that hangs over his departed memory.

Oh, if he had lived to stand on the heights of Ireland, as the churchyards during the last seven years sent their united wail of woe across our stricken land; oh, if he had lived to gaze on the red waves of the Atlantic, and heard the wild sinking shriek of Irish despair, wafted from the moaning abysses of the deep, as our kindred perished on their exiled voyage—he, and he alone, could raise a cry of horror which would be heard in the ends of the earth—could shake the foundation of the nations, and wrench justice from even

the iron bosoms of our cruel oppressors. None but he could pronounce the funeral oration of the Irish, for he had a voice that could fill the world and enchain the attention of mankind; and he alone had a heart to express the greatness, the perfection, the fidelity, the sufferings and the death-struggles of his unfortunate country. He was Ireland's own son, the impersonation of her own heart—and he alone could sit at her bedside and speak words of consolation for the extermination and the massacre of her defenceless children.

Your allusion to my public letters makes me very happy. There can be no doubt that England has endeavored, since the year 1815, to bring to a successful issue the largest conspiracy ever perhaps known in the whole world. When she placed Louis XVIII. on the throne of France, after the battle of Waterloo, she found herself for the first time, for the last seven hundred years, virtually directing the politics and practically planning the counsels of France. This was a bright opening to her intrigues and ambition; and from this period may be dated the commencement of a scheme which, for hypocrisy, anarchy, deceit, and infidelity, has no parallel in the history of the civilized world.

Secure in organizing an English party in France, she next proceeded to enslave to her views poor Spain, already demoralized, plundered, weakened and exhausted by the presence of two contending armies. England, therefore, first planned the separation of her South American dependencies and allies, and hence she revolutionized all that territory into petty republics, and located a powerful, designing party in the Republics of Guatemala, Chili, Peru, Colombia, La Plata and Montevideo. Spain herself thus became an easy prey to her perfidious diplomacy; and hence, in the year 1832, she changed the succession to the throne, divided the nation into two hostile factions, and raised up at the Court an English party, which governs there at the present moment. She even made a bargain, which I am able to prove from undisputed documents, to lend money to the Queen's party, on condition of guaranteeing to her the repayment of the funds so given from the confiscation of all the Church property of the nation.

In the year 1833 she carried out the same design precisely in Portugal; placed the daughter of a rebel son on the throne, advanced money for the execution of this palpable rebellion, on the condition

of being repaid in the same way, — namely, the confiscation of all the Church property in Portugal. Here again she planted her English party, who rule to this day the kingdom of Portugal. And with such desperate fidelity did England carry out her plans, that, within two years, she sold the churches in both countries, and converted them into theatres; she took possession of all the convents in Spain, both male and female; she seized all the large convents in Portugal; she banished from their cloisters one hundred and fifteen thousand monks, friars and nuns, who perished of hunger, affliction, and a broken heart. The debt due to England by Spain has been already paid; but I am in a position to prove that the wretched Portuguese have not as yet cleared off their unholy national mortgage to the English bankers, who, twenty years ago, advanced the money on English government security.

The Duke of Wellington has received many Protestant laurels from his campaign in Spain, and the partial historian pronounces glowing panegyrics on his honor and character in the Peninsular War. True, he paid, in gold principally, for the food of the English army there; but he inflicted a thousand times more injury on that country than the plundering army of the French. Under pretence of depriving the French of any point of attack on the English, he threw down the Spanish factories, burned their machinery, beggared their merchants, ruined their commerce from that day to this, and has thus been a greater enemy to Spain than the most savage Hun that ever spread death and desolation over that fine country.

I must tell you an anecdote of Wellington. About the year 1816, there was a tavern in old Barrack Street, having over the door "the sign of the old goat." The tavern keeper made a fortune by the call of the County Meath graziers, who frequented his house. He gave his daughter in marriage to a young man on the opposite side of the street, who, seeing the good luck of his father-in-law, set up a public house in opposition to the old man, and he, too, placed "the sign of the goat" over his door to deceive the customers. The old man then, in retaliation, wrote, in large printed letters, under his sign, "the real old goat." But soon changing his mind, as the Battle of Waterloo had taken place the year before, he ordered a painter to draw out the Duke of Wellington in full military costume in place of the old goat. The painter did execute the work, but he forgot to

efface the words of the old sign; and there the Duke of Wellington appeared with the General's truncheon in his hand, and having the words, "the real old goat," written under him. I tell you, now, that the real old goat was the most persecuting foe, the most deadly enemy, that Spain ever saw.

The English conspirators being now secure in the principal thrones of Europe, proceeded to Austria, where they encouraged the civil war which has reddened the soil in human gore, and has eventuated in the most disastrous results to that great Catholic country. Not a city, town, village, in Austria or Hungary, in which an English agent was not found working like the devil in his vocation of civil strife and national revolution; and it is an admitted fact, that the English party had become very powerful through every part of the empire. But Switzerland was the great focus, where the English party openly avowed their sentiments, and publicly threatened the Catholic powers of Europe with immediate civil revolution.

The world will be surprised to hear that the English party and their confederates amounted in that country alone to the astounding number of seventy-three thousand sworn enemies of Catholic monarchy. I here pledge myself before this assembly to prove the perfect accuracy of this statement. They next spread themselves into Naples, where the King, unaware of this English conspiracy, admitted them into his confidence, and gave them official places in his public schools. They ultimately succeeded in forming a perfect network over the whole surface of Europe; and while they were laboring to lay the materials of a universal explosion beneath all the Catholic thrones, they were confederating all the Protestant powers to act with one simultaneous effort when the day of their matured plans should have arrived.

During all this time England appeared kind to Ireland; spoke largely of the Catholic monarchy in the Queen's speeches, and talked of honor and international law. But under this exterior of good feelings she preserved feelings of the bitterest private rancor towards universal Catholic policy.

This conduct reminds me of an old Tory grand juror, from the hanging town of Trim, in Ireland, during the judicial reign of Lord Norbury. It was in the year 1818, when O'Connell was working for Emancipation. This old gentleman had dined with Norbury, heard

him speak against Catholic Emancipation, — took too much champagne, and fell in a ditch on his way home. He wore a fashionable red waistcoat, and a turkeycock seeing the red color, flew to him in the ditch, and commenced blubbering over the head of the juror. He fancied it was Lord Norbury who was still inveighing against Emancipation; and whenever the turkeycock paused in his blubbering elocution, the old juror would exclaim, "Quite true, my lord; these are noble sentiments, worthy of your lordship, and highly honorable to the Crown." Here the turkeycock would again resume, and cry out "blubber, blubber, blubber," to which the old Brunswieker would reply, — "I agree with your lordship; your remarks proceed from true Protestant principles worthy of a Bishop, and they eloquently defend our Holy Church; I always admired your language as the ornament of the bench, and we both shall die sooner than retract one word of your brilliant speech, or emancipate these Catholic rebels." Now, here was an old fellow so drunk that he could not distinguish between Lord Norbury and a turkeycock, and yet the devilment of bigotry was so much in him that he would not agree to unchain the very men, who, perhaps, sat by his side on that day, and for whom he had pretended to entertain feelings of friendship and toleration.

Up to the year 1846, the office of a British minister seemed to be revolutionizing the neighboring States and making royal matches. They have attempted to place a Coburg in all the royal palaces of Europe, and to transfuse the influence of England into the blood of several royal houses. Not a revolutionist in Europe who was not the intimate friend and correspondent of the English Foreign Secretary. The very men most abhorred in their own country were received at all the English embassies; and there could be no mistake that England advocated their cause, approved their schemes, and assisted their machinations. Every rebel foreigner appealed to England for advice, and in his difficulty flew to her for protection.

Concomitantly with this political scheme, the English Bible Societies, under the protection of England, sent their emissaries into all these countries; and by misrepresentation of the Catholic doctrine, by lies of the grossest invention, and by bribery, they opened a campaign of proselytism in every Catholic city in Europe, and united their efforts against Catholicity with three resident conspira-

tors against monarchy. The lodging-houses, the hotels, and the watering places, were everywhere filled with a swarm of soupers, and biblemen, tourists, novelists, naval officers, military men, young lords, correspondents of the London press, were to be found at every town of the European continent, all pressing forward to carry one point, namely, the slander of the Catholic priesthood. Stories about convents, lies about priests, anecdotes of monks, filled thousands of nicely bound small volumes, and sold at all the railway stations in England; and no less a sum than five million pounds were annually expended by these societies through Europe in this flagitious work of calumny, lies, profanation, and perjury.

Not an embassador, an *attaché*, a *chargé d'affaires*, a messenger, was employed in our diplomatic circles who was not as unprincipled a writer as Sir Francis Head, as conceited a historical libeller as Macaulay, as great a hypocrite as Sir Stratford Canning, as ridiculous a souper as young Peel, and as mean a bigot as Sir Henry Bulwer. Not a man would be accredited to any Court who had not the kidney of Shaftesbury, the rancor of Palmerston, and the intolerance of Russell. It was a strange sight, indeed, to behold other names, which I shall not mention, teaching sanctity by corruption, publishing faith by infidelity, propagating truth by lies, enforcing purity by profligacy, and really worshipping God by the devil.

Fortunately for the cause of religion and of order, this doubly infamous conspiracy has been wholly detected and laid before the gaze of mankind: most propitiously, Louis Napoleon has succeeded in rescuing France from an abyss of national disaster, and most providentially every Catholic country has escaped an awful catastrophe; and they all now, by a united reaction, have detected England's perfidy; have banished her spies from their respective territories; have degraded her diplomatists; insulted her name; banished her from their international councils; and at this moment, she hangs her head like a convict, in the presence of foreign courts — the detected assassin, the perfidious enemy of the religion and the liberties of Catholic Europe.

All these men are now defeated and degraded; Russell is a discarded hanger-on, waiting at St. Stephen's behind the chair of a successful rival; Palmerston, like an ill-conducted servant, has been reduced from Foreign Secretary to a detective superintendent of

police; and like an old jaded actor, who once took a first part in the performance, but being ultimately unable to act, still clings to the stage, and earns his bread in a minor office, we behold in pity the Foreign Minister, once the terror of Louis Phillippe — once sweeping the Mediterranean with an invincible fleet — now reduced to be a crown prosecutor against his former companions at Old Bailey by day, while at night he receives a precarious employment, snuffing the candles behind the scenes at Lord Aberdeen's benefit.

Lord Palmerston's fate reminds me of a man in the County Leitrim — a terrible bigot — who, during one of the paroxysms of a brain fever, fancied that one of his legs turned Catholic. In his indignation at seeing Popery contaminating his Protestant person, he jumped out of a window to kill the Catholic leg, but he unfortunately fell on the Protestant leg, and he limped on the Protestant leg all the days of his life after. Poor Palmerston, I think, will have an unbecoming halt during his life on his Protestant leg.

In what a proud contrast does not Lord Aberdeen appear in reference to his Whig predecessors. The friend of the Catholics, the advocate of justice, the enlightened and consistent supporter of toleration, he has won our willing veneration, and has earned the respect of Christian Europe. No bigot, no hypocrite, no persecutor, he has already gone far to heal the wounds of former administrations; and by perseverance in his honorable career, he will succeed in due time in removing the contempt, and suspicion, and the hatred, in which the British Government and the Protestant creed have been held during the last few years by the Catholic sovereigns and people of Europe. Many a million of money this British fanaticism will yet cost England in the maintenance of an army to defend her shores against the numerous enemies she has made; and the Protestant Church will soon learn to her cost, that her lies and infidelities will yet concentrate upon her the just indignation of mankind, and, at no distant period, will sweep her tenets and her name from the map of Christian Europe.

When I use the word "England," I do not mean the noble, generous people of England; no, I mean the mean, the perfidious, the persecuting Government of England. And all Europe now understands this distinction as well as we do; we thank God that England is at length detected, convicted, and degraded all over the world.

At this moment, whenever she speaks of civil liberty, all the world calls her liar, tyrant, assassin; whenever she talks of liberty of conscience, all Europe scouts her as a persecutor, a hypocrite, an unblushing slanderer; whenever she attempts to introduce the name of God, and to talk of sanctity, and of English Christianity, all Europe burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and cries shame at her, and points to her treachery, her scandals, her murders, her suicides, her blasphemies, her infidelities, her crimes, her enormities; and mankind considers Sodom and Gomorrah, and Babylon, as so many earthly paradises in comparison of the multitudinous sinfulness of England.

She is met in every market-place in Europe at this moment, and called liar, and demon; her embassadors are jibed at this moment at every court in Europe, and called hypocrites, soupers, infidels; and her travellers, tourists, correspondents, are watched in every corner of Europe, as so many burglars, assassins, and demons of naked infidelity. The Lord be praised, she is caught at last. Yes, Ireland shall soon be free from English persecution, and from the oppression of the Protestant establishment.

Two curses have been inflicted on Ireland, namely, the rackrenting landlords, and the accursed tithes. These two embodiments of malediction have bent Ireland to the earth, and have crushed her, body and soul; and like a swarm of locusts, they ate up every green and living thing, and left nothing behind but the flint of the land. After centuries of this oppression, it suddenly pleases our rulers to make a law of Free Trade. No one, more than I do, advocates the principle of cheap bread for the workingman, and of employment for his children in the mechanical arts of commerce. But the principle has introduced a scene of woe, which no pencil can paint. The poor are exterminated, the ditches are crowded with the weak and aged; the poor-houses are charnel-places of pestilence and death; and the emigrant ship, like an ocean hearse, is sailing with her flag of distress hoisted, moving slowly through the waves, as she throws out her putrid dead; and, like the telegraph company laying down their submarine wires, the crews of the emigrant ships have learned, by long practice, to tell off a line of the Irish dead along the bottom of the deep, and at the same time to sail six or seven knots an hour. England has practised them in this ocean sepulture,

so that, before the end of the year 1849, they could smoke, tell off the winding sheets, and sail, all at the same time, from this dexterous, nautical, cholera practice.

Men there are who assert that the Government could not avoid this catastrophe. I answer, it is a cruel lie. If there must be a change in the laws of trade, well, then, let it be made; but let the law-makers bear the responsibility. If they must have a new law, well, then, let them pay for their whims; let them make compensation for the damaging results of their own free, deliberate acts. They say the law is good in principle; I answer, but bad in detail. They say it has healthy premises; I reply yes, and a deadly conclusion. They say, it is perfect in argument; but I assert, it is murder in practice. They assert, it is the law; but I resume, and say, so much the worse — it legalizes and authorizes the public massacre of the people. This is a legal mockery, to hear the legislators tell the dying, starving, rotting peasant, that he ought to be quite content with his lot, since he dies a constitutional death, he will be buried according to law, in a Parliamentary churchyard, and will sleep till the day of judgment in a logical grave.

I am no politician; all I know is, that the English laws have killed the people; and what care I for the principle of Protection, or the logic of Free Trade, if the triumph of either party murder the poor. And I reply to the free-trader and to the merchant, and to the Cobden's school, by saying, If you will and must have your way, then be prepared for the consequences, meet the consequences, pay for the consequences — if there is to be suffering, then let the guilty suffer — punish the landlords — afflict the money-lenders — exterminate the House of Commons — murder the English Cabinets — extirpate the Protestant church — yes, punish the guilty who produced the catastrophe: if there will be a famine, then buy bread for the dying, give them the twenty millions of gold you have in the Treasury; add twenty millions more to the national debt if necessary — treat the Irish with the same justice as you have treated the slaves of Jamaica — do pay for your own acts — do punish the guilty — but in the name of honor, truth, justice, humanity, and in the sacred name of oaths pledged and ratified at the foot of the throne, do not punish the innocent poor — spare the unoffending peasantry — shield the defenceless tenantry who trusted you; do not massacre

the millions who confided in your former laws, and as you have done it—and massacred all Ireland trusting in you—I swear, before high Heaven, that you have mixed up a curse with your bread, which will eat into the marrow of your bones; and you have awakened in the swelling bosom of Irishmen, a flame of legitimate anger which will never be quenched, till you shall have made satisfaction for the sufferings, the extermination, the expatriation, the death, and I shall add, the massacre of the unoffending children of Ireland.

Rev. Dr. Cahill's Lecture.

Delivered at the Academy of Music, New York, March 17th, 1860. — "The Fidelity of Ireland in Defence of her Liberties and her Ancient Religion."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I assure you, though I have had the pleasure of meeting you here before, I never was so completely overpowered in my life as upon the present occasion. I have made a bow to you as gracefully as I could, endeavoring to acknowledge the compliment you have paid me, but that was with the front of my head. As there are a great many of my friends at my back, and as I am not able to make a bow with the back of my head, permit me to turn about and make a bow to the ladies and gentlemen behind me. I am endeavoring to take in breath to give myself voice to fill this most extensive hall. Since I have had the pleasure of being here with you, I have addressed large assemblies in the city of New York and elsewhere; but whether it is the height of the hall, or whether it is my excitement, I think this is the largest assembly I have ever seen in the whole course of my life. I never shall forget the compliment paid to me to come here this day. It is not so much the delight of meeting you here as the delight I experienced in witnessing your glorious procession. I came from the city of Troy yesterday. (A voice — Where were you?) I like to see you all up to concert pitch, and I would be a bad performer, indeed, if we don't have abundance of melody this evening. I little thought of the glorious satisfaction that awaited me in looking at your procession. I assure you I never felt more proud of Irishmen than on this day. I have been told that if I had been present at the Cathedral this morning I would have

learned eloquence from the most beautiful and polished discourse of the gentleman who preached there to-day. I am sorry I could not be there. It is a loss I shall regret as long as I live.

When I went out to look at the procession I was delighted to see the number of banners, the cap of liberty over the harp of Ireland; and what I was very glad to see was the American flag side by side with every banner as it passed my hotel. The stars and stripes went, if I may use the phrase, hand in hand with the harp of Ireland. How I longed to be a great man, as I saw every one uncover his head as he passed the statue of Washington. I was delighted to see such worship, if I may so speak, offered to the memory of the dead. Thousands of men taking off their hats and bending themselves in humble posture as they passed by the "Father of his Country." I was delighted to see one man drive six horses, but my astonishment was drowned when eight horses came afterwards, to see the crowded reins in the hands of the skilful driver. Then I beheld the men clad in armor passing along, and I saw the forest of steel lifted above the harp of Ireland. A suggestive idea presented itself to my mind as I saw brave men, in regular military step, with their muskets lifted, their bayonets fixed, and there, going before, beside, and after, the glorious harp of Ireland.

I saw the cavalry, the soldiers mounted on their beautiful horses, and they held their swords so much to my taste, and they moved so regular, and the whole procession was so orderly. There were Ireland and America joined in the two emblems, the Irish harp and the American stripes and stars. But I was greatly astonished when I saw a man driving twelve horses. The horses seemed to go by the same kind of sense as if they were twelve human beings. When I saw the driver with the bundle of reins in his hand, and the horses moving with such regularity and precision, I said, I would like to know the name of that driver. That man must be from Tipperary, and his name O'Connell, for that is just the way O'Connell used to drive a coach and four through every act of Parliament.

So you see I have been looking sharply; and my weakness was such, if you so call it, that, as the whole scene passed before me, and my heart upon Ireland, tears, Irish tears, stood in my eyes. Perhaps these tears made the men look bigger and finer, but I thought they were the finest men I ever saw. I have seen the

French, Austrian, and English armies ; I have seen two hundred and fifty thousand men under arms ; but somehow or other, knowing that the greater part of those passing before me were my countrymen, I took it into my head, from magnifying them in my heart, that they were the largest men I ever saw. My feelings were more than excited when I heard the beautiful band. Will you give me leave humbly to say that I am a musician, and that I have heard in this city about the best instrumental music I ever heard in my life. To-day the tunes were all Irish,—"St. Patrick's Day," "Garryowen," "Nancy Dawson," the "Young May Moon," the "Sprig of Shillelah ;" but the tune which quite astonished me — I don't know what you call it here — and that reminded me of my boyhood, was "Tatter Jack Welch." I listened to them all with the greatest pleasure ; I was delighted with them. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind. My mind on that occasion was like a postman's letter-bag ; everything was in it. I did not laugh ; I had to cry. Had I been by accident or otherwise in the back room when the procession passed, I should have lost a glorious scene, which I shall tell of many a time when I return to my own country.

We are all here to celebrate the great festival of St. Patrick. I am sure everybody will agree in saying that this is a great day for Ireland, as well as for the entire Christian world. It is certainly a great day for Ireland — the greatest we have. But if you only reflect for a moment and read history, you will find that it is equally true to say that it is a great day for the whole Christian world.

I suppose you do not forget that I have the shamrocks here next to my heart. When I was coming from Ireland, I intended to get a flower-pot made out of the clay of the County of Meath, and a sprig of shamrock from the same soil, and put it in my trunk, and bring the real shamrock to you ; but I have replaced it by an excellent American shamrock, whose leaves are broader than those of the Irish.

Men meet in America upon stated occasions to celebrate the memory of their great politicians ; if I may so speak, to worship the heroes of their country. From the time of the Grecian empire to the present period this has been customary in all nations. Men meet together to celebrate the memory of the man who struck off a link from the chain of his country ; the memory of the poet, who

elevated the genius of his nation by his divine poetical creation; or the memory of the artist, whatever art he may be engaged in; and all mankind rejoice, and feel pleasure and enthusiasm as they go forward, to point to the genius of one of their countrymen. But what signify art, and sculpture, and poetry, and patriotism, compared with Christianity?

When we celebrate the memory of a saint, a universal joy is felt in his country. Poets, sculptors, and politicians, and historians, and painters, — they certainly generate a feeling peculiar to the various departments for which they excel. Men celebrate the principle, but do not imitate the men. We not only celebrate the principles of St. Patrick, but try to imitate him in practice. The Christian's anniversary is superior to every other, because mankind not only worship the principle for which a saint or martyr died, but being a saint and Christian, his memory is calculated to awaken an idea and enthusiasm, not only to respect his principles, but to follow his example in practice. Therefore, the anniversary of St. Patrick surpasses in that regard every other anniversary which can be brought to public notice.

St. Patrick rose over Ireland like a star in the west, and, like the stars fixed in the blue vault of heaven, there he has remained from that hour to this, not obscured by the storms of that country, and not lessened in his lustre by all the efforts of man to disturb the seed which he planted; and there he remains unobscured in the clear Irish skies (clear in religion); and as far as human forethought can go, and human sagacity can calculate, it is highly probable that Patrick's star will never set in that west. This anniversary is therefore a glorious day for Ireland. What a trifling incident laid the foundation for the conversion and future character of Ireland! A small boy on the coast of France — a lad, sixteen years of age — was captured by the Irish. I do not really like to call them Irish pirates, but some historians say they were; but whatever they were, they captured Patrick at the age of sixteen and carried him to Ireland. He attended swine on the mountains of Antrim and elsewhere for seven years. His capture broke his father's and his mother's heart. All his kindred bewailed him. His uncle, a bishop, was inconsolable. He was a beautiful, fine young man, guileless, and while upon the seashore was captured by Irish pirates, torn from his home, and sub-

jected to a vassalage so low that he was commanded to attend swine in the north of Ireland. We all say how unprofitable, how unhappy, how unfortunate! Yes, that is our logic; but let us look at the logic of the skies, and we shall see how fortunate, how happy, how glorious, how consoling to Patrick himself and all his friends, and to the entire Christian world. The logic of God is very different from the logic of men.

When the people of old, about the year 1800 of the world, — that is about 2200 years before the birth of our Saviour, — went to build the Tower of Babel, and built it very high, as a place of a refuge in order to protect their kings and themselves in case of another universal deluge, there was man's logic. God saw them building it; the men went to their work, and he confounded all their languages. The mason called for mortar, the hodman brought up stone; called for brick, the hodman brought up wood; and they were so confounded they had to give up the work. You say, How trifling that is. Could He not have shaken it down by an earthquake? Could He not strike it with lightning? Could He not send His spirits and scatter it to the winds? Yes, He could; but He has a particular way of His own.

Twenty-two hundred years after that, St. Peter preached his first sermon in the streets of Jerusalem, a poor fisherman, an humble man, illiterate; and everybody said, "What, this is the poor fisherman speaking all our languages from the Black Sea, from Byzantium, from Mesopotamia, and all the neighboring countries. Here is this poor fisherman speaking all our languages," — and three thousand men became converted in a day.

Now, if God had not confounded their languages, they would all have spoken one language, and Peter could not have performed that miracle; and, therefore, the thing that we regard so foolish in the year 1800 of the world, turned out to be the most glorious fact after the death of our Lord, and after the sermon of Peter. Hence, the thing that looked so foolish in the eyes of man was glorious in the eyes of God, a fact which ought not to be forgotten. So the little incident of St. Patrick being captured and brought into Ireland, in place of being unfortunate, is the most glorious fact related in the entire history of the Christian world. In our logic, we lay our premises in the morning and draw our conclusions in the evening. We lay down our premises, for example, at twelve o'clock, and draw our

conclusions at two or three, but God often lays down His premises thousands of years back, and He will draw His conclusions twenty centuries afterwards; slow, but certain, like all great works; and as invincible, and as imperturbable, and certain as His own existence.

After having remained in the country seven years, by the same miraculous guidance by which he was brought into Ireland, Patrick escaped; but having escaped, and recollecting the condition of the Irish, he was so moved that he determined to devote himself to the Church; and he spent about twenty-two years preparing himself for the priesthood by study; and after twenty-two years, a long time preparing for the priesthood, and preparing for the bishopric, he presented himself to one of our greatest Popes, Pope Celestine, who gave him authority to go to Ireland. Accompanied by twenty fellow-laborers he landed in Ireland with the Cross about the end of the fourth century. Some say it was about the middle, but all admit that it was the middle or the end of the fourth century, about 372.

Thus, from the simple incident of being captured and carried to Ireland, came his idea of becoming a priest and bishop, and afterward the great Apostle for the conversion of our country. St. Patrick, therefore, carried out his labor like a true Apostle, and there is no instance related in history of such success and such extents of territory traversed. The number of bishops he ordained is miraculous; the number of churches — religious houses — he established is wonderful. After converting the whole country, and after making it into a garden of Christianity, he died, full of years, one of the most remarkable men of whom any account is given on the page of ecclesiastical history. He died about the year 441, near the middle of the fifth century. Ireland, after its conversion, became the seminary of Europe. The arts and sciences were taught there.

The churches that were built and the colleges that were constructed, and the entire number of schools and seminaries, rendered Ireland, beyond dispute, the unrivalled seminary of Europe; and we were so happy. There was never so happy a nation as Ireland at that time. Ireland was then engaged in trade with all the countries around the Mediterranean. We traded with Egypt, with old Pagan Carthage, and with Spain. I assure you that, while some writers represent us as very ignorant from the fifth century up to the invasion by the

Danes, yet the Irish were as civilized, independent of religion, as perhaps any northern nation of Europe; and some go so far as to state that the best of our poetry, and the highest of our musical compositions, are borrowed from that time. Other musicians dispute that, but do not deny that Ireland was very high in the arts and sciences, as well as being unrivalled in her religious profession, from the middle of the fifth to the end of the eighth century. But, oh! the baneful effects of national divisions! As your historian and fellow-countryman, delivering a lecture for you, I can conceal nothing from you. I may say something that will hurt myself; but, beyond all dispute, it is an unfortunate national character, from that period to this, that Ireland has had multiplied divisions. We have had five kings in those days, all rivals, — kings envy kings, — kings quarreling about their territory, and in various disputes, which tarnished very much, indeed, the reign of religion. These five kings made five divisions, which, I firmly believe, laid the foundation of our national disputes. We are all cousins of a king. There being five kings, and there being a very limited territory for each, each Irishman was a cousin of the king, or the king's wife. We are a royal race, and will not admit that anybody in the world has better blood in his veins than ours. Along with the divisions created by a hostile country, I say positively that these five kings laid that deep foundation of national discontent which has been the greatest misfortune of our race. This chronic dissension is not in the nature of the people; it is in the soil; the people are good, are very good; but to be born in Ireland is to be an agitator. "I knew," said a certain person, "of a man's going to where two factions were going to fight. 'What brings you here?' said the parish priest; 'you don't belong to the Gowans or the Murphys.' 'No,' says he, 'I don't.' 'What brings you here?' 'I come here to fight on my own account.'"

Another enemy of ours, to show that the quarrelsomeness of the Irish is due to the soil, says: "You may see in the Liverpool market all the cattle of England together, the Berkshire, Devonshire, and all the shires; there they all are. They lay down with their legs like the four legs of a table; but bring in one Irish cow, and there's a battle for the whole of them."

I have a problem in history to propose. You know I have been a long time a professor of history. What a pity it is that, when Julius

Cæsar came to England, seventy-five years before the birth of our Lord, he didn't conquer Ireland as well as England, and teach us unity. If we had been conquered in those days we should have been united, we should have had the English principle in us, and we should have avoided the disaster of being chained for more than ten centuries. Another problem is, what is the reason that the Irish, who are so faithful to one religious principle all over the world, cannot be united in politics? I answer, because their religious leaders never betrayed them, and the others always did. It would have been, therefore, advantageous decidedly if that problem of history had been carried out, and if Rome, in the year 75 B. C., having conquered Great Britain, had also conquered Ireland, and taught us unity. That would have kept us together, instead of our being chained and persecuted by a foreign, hostile nation. I have other problems in history that I will leave you to answer yourselves; I will not answer them.

Christianity was known in Rome early in the first century, where Paul preached it. It was known in France at the end of the first and the beginning of the second century. It was known in Ireland in the year 372 (St. Patrick); it was known in England 596 (Augustine); it was known in America 1492 (Columbus and his followers); it is not yet known in Tartary, and had it been, with the electric telegraph as we now have it, we would have heard of it in three weeks.

God does everything by human means, guided supernaturally, of course. We have got the Gospel in our mouths, and *we* have to be the heralds, and not angels, for it is spread all over the world, and we have to carry the Cross, not upon the wings of the lightning, but upon our own shoulders. I will give you a fact: Christianity took fifteen centuries to travel here, and it is not yet known in Tartary, where it would have been known if there had been civilization the same as here, showing that civilization aids materially in the propagation of the Gospel, a point not to be forgotten. Now we have passed over, if I may so call it, the early history of Ireland. From the fifth to the eighth century we were very happy, with the exception of those divisions which invited the Danes to invade us. I begin at the foundation-stone of the history of Ireland, and I will bring my beloved countrymen, step by step, but briefly, from the foundation up to the present moment.

Divided by our kings, we were invaded by the Danes, and were prosecuted for over two centuries by them. Our churches and libraries were burned, and our best records destroyed. It was only in the eleventh century that they were finally conquered by Brian Boroimhe at Clontarf. During the invasion, religion, education, civilization, literature, and our history all suffered, and we were thrown into a state of barbarism from which we afterwards emerged with great difficulty.

The Roman Empire fell in the fifth century. Its downfall commenced in the second century. The Romans left England in the year 441, about the time St. Patrick died; they were called home to defend Italy, under Valentine, their Emperor. They fell shortly after that — about thirty years; that is, about the year 475. Spain, France, Barbary, in Africa, and Asia Minor, all formerly dependants, mere provinces of Rome, now assumed their independence. There was one universal war from about the year 475 up to the eleventh century; and all the dependent nations recovered their liberty from the great tyrannical power, which held sixty millions of slaves. "Will you say you are accurate?" I am. There were sixty millions of slaves in that one empire, comprising half of Asia, half of Africa, and almost the whole of Europe. These slaves were among the chief agents who afterward conquered that country. When Rome was overturned all the dependent countries went to war. What was the consequence? Ireland, being far from the seat of war, cultivated and taught the arts and sciences; and foreign nations sent their children to Ireland to be educated. France and Spain were at war defending their liberty, while we were undisturbed. We had, therefore, a large number of foreign children with us, cultivating the sciences. It was in the times of these disturbances among foreign nations that very many entered the monasteries. That was God's logic. He saw that all these countries would be deluged with blood, that carnage would deface the fields of Europe. He saw that, perhaps, religion might fall temporarily under these sad catastrophes of national disturbance, and therefore he inspired thousands of men to go into the monastery. They were freed from the services of war; and they preserved the light of literature and the blaze of religion that otherwise would have become extinct. We preserved it in Ireland in the same way. The

monks preserved it in those various ages called the Dark Ages — dark ages of the military laity, but not of the Church. Ireland was not subject to these difficulties, and was then the seminary of Europe. I can count no less than eight nations who would be obliged to acknowledge that it was upon the altar of religion in Ireland that they lighted their torches, and brought back faith and learning from our own country to their own.

I now come to the worst page of Irish history. It is not a page, it is a book, a book of national woe. Irish division, Irish royal rivalship, and Irish want of trust in each other betrayed Ireland into the hands of England. Dermott McMurrogh, an Irish king, being beaten by one of his peers, went over to England and called for assistance from England; and he got it. Then were forged the chains which we have been dragging from that hour to this: and then were formed the fetters and the manacles which we have had upon our feet and hands from that awful hour to the present moment — when Ireland sold Ireland unto a hostile neighboring country; and Henry II. came over to enjoy the triumph on that occasion, with about four hundred sail, in the year 1172. We were given over, bound hand and foot, to a powerful, hostile, united nation; and is it a wonder that our country, weak and divided, fell a victim to this powerful and formidable confederacy? Then were forged the chains which from that hour to this have held us in subjection to a country hostile to our liberty. "Is there no one," said Henry II., "to rid me of this man?" meaning Thomas à Becket, the Archbishop of Canterbury. And to Henry II. has been laid the guilt of instigating the murder of that man. He has been accused from that hour to this of instigating the death of the Bishop; and he came over to Ireland with his hands red with the innocent blood of a Roman Catholic prelate.

What could be expected of his successor? John began to reign in 1199, and died 1216. He reigned seventeen years, and he was the greatest tyrant our religion and our country ever had. His soldiers with their swords cut down the corn, and left the people to perish. He was the first man that forced the Irish to eat the grass of the field. Remember what I say, and may you never be subject to it, that when one man gets power over another man, he will never part with his grasp but with his life. The most terrible thing in the

world is to give one man power over another man ; for when he gets the power he will never part with it. John had that power, and he persecuted us. He restrained our bishop and persecuted our priest, thinking to seduce our bishops. John was a Catholic ; but there is nobody in the world a greater enemy to his Church than a bad Catholic, I will not say a nominal Catholic. But a bad man a Catholic is the worst man in the world. He is a coward, knave, that man ; he is a base impostor, that man ; he is an infidel, hypocrite, that man. I could point out a powerful king at this moment who has been persecuting us during these last seven years, who is continual in his persecution, and among all the enemies of our faith in Europe, that man is decidedly without exception one of the most dreadful, diabolical, and formidable enemies of the Catholic Church.

To give you an idea of John's hatred of our race, I will state a fact of history. When his army was quartered in Kilkenny, where the young women were, as they are now, the most beautiful in Ireland, a regulation was made that every soldier that married a Kilkenny lady should get fifty lashes. Out of a regiment of 700 men, 699 of them got the lashes. If there are any Kilkenny ladies here to-night, they ought to show forth their gratitude by giving a cheer for the 699. Now, omitting any intermediate points, I will pass on down to the times of Elizabeth, 1558. As I do not want to talk bitter politics in this religious lecture, I will pass on through the reigns of the Johns and the Henrys until I come to 1558. No Catholic man could occupy but an acre of arable land and a half acre of bog. How could they live upon an acre of arable land and a half acre of bog? They did, however. The monasteries were all thrown down. The churches to this day have the marks of the cannon-balls in them, and many a time have I got out of my gig or from my horse and gone into those churches and surveyed the walls, and taken off my hat for every stone in the wall. I have often stood beside these broken and shattered walls, and musing said, "Here are these old walls broken and tottering on their foundation and covered with ivy. They look like old fellows of a hundred years of age, trying to stand to tell their grandchildren what they saw when they were young men. Tottering on their foundation, persisting against storm and tide, striving to stand as long as they can, as it were to tell the unborn generations what they suffered for the Faith." How often have

I pulled off the ivy which clung to the stones found about these old churches. I have often taken the ivy and put it in my pocket-book, and said, "You mantled these towers heretofore in their original pride and glory; and now, faithful ivy, you cling to them with fidelity when their fragments lie upon the ground in forgotten ruin." I have made out the altar and the priest's grave. How often have I stood where the altar was, and how often have I stood where the priest's grave was, and said, "O God, if I could wish to make a speech, this is the place. I would like to stand on the martyred ashes of this poor fellow. I would like to stand here at night when the moon is setting, and when she casts her pale light above the horizon. I would like to be in this old church." And I have said, "O martyred priest, will you send some of the warmth of the spirit you had when alive to teach me to speak with your spirit in defence of my country and my religion."

I remember the history of the poor priests in those days. With a reward of £5 for their heads, they went from house to house, and no one ever betrayed them. I remember a visit some time ago to Donegal, with Dr. McKenney, who pointed out to me the Mass-rocks and the slated points where the poor priests used to meet their flocks at night; and many a time on a Sunday and a Monday the sun rose on their familiar devotions, and at daybreak the priest was breaking the bread of life to the poor children. They celebrated the Mass under the broad canopy of the skies, in the sight of God and the angels in heaven. I said to him, "These were the days when the priest entered the hearts of his people, and he has remained there from that day to this; a spot from whence we are never dislodged unless we cease to do our duty." He showed me the place where one priest, McDonald, used to meet his flock. "Ah," said he at one time to his flock, "I cannot meet you in the daylight, but I will come out at night. I am the shepherd, and I will whistle in the dark, and then the sheep will know that the shepherd is present, and it will repel the approach of the wolf. I will hold the whistle in my mouth, and at night I will whistle, and my flock will hear it; it will keep them together; it will repel the hostile step of the wolf." It was upon those days that we used to meet the congregation at the cross-roads, and from the practice of putting money in his hand to keep him from starvation has come that glorious habit of giving a

shilling to the priest when he met his flock. I do not like it now, but I would keep it up forever, in memory of those days. In those days of persecution we never flinched, and such courage and intrepidity as were exhibited by the priests and the people of Ireland during several centuries cannot be produced from any other portion of history. For five centuries, Catholics and Protestants, one for conquest and the other for bigotry, opposed our faith, and an Irishman never flinched. We lost scarcely a man from our ranks. We stood together hand and foot, neck and shoulder, and we have preserved to this day the very faith which we now advocate.

To give you an idea of the hatred in Ireland of a country which oppressed us so long—I do not like to mention names; but a most eminent convert in Ireland, an Englishman, has been preaching in Ireland what has been called a crusade for the conversion of England, and asking every one to pay a certain sum and to be participants in the crusade with him; and he thought to get us into this crusade. Preaching this crusade at a certain parish, he thought he had them all converted. When the congregation came around him in the yard to see what kind of a man he was, he said, "Well, boys, I hope you listened to me." "We did, indeed." "Won't you pray for England?" "Bedad, sir, if it does not displease you, we would rather not." "But don't you like to see the English all saved?" "Well, to tell you the truth, we would as soon see them as they are." "You would not like to see them go to heaven?" "We would rather see them going the way they are going." "But it is your duty, since they are your enemies, to heap coals of fire on their head." "Oh, faith, we'll do that; we will heap them on as long as you like."

In those days the Irish had to quit the country and go to the mountains. Seventy thousand were banished, and the rest quit the soil and went to the mountains, and they remained there, and when Elizabeth died the possessors of the soil had it all to themselves. And they said, "All this soil will do so very little good unless it is cultivated, and we might as well bring them poor fellows down from the mountains to cultivate the soil." And that was the first possession in Ireland, coming down from the mountains, taking a miserable cottage or house, and cultivating the soil for the masters. And that became the rule for a number of years after. After the death

of Elizabeth, we took into our head that her successor would be very kind; but it was far worse in a certain way. He even thought to change our names. He was the first, you know, that thought to change our names, and he sought, in some cases, to make our names like the English names.

And, therefore, all the McNeils in the north of Ireland, and the McGuires, the O'Donnells, and the O'Neils, and all the other great names in the north of Ireland, he undertook to change into Baker, Smith, Grayson, Mason, Birch, Salmon, Pike, Herring, Brown, Steele. He did not succeed to a great extent, and he banished them out of the country. You can scarcely believe all that we suffered in the time of James. We suffered a great deal from him, but after him we came to the worst of all, Cromwell.

[Dr. Cahill here related an anecdote of an Irishman going into the west of England to apply for a day's work. The Englishman replied, "I will not give it." "Why?" "A countryman of yours came here last year, was six weeks sick, which cost me a good deal, and his coffin and his burial cost me more." "Ah," replied the Irishman, "if that is the only trouble, I will settle that with you directly. I will get a character from nine English gentlemen to show you I never died anywhere yet."]

I do not like to tell you what was done by his army in Drogheda and Wexford. The young men had their brains beaten out against the wall, and the babes were hurled into the air and caught upon their pikes when coming down. There never was such a scene as the daily intercourse of Ireland presented for four or five centuries. When I have related our sufferings to the French, they could not believe it. Said they, "How could you endure it? It was beyond endurance." We have endured it, however, from that day to this. There was no reign in which cruelty, tyranny and barbarity were more in requisition, for the purpose of changing the faith of the people, than that of Cromwell; and yet not a single man abandoned our ranks, or flinched from his duty. After Cromwell was removed in 1660 (he reigned eleven years), we came into the reign of William and Mary, and instead of that being to our advantage, it was a reign of greater persecution than any before it, and put Irish fidelity to a

greater test in those days than, perhaps, any other reign. It was a persecution under a different aspect, to be sure, but still a cruel persecution. Shiel, our great Irish orator, once, in talking of that, said, "What a shame that any government should permit this continual assault upon the Catholic faith. Surely every man would go for the overthrow of such a government as that." Shiel worked his way as an Irish orator of great power, and he aided very materially in advancing the cause of emancipation.

Next came the reign of the Georges. We were then promised education, and fair trial by jury; but when the education came, it was offered to us like a cup of poison, and the boon which was boasted of all over Europe was such that we were unable to accept it. We were unable to make use of our most elementary books. Trial by jury was offered us, it is true, but it was made a real mockery. We have one instance upon record of a certain trial being got up in the reign of George III. A man was accused of murder, and put in the dock; witnesses were called, and a verdict of "Guilty" having being brought in, the judge was putting on his black cap to pronounce the sentence, when the man that was supposed to be dead walked into the court. The counsel for the prisoner said, "Here is the dead man; he is alive, and, of course, the verdict is wrong." The judge took off his cap and addressed the jury. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is a most remarkable case. The man that was supposed to be murdered is here, and is certainly alive. Your verdict is, at the same time, quite correct. The testimony of the witnesses gave you what is called moral evidence, and you pronounced what is called a moral verdict; that is, a thing that is morally true, but not metaphysically true. It is possible that you could make a mistake, but there is no possibility of a mistake being made here. The man is alive. So, while your verdict is before me as a moral verdict, the man being alive stands before me as a metaphysical verdict. One will admit of a mistake, but this cannot. You will have to go back and reconsider your verdict." They did so, and in about ten minutes they returned with a verdict of "Guilty." Said the judge, "How can that be?" "Why, we will tell you. He stole a gray mare from one of us about ten years ago." So they brought him in guilty of murder for stealing a horse. If this were told of in any other part of the world, persons would say that this was a fable. But the bigotry was

so great, the hostility was so great, that when we were about to hope for emancipation, they were anxious to extinguish that hope: and every enormity that seemed necessary for the purpose was readily resorted to.

We come now to a late period of our history. Begin at the old Babylonian Empire, the Persian Empire, the Egyptian, and Persian, and Roman Empires, go through all the older Empires, and come down all along through history, and I appeal to you as your historian and countryman whether there is an instance on record of a nation suffering so much. Is it not astonishing to every scholar all over the world, and yet, here we are as hearty as ever, as if nothing had ever happened? You look as merry to me and you laugh as hearty as if I were addressing you in the town of Clonmel, and you look better, I think. You are even heartier fellows than then, and you are all laughing together at the misfortunes of seven hundred years. Do you recollect that beautiful passage of Moore?—

> "Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
> Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
> Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
> And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
> Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
> Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled;
> You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

We are not broken, and here we are as hearty as ever, as if nothing had ever happened. It is not our fidelity that is so remarkable as the buoyant spirit which follows us through the world.

I come now to our own times. You did not see that, though I did; perhaps a great number of you have seen it and heard of it, though none of you have seen it as I have — I allude to the famine and fever, when men went into their houses and sat upon their beds and died of hunger, and women went in, and sat in their beds with their little children, and died also of hunger. Men would be talking to you as I now do, and die in a half minute. A cousin of mine, a priest by the name of Brennan, who attended the Charity Hospital in Dublin, used to carry a coffin from bed to bed, and say, "Now, recollect that you will be in this in half an hour." They used to ask him to turn back and come again, but if he turned back they would

be dead. Men would be walking along the road staggering; you ask them what was the matter, they would reply, "We have the famine fever." "Where are you going?" "To the fever hospital." It was a sleepy fever that seized upon the heart as if a clockmaker took the pendulum and made its oscillations less and less until it stopped entirely. The blood grew less and less rapid in circulation, and the poor fellows, as if their legs were of a ton's weight, staggered along from their homes to the hospital. Their lands were given up and they were sold in those days for the taxes, and many a man made a fortune at that time. I know several lands in the west of Ireland that were sold for the taxes. Men would give them up for a trifle in order to get away, giving up the holding of sixty, seventy and a hundred acres. The potatoes failed, and that was the heaviest curse that ever fell upon Ireland — I will not say the heaviest curse, but the heaviest trial. The church-yards are yet red with the blood of the dead, buried without coffins. Can a man describe hell to please the fancy? How can a man walk over the graveyard of the uncoffined dead and speak with politeness? Whenever I took my pen in hand to write upon these horrors, I found my blood run quick and my Irish mind rise high and bitter in enthusiasm, and I was obliged almost to dip my pen in blood in order to express the anguish which agitated my very soul. We lost two and one-half millions of our people. There is many a woman here before me, and many a young man here who, if he told me his own case, would equal my history. Notwithstanding the famine fever, the priest of your Church never left you. We walked into the houses of our flock, we put our mouths upon your ear, and your mouth upon our ear, and have we ever left you as long as the breath was in you; have we ever neglected to stand by your side? It is not therefore wonderful that I assume a tone of command over you, and dare to speak to you with the command I now use, and insist upon your good conduct; we who would have died with your father, your mother, and your children, who are prepared to spill our blood on every fitting occasion for the purpose of maintaining the liberty of our country and the freedom of our altars. I saw this famine and looked at it. Of those that left the country 10,000 alone perished at Grosse Isle.

Two thousand perished with famine and scarlet fever, and those two thousand lay in Sligo field for two days without an awning over

them, and yet there were 24,000,000 pounds of gold in the British Treasury. Who can paint that but an Irishman, and who could tell it in such language as an Irishman, with an Irish tongue in his mouth? If I were the best orator in the world and spoke the English language with the English accent, why it would not do at all. It must be in the native Irish tongue. There were two and a half millions of our people gone by the famine, and soupism, and extermination. What was the next? Soup! striving to change our religion for a bowl of soup. They came over to instruct us in their religion, to change our faith, — and who were they who came? They were old discarded policemen from England, weavers from Manchester, cabmen from London, — and these are the men that came over to teach us religion. One of them who was teaching us religion assumed the strong accent upon which they spoke, and said, Whenever you mention the name of the Lord "mahk a boo"; meaning, of course, *make a bow*. A droll Irishman said, "These men deserve to be encouraged. I'll tell you what they are going to give us" (they used to give us food, and clothes, and employment, and money). This droll fellow said, "They really do give a good deal; the fellows that join them will be well off; they will have employment, food, ten shillings a week in this world, and coals for all eternity." Another fellow who came over to teach us religion, always, when he said "upon his conscience," laid his hand upon his stomach. These were the men who came over to tempt us from our faith, but they left work after thousands and tens of thousands of pounds were expended. These were called soupists, and we heard several instances where they passed by the door of the cabin of a poor man, and said, "Now we can give you food and work if you will join us"; and the poor fellow said, "Ah, no, no, I will never clothe my children in perjury; I will never fatten my wife by hypocrisy; I will never clothe my children with the wages of perjury, and no man might give me to drink though presented in a cup of gold. It shall never touch my lips, when the price of it is the betrayal of the Cross of Christ." They spent thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands, and not a man was ever converted. They said they came to give us the Bible, and they said that they gave out a million of Bibles. I said, according to that, every man, woman and child among the Catholics ought to have three Bibles, the child on the breast ought to have

three Bibles, and I gave a challenge to produce me any one man who ever received one from any one of them. We had our own Bible; we did not want their Bible. I also gave a challenge to produce any other man who ever saw them read a Bible got from them, or to produce another man who ever saw any other man that ever read of any other man that read a Bible got from them. Yet, according to their statement, the child at the breast would have three Bibles. After the soupists came the exterminationists. Depth below depth, precipice below precipice, a bottomless hell below a hell, — is it not a wonder that we are alive?

No man could believe, going through Clare, the extermination that took place in those days. There were miles of the road, and no one in it. During the famine fever I saw little children perfectly well, except wanting food, with not a smile on their face. The little children starving, and fever in their house, their father or mother dead, and the little things sat by the walls, and crept about without a smile in their faces. Lamentation covered the country like a cloud. Did you ever hear the case of the widow Burns? Her first boy died, and the neighbors came and dug the grave very deep. He died of famine fever. Then the second boy died, and she carried him on her back, and with a common shovel she lifted the fresh clay and deposited the second son over the first. The third son died, and she carried the third upon her back and deposited him in the grave over the second; and the fourth and fifth died, and the coffin came near to the surface, and finally the poor widow died. Two women came to bury her, — grateful woman! She will go after her husband through seas and seas, through fire and water. And when the men quailed, and were afraid to enter the door of the dead, two women came, and they laid the handle of the shovel along her dead body, and surrounded her with wisps of grass, and they carried the poor woman, one taking hold of one end of the shovel, and the other taking the other end, and laid her on the coffins of her five sons. There is famine fever for you, and there is extermination. There were two and a half millions of our people lost. Many a man driven out at that time has come to this country. If I could coin my heart into gratitude, I would do so, and give it to the American people to express my gratitude for their giving to my countrymen a home. I

never meet with an American gentleman but that I wish to express my heartfelt gratitude to him for the hospitality, for the home which his country gave to my poor expatriated countrymen.

Now, when I go to the cattle shows in Ireland and hear them extolled, I am compelled to say, Why don't you tell the whole truth? We have two ways of talking. A man that suppresses the truth is one kind of a liar, and a man that suggests falsehood is another kind of liar. Why don't you express the whole truth? You say that your country is prosperous. Yes, it is the prosperity of the bee-hive, when part of the bees are killed off to make room for the rest. The country is prosperous by the murder of two million and a half of Irish inhabitants. Why do you praise that bullock? Don't you know that he is the representative of a murdered family? I cannot bear to look at him, because I know that he occupies the place of a poor Irishman, and his wife, and his children. These abominable cattle shows! I cannot endure them. Besides, they are not the property of the people, but of the aristocracy; they don't represent the property of the farmers. They have been fattened upon the land of the poor. The cattle shows are said to represent the prosperity of the people. They represent the prosperity of the aristocracy. You may as well say that the aristocracy, with their richly-dressed wives and servants in livery, represent the people. They have nothing to do with the people of Ireland. The people of Ireland have been banished to make way for these cattle. Two and a half millions of our people have been murdered. Don't call this the policy of amelioration; it is the policy of exterminating one-half of the beehive that the remainder may the better live.

Now, you have nearly the whole case of Ireland from the beginning. It is getting late, and I must close. I am sorry that when this meeting was called, they did not tell you to bring your night-caps.

Not a man abandoned his faith; no man flinched under eight hundred years of persecution for the purpose of overturning our faith. Therefore it is just to say that no other nation has borne persecution so long, and that no other nation has ever stood the trial with such invincible faithfulness. I therefore ask you, as my Irish fellow-countrymen, to look at the logic of God. Who knows

but your expatriation and lodge in this country has been the logic of God? Who knows but there is a great logic in this case? Every man who comes to this country comes as a minister of God. He maintains his faith; and when he comes here under favorable circumstances, he gives his money to the building of a little chapel. An Irishman has some faults, to be sure; but whenever called upon to subscribe for his religion, his hand and his heart are always ready to answer the call. The Irishman with his penny built all the churches of Liverpool. The Irishman with his penny built all the churches of London. I do not know whether I am correct, but I venture the assertion that the Irishmen of New York have built most of your churches here. The Irishman, faithful to his instinct and to his national faith, never flinches in any part of the world. Religion lives in him as it were fire in the flint. As you have only to strike the flint with the steel and the spark will fly from it, — so, though you may not see his religion, it will be manifested at once as soon as you subject him to temptation. Everywhere I have gone I have called upon bishops and priests, and when I have asked them, "What is the main stay of your religion?" they have always replied, "The Irish girls." Who knows but there is a great logic in our expatriation? If you and I were always at home in prosperity and happiness, and we had money in the treasury, and we had armies and conquest before us, do you think we would have more saints from Ireland than now in our national adversity? If the secrets of Heaven were known, if we could consult His books, He would say to us, Remain as you are; the lessons of adversity which He preacheth are lessons of salvation. Look at our Lord as he sits by the side of His Father. What was His position? He walked with His bare feet, with the crown of thorns upon His head. Has He not put His own coat of suffering and humiliation upon your backs? Does it not show you to be more His child when dressed in His own livery? Do not complain of your position. The logic of God is to gather more from adversity than from national prosperity. And recollect, the crown of Christ is not known by being set in precious stones. The majesty of Christ is not recognized by a crown set with precious stones, but by the crown of thorns. Who knows, if we were to know the logic of God, that it would not be in our favor; and while

temporal difficulties may pursue us, and while we are outcasts in certain quarters, who knows but that in God's mind our present position is one of the highest He can give us? Wherever we go, let us recollect two points: the first, to preserve our nationality, the union of the race; and the second, never to flinch from the faithful profession of our national religion.

The Immaculate Conception.

A Sermon Delivered by Rev. Dr. Cahill, in St. James' Cathedral, Brooklyn, on Sunday, March 25, 1860, for the Benefit of the Sisters of Mercy.

DEAREST BRETHREN, — Mankind since the beginning of the world never saw such a day as the anniversary we are now met to celebrate. This is the 25th of March, the date of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, the festival being put off till to-morrow, but we meet to celebrate it on this day for a purpose of my own, and I again repeat that up to that period and perhaps since, mankind never did or never will behold such a day as the anniversary we now celebrate. God the Father, in a week painted the skies — a great work. He took out His imperial compasses, and He swept the wide arch of the Universe and within the circle He put all things that the eye can behold. He painted the gorgeous and glorious colors that we see above us. But the day that the Second Person of the Trinity, the Son of God, deigned to unite Himself with our nature — to descend as it were from His throne to unite Himself with man, to elevate man to Heaven, above the angels — the day that He did this is without exception the greatest and the most glorious that mankind ever met to celebrate.

You are aware that when Adam fell the gates of Heaven were bolted against him and his posterity. But yesterday a heap of clay, to-day an organized being with an immortal soul, who could have ever supposed he could rebel against God, his Father — his Creator? Who could have supposed that he would have been so mad as to forfeit for an apple his glorious privileges? The day Heaven was bolted against him his race was excluded, the earth on which he stood

was cursed, God withdrew his immediate patronage from him, and the darkness of night settled down like a cloud over the whole earth. But see how great is the justice of God, how impenetrable His ways, how unsearchable His judgments, what may be called His just vengeance after thousands of years, during which the earth was covered with pitch darkness and man excluded, only to be saved by a belief in a future day of hope. It is on this day that Heaven begins to be reconciled to man, and the Second Person of the Trinity begins to be united with our nature. Think till fancy is exhausted, and who could have supposed that a rebel could be so lifted. The Son of God, long before the foundation of the world was laid, long before the Heaven of the angels was formed, long before a single creature was created, long before Adam was made, addressed His Father and said: Father, it is written in the head of the book that You could not be pleased with the blood of goats and oxen. It is written in the head of the book, in the very first of Our transactions, that these sacrifices could not please You, and behold I come to offer myself. Man will fall — I know it, because I see into futurity. I know that Adam will fall and I know that he can never redeem himself. How could darkness produce light? How could crime produce virtue? How can the rebel who is finite, pay off a debt which is infinite? How can finity pay infinity? Therefore, Father, do You recollect it was entered into the book of Our transactions — it was not even at the end of the first page, but it was in the beginning of the first page — what St. Paul calls the masterpiece of the power and wisdom of God. Man cannot pay You, therefore I stand before You in My bare head, and I say, pour upon My head the vials of Your wrath. Under the imputability of sin here I come as the only mode of compensation, and pour upon Me the vials of Your reddest wrath.

Four thousand years elapsed before that eternal promise was fulfilled, but as sure as God lives that promise was to be fulfilled, and therefore this is the day — the 25th of March — when the Angel Gabriel announced to Mary that this great compact was to be realized, and that God was to be united with man. And He stood before the throne of God as a criminal to pay the infinite debt which Adam incurred by his transgression. This is decidedly the most important fact that ever the Church of God could celebrate. I have, therefore, taken advantage of this festival to discuss for you one of the most

beautiful dogmas of our faith, the Immaculate Conception of the ever Blessed Virgin. But before I enter upon my subject I must again return to a second view of the fact I have published to you, namely, the fall of man.

If man had never fallen, all the writers that speak upon the subject say, what a glorious place this earth would be. If man had never fallen he would have been innocent, guileless, without sin, without crime, faultless, no death, of course, for "death is the punishment of sin" — such is the beautiful language of the Church. If he had not fallen or sinned he would have had no fault, and how could a being without fault be punished? An honest man would not punish him, and certainly God would not. What a beautiful thought of these sacred writers. Man, therefore, would finish his course upon the earth, and when the time would expire that God allotted, he would rise like a spark to Heaven.

At present there are about eleven hundred millions on the earth, and about six hundred and forty thousand die every day, so that every day more than half a million appear before the tribunal of God. What an awful idea that is! If, therefore, man had not sinned, the same number would appear before the presence of God, and be received into Heaven. Would it not have been easier for God, you ask, to have all men appear from the depths of the sea and the bowels of the earth at the last day, than to have them come before Him when they die? It was God's intention before man had sinned, that when he had finished his earthly career he should rise like a spark to the skies; but he has now ordered it otherwise, and therefore at the last day all the dead shall arise at the sound of the trumpet, and all mankind shall be gathered together to receive their final judgment. Now, what a beautiful territory this earth would be if there was no sin; it is as perfect as omnipotence could make it, given the material of which it is composed — the Omnipotent Power could not make it better than it is. The only things by which it is deformed are sin and death. All the irregularities which we see arise from these, and were it not for sin and death we could look at the blue vault over our heads, and admire its gorgeous beauty without being oppressed with the thought that the earth beneath was cursed by the transgression of man.

But how can any one be happy with death, the punishment of sin,

and all its attendant evils. What a terrific punishment it is to lose one's senses, to have our eyes glazed in death, to be hated and abhorred by our nearest friends, to be put into a coffin, nailed up, put into the earth, and devoured by worms. Who ever heard anything like the sound of the clay falling upon the lid of the coffin. And the woman that loves her daughter most hates her when she is dead. She would not stay in the room in the dark with her; she would not sleep with her for all the world. Now, it is the same way in Heaven. The fondest mother saved will abhor the daughter damned. I come back to this world for my proof, and I say, "Why is it, fond mother, you cannot embrace your dead, foul, putrid daughter?" Because she is in a position in opposition to me — that is, in death; and when you are at the throne of God, you love everything He loves; His mind is your mind, His will is your will; He pierces you as the sunlight pierces the glass, you are filled with His essence, His mind is identified with your mind, you like what He likes, hate what He hates, but above all, you are an immortal, eternal life, while your daughter is an immortal, eternal death, and your abhorrence rises in proportion as eternity rises above this world. What a terrific thing is sin, then, to be the cause of this death. And we have death everywhere — death in the air, death in the water, death in the fire, death in our food, death in every pore of the body, death from the hand of the assassin. How can any one be happy in an eternity where all is death, the result of sin.

And if any one of you would now propose me the question — "When Christ died, as you just said to us, did he atone for all the transgressions of man?" He did. When His Father poured the vial of His red wrath on His head did He make sufficient atonement? He did; for one drop of His blood was enough. He not only atoned but multiplied atonement by infinity. You reply — "Is therefore the debt of the damned not paid?" Yes, and more than paid. "Why is not death removed, if the whole debt is more than paid?" I will tell you. Although God His Father has forgiven crime as to its eternal punishment, he still leaves a temporal punishment behind, to remind the sinner not to commit it again. On the present point the grave is my proof. There is the atonement infinitely beyond what is necessary; that is my first proof, and the grave is my second. Forgiven? We are more than forgiven, but when you

see the fresh grave dug there is the temporal penalty; and when you see that the saint died, and the little baby coffined and carried to the churchyard after being baptized — put in a little coffin, with its little breastplate — the baby inside but a day old — and when I meet a man of this world I say, "Stand, if you please; let us accompany this little funeral till I speak one sentence in your ear: Had that child committed any crime of its own, personally?" "No." "Why is it killed?" "Because it is the descendant of Adam, the original rebel." "Oh! punishment for his crime?" "Decidedly." His eternal guilt forgiven, no doubt; and it has no personal sin to sully the pureness of the soul — but a day old, and yet the imperial lash is lifted over its head; it spares no one, the king, the beggar, the saint, the sinner, the little baptized baby — all are to die under the lash as the result of original sin. "And pray, sir," I am asked, "if you now commit a mortal sin of your own, have you to do penance for it?"

If the baby that committed no sin, but merely belongs to the race of the rebel, and his crime is forgiven — the punishment of the grave still remaining — and you commit a new sin of your own, will you answer me, are you not to perform penance for it? I appeal to the grave, and I say you are bound to do penance all the days of your life till the grave closes. I say, there is my proof, and if you commit a new sin of your own is it not a clear case you are bound to begin your penance even though the eternal guilt is forgiven? If any man told you, God is good, you are forgiven — I say yes, but the grave is there, and it is an imperturbable fact; everything shows that. What a glorious day, therefore, this is — the beginning of a new era, the descent of the Son of God to earth, and the lifting out of hell, and the bringing of man up to heaven. I therefore take advantage of this day to bring before you the Immaculate Conception, immediately connected with the two points to which I call your attention. And you ask me what is the Immaculate Conception? It is that the Blessed Virgin was not only free from personal and original sin in this world, but that she was free from the stain when she was in her mother's womb, at the moment of her conception. She was not only pure after she was born, but by the decree of God, she was free from the stain of original sin at the first moment she had life — she was immaculate — stainless. But you say, How is it

possible that any theologian can state that fact? I will proceed to the proof. Without personal sin, and without original sin! What an idea that! Free at the moment of her conception — no sin. She did not begin to be without sin at sixteen, or fifteen, or fourteen, or ten years of age. I repeat it again and again, there was no moment of her existence when she had sin, even original. You demand my proofs and I proceed to give them to you, and I hope to make the case satisfactory.

When Adam fell, as I just now pointed out to you, and ate the apple, God, or as it is said in the Scriptures, an angel representing Him said, "Adam, where art thou?" — why don't you appear?—and Adam entered into a dialogue with the representative of God Himself. He said, "I heard Thy voice in Paradise and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself." And God said to him, "Who hath told thee that thou wast naked, but that thou hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded that thou shouldst not eat." And Adam said, "The woman whom thou gavest me to be my companion gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And God said, "Because you have done this thing I have cursed the earth, and it will bring forth thorns and thistles." And to the woman He said, "You shall bring forth your children in sorrow, and I shall place you under the dominion of your husband," and I know what a hard thing that is sometimes. To the serpent He said, "Because thou has done this thing thou art cursed among cattle, and I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and her seed and thy seed. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lay in wait for her heel." We are astounded when we hear these words from God the Father in Paradise! What does this language of God the Father mean — to the serpent, you shall be cursed among animals? It means that a day will come when woman, or the seed of woman, shall crush the serpent's head. Who is the woman who shall do this? The Mother of our Lord. She it was who brought forth the Saviour, and thus crushed the head of the serpent.

Oh, you say, that is a great expression, coming from the mouth of God Himself. I am always carried away by the words of God Himself. God the Father, therefore, beyond all dispute, has foretold in the Garden of Paradise, the very day that Adam fell, without a moment of interval, what He would do to save the fallen man. Said

He, you are cursed, but I hold out to you a hope on the spot of your salvation. The day will come when you shall trample on the serpent, when the seed of the woman shall crush his head. And all that believed in the future Saviour and kept the commandments were saved. We believe in the Saviour having come — past tense — while they believed in a Saviour who was to come — future tense. The same principle, only that in the one instance it refers to the past and in the other to the future, but the tenses and moods of grammar cannot have any influence on the eternal principles of God. Who is the woman foretold four thousand years before she was born to be the Mother of the Saviour? What kind of woman ought she to be? A sinner? I should think not. I could not think that God the Father would name a sinner to be the Mother of His Son. It does not look like what He would do. I should expect she would be the most perfect creature that ever lived. I am now only in the beginning of my discussion, and you will please to follow me accurately. I need not say how delighted I am to see you come in such great numbers. You please me beyond everything. You pay a compliment to me and to the good Sisters of Mercy, who are working and struggling for you all.

Who, I ask, is the woman? Is she a sinner? I should judge not. That would be a terrible case — that would be disgrace to God and a scandal to man — it would be a premium on vice, putting the highest crown upon the individual in the possession of the devil — making the Saviour drink the hot milk out of a heart possessed by the devil. Oh, no, I don't believe that. I would expect, therefore, that she ought to be the most wonderful creature that ever came from the creative hand of God. All the angels, perfect as they are, veil their faces with their wings in His presence. They are creatures made by God the Father; they are not His relatives, but His Mother is His nearest relative, and I can scarcely fancy, if the pure spirits cover their faces with their wings, so pure is He, that He would select for His Mother one who was stained with sin — it would overturn all my ideas of the purity of the Creator. No, I don't believe that. I cannot comprehend how the Infant Saviour could put His little arms around the neck of a being in mortal sin. I cannot conceive how His little veins would be filled with her blood, and that the blood of a being steeped in mortal guilt. I think there is no one

before me that will not say, I am decidedly of your opinion so far. I think she ought to be the most perfect being that ever existed.

Now we come to the Old Law. Adam, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Levi, Moses — seven men — whose lives bring us down to the year 2436, and yet in all this time there is not a word about Mary. We hear no more of her except what occasionally flashes upon us when the written law was given to Moses, and when she is spoken of as some beautiful flower, a glorious Virgin, above the angels and archangels, the Pride of the Nation, the Royal Virgin, descended from a race of kings. Certainly it must be something very extraordinary, for through their writings we have occasional flashes of this mysterious creature. Well, from Moses to David we come to the year 2900 of the world, and Mary, we are told, was a descendant of David, a royal virgin, of royal extraction. Before we come down any further we see that she certainly answers the description given of her, and God said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall never pass away." Every word He said about this woman crushing the serpent's head is true, and it will take place in the long length of His reasoning. We live but for a day — He is for eternity. There is a woman that answers this description, is so very like her, and in the meantime while you are discussing this case the whole thing is unravelled.

About the age of fifteen or sixteen years the angel Gabriel met her — no, not the angel, but the archangel Gabriel — the highest minister of the imperial court of Heaven — no, he did not meet her, he was sent to her. He was sent from whom? From God the Father. How beautiful! Four thousand years after the fall of Adam. "Hail, Mary!" he said — the highest word we have got in the Hebrew to express salutation. It is a word signifying the greatest veneration in the salutation of anybody. "Hail, Mary!" Who told him that her name was Mary? "Full of grace!" Just what we expected: when anything is full of another it cannot contain anything else. And what is grace? St. Paul tells us it is the emanation of the Spirit of God; and we are also told that it is the charity of God poured out on human souls, an emanation of Himself. Of all the addresses that have been conceived, was there ever anything so beautiful, and which so meets our case? "Hail, Mary, full of grace" — full of the emanation of God! Before I advance further with my

argument, I must say I would conclude from that very word that Mary had personally no sin; because if she had any sin, the words of the angel could not be applied to her—she could not be the Mother of God. And the poor people (I call them poor, not to express their poverty, but to show their affection), they don't want anything more than that—"Hail, Mary, full of grace!"—God speaking these words, and out of His lips everything must be judged according to its atomic value.

But is this all? No. "The Lord is with thee." God is not only your companion—He is with you. "Blessed art thou among women!" which means you are more blessed than any other woman. What women does he mean? The women of that generation? No! you are not to put that construction on it. He does not say blessed in the past generation of women, nor in the present generation, nor in the future generation; He speaks of all women from the beginning to the end of time. The Hebrew phrase signifies, you are more blessed than all the women who have ever lived or ever will live. We have a word in our own language which is somewhat like it—we say "he is brave among the brave," or "he is learned among the learned," meaning that even the brave acknowledge his superior bravery, even the learned acknowledge the superiority of his learning. "Blessed art thou among women!" Mary, you are full of the emanation of God, and no woman that ever lived could equal you in blessedness—"and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

The same blessedness, the same freedom from sin is ascribed to Mary as to the fruit of her womb. She was not and could not be as perfect as He; but in freedom from sin she was like Him. Don't you see now the Holy Ghost in that phrase? What man could paint it in proper colors—who could paint even the very language? I see the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." The same word applied to Christ and to Mary. Had Christ any original or personal sin? Certainly not. Would you not take it that Mary was equal to Him in point of blessedness? "Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Now, we have here the words of the Father in Paradise clearly expounded. She is the most perfect creature that ever lived among women; for although the Saviour had not as yet died

and atoned for sin, she has no sin. Blessed! No woman that ever has been, or ever will be, is equal to you in blessedness. She is as free from sin as Christ.

Does not St. Paul tell us that we were all born children of wrath? He did, and so we are, except the cases that God did not include, and there are such cases. So, then, we are not all born children of wrath? We are, except the cases that are not included. And cannot God make exceptions? Cannot the King who made the law make exceptions to the law? The monarch who makes imperial laws can certainly make exceptional cases in their application. And has he done so? He has in the case of John the Baptist—John, who was sanctified in his mother's womb three months before he was born—he was an exception to the law made by God Himself. And we only ask for Mary three months beyond John the Baptist. I proceed to read from St. Luke for you from chapter the first, beginning with the twenty-sixth verse:

And in the sixth month, the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth.

To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the Angel being come in, said to her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women.

Who having heard, was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be.

And the Angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God.

Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father: and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever.

And of His kingdom there shall be no end.

And Mary said to the Angel: How shall this be done, because I know not man?

And the Angel, answering, said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren:

Because no word shall be impossible to God.

And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word. And the Angel departed from her.

And Mary rising up in those days, went into the hill country in haste into a city of Judea.

And she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth.

And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost.

We are told the infant leaped in her womb. Perhaps you will say this is all excitement; but you will soon find it was not. "And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost." Now she could not be filled if there was original sin in her, and the consequence is that Elizabeth and her child were free from original sin by that fact, and that John was sanctified three months before he was born. There could have been no sin, of course, if she was filled with the Holy Ghost. So that what St. Paul said was true, but these are the exceptional cases.

"And she cried out with a loud voice, and said: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Who told Elizabeth that? The Holy Ghost.

"And whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" The English of this is: how have I deserved the honor that the mother of my Lord should come to me? Who told her this? The Holy Ghost. Is there no honor to be paid to Mary after that, when the Holy Ghost utters such words? Would you not think that every scholar in the world would pay honor to this woman's memory? I would pay honor to the man who struck the chains off his country; I would pay honor to the man of charitable heart, whose benevolence relieves the distresses of the poor and the afflicted; I would pay honor to the man whose look spreads sunshine on the path of the unfortunate; I don't wonder at bigotry and prejudice refusing honor to the mother of God, but I wonder at the scholar who refuses to do it. In England I know that the opposition to Catholicity is so bitter, that whatever we honor they despise, whatever we love they hate. Because we use holy water, they ridicule it; because we venerate the Cross, they would trample on it; because we have seven Sacraments, they will have none at all; and I should not wonder if, because we pray on our knees, they would pray on horseback.

But let us return to the subject of which we were speaking — "And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For behold," said Elizabeth, "as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy. And blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall

be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." And Mary said: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because he hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Here we have prophecy. What is she called? She is a virgin, and her name is Mary; she is blessed, and she says all nations shall call her blessed; and her words are fulfilled, for is she not called "Ever Blessed Virgin?" I always write it in this way, and so would any scholar. "Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name. And His mercy is from generation unto generation to them that fear Him. He hath exalted the humble." She was humble and she was exalted. That is a great passage. I am great, I am exalted, even the mighty God has done great things to me.

About four years ago all the Bishops of the world were written to by the Pope, to know what was their opinion in regard to the Immaculate Conception. The words Immaculate Conception are not in the text, but don't you think, from all the reasoning, that it is contained in it? I think there is no man, or set of men, who would say that any other case would fit this set of words, except that of the Immaculate Conception. We deduce the word sanctification from the fact of his leaping with joy — a deduction patent from that fact. Now, if we could get a deduction of that kind in Mary's case, should we not come to the conclusion that she must have been immaculate?

In the Apostles' Creed we say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and was born of the Virgin Mary!" Born of the Virgin Mary! Why, she must be immaculate. Out of this principle in the Creed I take the deduction — Immaculate Conception. These are very remarkable words — "born of the Virgin Mary" — one of the articles of the Creed at the time of the Apostles. Why, I must conclude that she was immaculate in her conception. Accordingly all the Bishops wrote to the Pope, and the opinion of the whole of them is that the Blessed Virgin was immaculate. We always believed that she was, but it was never settled as a dogma before, although it was the universal belief of all Catholics. We all believed it, and we called upon

the Pope, the Father, to pronounce upon that article, and he has done so. The only difference between now and the time before it was pronounced, is that all must now accept it as an article of faith, and that the man who refuses to believe it must suffer the penalty.

Dearest brethren, I have now argued the whole case for you. There is the doctrine that is now promulgated by the Pope. The Immaculate Conception is a deduction implicitly contained in the explicit first article of faith, "born of the Virgin Mary" — conceived of the Holy Ghost. The first article we believe in explicitly, and it is contained in the other article we believed in implicitly. Mary, the most glorious name in the Christian Church, foretold by God the Father four thousand years before she was born. She stands before all coming time as the Mother of God, regarded by Him as His mother, and as in the case of the miracle at the marriage feast at Cana, obeying her wish, and making even an apology to her for the little word He said to her — "My hour is not yet come." Nay, more, when hanging on the Cross, suspended between heaven and earth, and when in His agony He saw His Mother kneeling at the foot of the Cross — she who had followed Him when all else, except His beloved disciple, abandoned Him — when He looked down and saw His Mother weeping, He said to John, "Behold thy Mother" — John, you whom I have loved more than all the other Apostles. He gives her over His Apostles the same position which she held over Him. What, over an Apostle, a Bishop, a pillar of the Church? Yes, and He was to be submissive to her as a mother. She was to exercise her maternal control over Him and over the Church.

Don't you think she has great power, then, and don't it stand to reason that she ought to be the greatest of created beings? Therefore it is that we say Mary, Queen of Virgins, Queen of Patriarchs and Apostles, Queen of all the Saints. How beautiful is that Litany. What woman, therefore, would not place her daughter under her protection and put her medal round her neck? When I see a woman who will not place her daughter, or a father who will not place his son under her protection, I fear for that girl and I fear for that boy. Teach your children to repeat the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. What more beautiful prayer than that? The Litany of Jesus in the morning that He may protect us through the dangers of the day, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin at evening that she may watch over

us through the night. The little children in Ireland attending those schools by means of which they hoped to rob us of our faith say the Angelus in her honor every day when the clock strikes twelve, and, though they say it to themselves, the teachers know when they are saying it, for the children bow their heads when they repeat the sentence, "The Word was made flesh." The children were then forbid to bow their heads, and what do you think they did? Why, bowed them three times in place of once. That was the result of interfering with their religious practices.

I have often praised the Northern Irish when speaking on that subject for their adherence to their religion, for their unyielding firmness on that point, and I have attributed the fact of their being such good Catholics to their being obliged to contend for their faith and to make sacrifices for it. And they certainly are the best Catholics in the island.

I have to thank you for coming here to-night in such numbers. It is, as I have said already, the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you, and I thank you, not only for the compliment paid to myself, but especially for the interest you take in the Sisters, and of which your presence here to-night is a proof. You ought to appreciate their labors, their devotion to your children, their care of your sick. Do you not mark them going through your streets upon their errands of mercy? Do you not see them in your schools teaching your children, and impressing on their youthful minds and hearts purity and piety? Is not the mother's knee the first seminary, and do we not receive from the mother's lip and the mother's heart our earliest and most lasting impressions? If, then, the influence of woman in that sphere is so deep and so widespread, what do not we owe to those who fit them for it, who train them up in the ways of virtue and ground them in the truths of their religion? And this we owe to the Sisters, and I am delighted to see by your numbers to-night that you are conscious of this obligation and proud to acknowledge it, and I now conclude by invoking the blessing of God upon you all. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The Last Judgment.

A Sermon Delivered by Very Rev. D. W. Cahill, D.D., in St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street, New York, on Sunday Evening, November 29, 1863.

DEAREST BRETHREN, — God's word contains no subject that is presented in such majestic grandeur, such withering terror, and yet such infinite joy, as the Gospel of this day which I have just read for you. One does not know what fact on this awful day is most wonderful; whether we consider the end of time, the destruction of the world, the multitudinous congregation of all men, the fate of the damned, and the glories of the blessed — yet incomprehensible as are all these considerations, they all fade, when compared with the majesty of God on that day, sitting in imperial triumph on the clouds, surrounded by the whole Court of Angels and Saints. It is the great day reserved in Heaven for celebrating the triumph of virtue over vice, the dominion of the Saviour over the power of Satan — the most awful hour Eternity ever saw. It is the mightiest moment in the life of God; it is the end of Christ's mission on earth; the consummation of all the mysteries God ever published; the final sentence of the wicked, when God and those they love are separated forever. In a word, the Gospel of this day presents in one large view everthing glorious in Heaven, terrible in Hell, awful in Eternity, and great in God. It is a picture worthy of God, representing at once Earth, Hell, Heaven, with their unnumbered populations. No serious man can behold it without thrilling astonishment; no Christian, however perfect, can look on it without terror; no sinner can believe it without amendment. As time once began, so time now ends. Only one condition of things

now remains, namely, Eternity. Time is past on this day; a mere second of existence in the life of God.

How wonderful is human language: though creatures of a moment, we can discuss things eternal; though mere worms, we can paint things omnipotent: like the broken fragment of a mirror, reflecting the whole firmament, in our slender phrase we can describe the infinitude of God. In all past scenes up to the present moment, everything on earth was finite, limited. It was man who was the actor, and time was the condition of things. God is the actor on this day, and Eternity is the condition. It is all infinity. This day is the day of Christ. He summons all the dead: He commands all Hell: He is accompanied by all Heaven. No tongue can, of course, tell this scene. The soul's silent contemplation can best behold any part of it. What brush, or what artist, could paint the sun in its meridian glory? One glance at his burnished flood of gold will exhibit him best. And who can describe the Redeemer on His own day of power and glory? St. Luke but faintly tells it when he says: "The powers of Heaven shall be moved, and then they shall see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, in great power and majesty."

When the day of general judgment will come, no mortal can tell: the highest Archangel round God's throne cannot know it: it is among the eternal secrets of His own mind. It is a future free act of His independent will; and no creature can unlock the depths of God's liberty. We resemble Him in our spiritual essence to a small extent: we know the past and the present, in our own limited circle of time. The angelic essence knows the past and the present in a wider circle of knowledge: but no creature, however exalted, can know the future, unless God reveals it. Futurity can have no real existence, since it has not as yet commenced to exist. It is solely confined to the mind of God, the internal mind of God: and is therefore essentially beyond the reach of the highest creature. We only know that the terrible day of judgment will certainly arrive in some future revolving century. The same Almighty word that called all things into being has spoken it: the same unerring testimony that built Nature has described its future wreck. The feelings, the maddening agonies, the very words of the burning inhabitants are minutely detailed by the language of Christ Himself. The world, therefore, destroyed by future fire under the anger of God, is as

certain as any other past revealed fact published several centuries before the actual occurrence. The earth, therefore, burning in consuming conflagration under the angry breath of God's wrath, preparatory to the general judgment and man's final doom, is a future fact which is now a mere matter of time. It is already written on the coming role of the history of Heaven. When it will occur, creatures on earth cannot plead the excuse of being taken by surprise. We had been warned of the drowning of the earth by the angry flood; and we saw it executed by overwhelming cataracts from Heaven. We were informed, too, of the coming of the Messiah thousands of years in advance: and we saw Him. We heard the stroke of the hammer on Calvary; we heard Him cry and we saw Him weep. In the present case we cannot be taken by surprise: we are already warned: the GREAT day is approaching, like those other events. But at what time no creature can tell. It is folly to reason what He will do, judging from what He has done.

There was a time when there was no earth, no sun, no moon, no stars; when all the eye now beholds had no existence; when there was nothing, — all darkness, chaos, — when the Divinity reigned alone; when no created voice was heard through God's territories to break the silence of illimitable space. Six thousand years have only elapsed since He built the present world and peopled the skies with the myriad spheres that hang in the arched roof above us. The mere *shell*, the mere *framework* of this world may, perhaps, be somewhat older, but we know when Adam was created with the certainty of a parish register. It may be about six thousand years ago: and since that period the history of man is one unbroken page of wickedness and infidelity. Heaven once, in anger, nearly extirpated our race; and once, in mercy, forgave us. Yet, since, the earth is stained with guilt red as scarlet; and the patience of a God — patience infinite — can alone bear it. Who can tell the amount of the crime of even one city for one day? But who can conceive the infinite guilt of all peoples, of all nations, and all ages, ascending and accumulating before God's throne since the beginning? God is great in power, great in goodness, great in mercy, great in wisdom; but he is more than great in patience, to bear the congregated offences of countless millions, daily, hourly, provoking His anger and opposing His will.

But, as the hour of man's creation and man's redemption was arranged by God, and in due time occurred, so the moment for man's total extinction on earth is approaching, and when the time written in the records of Heaven shall have arrived, that unerring decree will be executed. By one word He made this world; by one word He can destroy it. By one stroke of His omnipotent pencil He drew the present picture of creation; by one dash of the same brush He can blot it out again and expunge all the work of the skies. Who can limit His power? In one second He can reduce all things to their original chaos, and live again as He did before creation began. He can, when He pleases, destroy all things — the soul excepted. The soul He cannot annihilate. He made the world Himself — of course, He can Himself destroy it. But Christ is the Redeemer of the soul, and, therefore, its immortal existence is as indestructible as the eternity of God. Redemption is a contract between the Father and the Son. That contract cannot be broken without ignoring the Cross. Hence, while God is at liberty to blot out His own creation, He cannot annihilate the work purchased with the blood of Christ. Hence, in the coming wreck, the soul cannot be destroyed. And this is the idea that renders that awful hour a source of joy unlimited to the blessed, and of terrors unspeakable to the wicked. Yet although no one can tell when this fatal day will arrive, still it may be fairly presumed to be at hand, when Christ's passion will be disregarded on earth; when vice will so predominate over virtue that the worship of God may be said to cease; when the destruction of the earth will be a mercy, a duty of justice which God owes to His own character and to the eternal laws of His kingdom. When this time shall have arrived, we may fairly expect the day of the general judgment.

From the lips of Christ Himself we have heard the entire account of this terrible day. There can be no mistake: He makes a full statement of the entire event. He assures us that in the latter days the wickedness of society will burst all restraint, and, in open defiance of Heaven, will blaspheme God. St. Mark, in the thirteenth chapter, introduces Christ as saying: "When you shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, fear ye not. For such things must needs be, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be earthquakes in divers

places, and famines. These things are the beginnings of sorrows. But look to yourselves. They shall deliver you up to fancies; and in the synagogues you shall be beaten. And the brother shall betray his brother unto death, and the father his son; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall work their death. And you shall be hated by all men for My name's sake; but he that shall endure to the end, he shall be saved. And when you shall see the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not to be, he that readeth let him understand; then let them that are in Judea flee to the mountains. In those days shall be such tribulations as were not since the beginning of the creation which God created until now: neither shall be. And unless the Lord had shortened the days, no flesh should be saved; but for the sake of the elect which he hath chosen, He hath shortened the days. For there will rise up false Christs and false prophets, and they shall show signs and wonders to seduce (if it were possible) even the elect. Take you heed, therefore; behold, I have foretold you all things."

These are the words of Christ Himself, and they present a picture of society of which there is no parallel in all the history of all the past. In this graphic description of Christ nothing is omitted in the condition of the earth to render it a kingdom of perdition, the residence of Satan himself. It is damnation in theory; it is hell without fire; it only wants the lakes of burning brimstone to make men feel all the terrible realities of the damned. Who can describe this rending scene like Christ himself? While He was addressing Mark and Luke, He was at that very moment looking at the future terrors He was then depicting. He was painting beforehand the future realities which He had Himself planned. It is He Himself that will, on the terrible day, boil the oceans with His angry breath; it is He Himself who will split the poles in His glance of fury; it is He who will hurl the stars from the skies and pour His wrath over the devoted world. In fact our Lord was describing to Mark His own Almighty anger, and warning mankind against the future catastrophe. He was rehearsing for the Apostles and coming living ages the real scenes of the future dead, and the eternal agonies of the future damned. Who could paint like Him? He was reading from His own book. He was presenting for our observation the total disruption of society, the entire overthrow of religion. The son killing the

father, the father murdering the child; wars, famines, signs in the heavens — false Christs, false prophets, the Gospel imitated by falsehood; miracles repeated in magic fraud and in diabolical agency; blood in the land, perdition in the air; hell above, beneath, all round. God's law is so much overpowered by the predominance of the devil, that the Trinity have no alternative but to shorten time, suspend creation, and put an end to the world.

Is not Satan very powerful? and when the grace of God has been extinguished in the soul, are not men plainly children of the devil? It is creation without sun or light; a cursed territory — *terram miseriæ et tenebrarum, ubi umbra mortis et nullis ordo sed sempiternus horror inhabitat.* The description of Christ, in St. Mark, is clear. The crimes of men unnatural, shocking. The intellect perverted: the heart debased: *all* nature polluted. Scenes of terror will be enacted which the world never saw before. Man will stare in insane desperation at the wrath of God, which appears every hour to be poured in renewed vengeance on all the children of men. If mankind would study the present moral condition of depraved society, and calculate the bleeding wounds inflicted on religion by the progress of infidelity, the picture, as presented, is not far removed from the iniquities here delineated by the Saviour, of the crime and perdition of the latter days. The cup of human guilt is not yet full in our time, but the world is rapidly advancing to the goal which our Lord has so plainly prophesied and so graphically described. Christ has, beyond all doubt, described the burning, bottomless gulf; and He has pointed out the palpable road that unmistakably leads to it. In the eternal age of God, a long, long time may elapse before the great day will arrive; but, as certain as Christ has lived and spoken, the abyss, and the sentence, and the pools of burning brimstone, are only a matter of time, and this little span of space is only a single point in the infinitude of eternity.

"After this tribulation," says Christ, "the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light; the stars of heaven shall be falling down, and the powers that are in heaven shall be moved." And St. Luke, repeating the words of Christ, says: "There shall be signs in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars: and upon the earth distress of nations, by reason of the confusion of the waving of the sea and the waves; men withering away from fear and expec-

tation of what shall come on the whole world, calling on the ground to swallow them, or the mountains to fall on them, and on the rocks to hide them from the face of the Lord." St. Luke and St. Mark employ nearly the same words in copying the language of Christ at this fatal moment. Who can describe Infinite anger in a fury? Who can paint Omnipotent power pulling down firmaments, and suns, and stars, and moons: His will reversing His former creation; the earth trembling in desolation? How minutely graphic is Christ in this terrible description; and have you noticed His last words, where He says: "Have I not foretold all to you?" This single phrase is worth the entire history; since it stamps the terrors of this day with the certitude of any other truth of faith, any other fact of the Gospel.

St. Mark continues to detail the order of this terrible hour. Terror will follow on terror; curse upon curse, "till men will fall away with fear." The sun being not quite extinguished, fatal gloom will be spread over all things like a veil over the face of the dead: terrific signs are seen in the heavens, and all things announce that time is at an end. St. John says, that before God pronounces the final word there is silence in heaven; and voices are heard in the air, on the water, and on the earth. At length the skies open and He pours out the first vial of His anger. And the end is come. God speaks the command; and all nature trembles as if in agony. The seas swell, and boil, and rise, and lash the skies. The mountains nod and sink, and the poles collapse. The lightnings flash, and the moaning tempests sweep over the furious deep, piling up ocean upon ocean on the trembling globe. The earth reels in convulsion, and the whole frame of creation struggles.

A mighty conflagration bursts from the melting earth, rages like a hurricane roundabout, devouring all things in its storm and flood of fire, consuming the crumbling wreck of the condemned world. The heavens become terrible, as the kindling earth and seas show their overwhelming flashes on the crimson skies. The sun mufiled, the moon black, the stars fallen, floating masses like clouds of blood sweep the skies in circling fury. The Omnipotence which, in the beginning of time, formed all creation, is now concentrated in a point; and, as it were, intensifies the infinity of His wrath, till His anger can swell no higher; and His voice is heard like thunder in

the distance. With what eloquent terror does the Saviour paint this scene in His own words: Men fainting away with fear, running in wild distraction, calling on the ground to open and swallow them, and the rocks to fall on them and hide them from the face of the Lord." The earth on fire: the skies faded: the sun and the stars darkened or extinguished: mankind burning, dying: the angry voice of God coming to judge the world: and Jesus Christ describing the scene, — are realities which the history of God has never seen before; and which never again will be repeated during the endless round of eternity.

Reason asks: Oh, who is God? and what is Nature? and whence is man? and where is Heaven? and why is Hell? and what is our destiny? Was the world made in pleasure, moved for a moment in trial and suffering, and then blotted out in anger? In one revolution of the earth on fire it is a blank. Like a burning ship at sea, sinking to the bottom on fire, the earth vanishes into non-existence under the blue vault, where it once careered in its brilliant circle. Not a vestige remains of its omnipotent path. Its wide territory is a tenantless, dark waste — the myriad lamps of the skies extinguished: all former existences crumbled: silent forever: all chaos: things are as if they had never been: the history of Earth and Time a mere record of the forgotten past: a mere hollow vault in the infinitude of space. Oh! how true in this place are the words, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, except to love God and to serve Him alone." Great and Almighty God, what a decree is this! have all things come to this? has all the past been a dream? what is futurity? is it like the past? where can the mind rest on this tempest of the soul? Foolish questions; God has arranged this condition of things. His sanctity, justice, power, wisdom, and truth have arranged and executed this eternal decree. This is enough. We can no more change this order of things than put space in a nutshell, or destroy the being of God. God is His own master, and in His own free will He has arranged this multitudinous terror. But remember that in this desolation it is vice that trembles: virtue is secure, as God is just. In this terrible moment virtue smiles in happy repose on this second coming of Christ. Virtue is immortal: like a sunbeam on the battle-field, invulnerable in a shower of death, brilliant in the midst of carnage, and unsullied in the gore of the

dead, the soul, by its immortal virtue, will shine in undying lustre in that terrific hour, amidst the shock of Nature, the powers of Hell, and the crash of myriad worlds.

Scarcely has the earth been consumed, and the living population destroyed, when Michael the Archangel sounds his loud trumpet, calling all the dead to judgment. He summons all Hell to attend; and commands all Heaven to appear and witness this last act of God at the close of creation. At his shrill summons the bottomless pit opens, and all those who had been lost since the beginning of the world come forth from their fiery prisons. The unhappy of all nations and ages come forth in one mighty mass, driven forward in rending agony to the place of judgment, their wild lamentations swelling as they advance, like the moaning of a tempest on their wide and burning lakes. As creation has been destroyed or faded, this terrific assemblage are in darkness, while they move on in despair, in dreadful expectation of the coming of the Lord. As the Saviour approaches, golden light appears; the voice of a mighty host is heard from heaven like the opening of the morning heretofore in the East, every moment becomes more and more brilliant, till the full day of Eternity opens out in all its gorgeous splendor, revealing Christ, surrounded by His entire court, angels and saints, and seated in majesty, as He has Himself foretold, in the clouds. Angels and Archangels, and Cherubim and Seraphim, and Powers and Principalities appear on outspread wings, the first of the countless host. Then all the Saints of the old law, the Patriarchs, the Prophets, all who for forty generations lived and died in the belief of the Redeemer to come. Then all the Saints of the new era who participated in Christ's atonement, the twelve Apostles, all the Martyrs, all the Confessors, all the Virgins, all the Religious of every clime and color, who in every age bore testimony or died in attestation of their faith. Then all the poor of every country, who, in their trials and sufferings, their silent afflictions and broken hearts, never forgot their duty to God: all, all appear crowned with glory, and clothed in the sunlight robes of Heaven. Lastly, in the vast train of happy creatures, comes Mary, the Mother of God, with twelve stars upon her head, the moon beneath her feet. The Blessed Virgin sits at the feet of her son, Jesus; while He, with the Cross in His hand, lifted high above all heaven, appears in the triumph of His second

coming, seated in the clouds. In the two pictures now before us read the entire history of God and Satan: the two opposite views of sin and redemption. Now is the time to reason on our own condition, and to reflect well on the truths of religion, the eternal value of faith, and the imperishable justice of God. This is the day in which Christ shall receive compensation before God and man for the injuries He has received, where oppressed virtue shall be rewarded, and where triumphant vice shall be branded with perdition.

If God be bound to do justice to the meanest being in His kingdom; if justice and truth and sanctity demand the public exposure and punishment of those who have wounded these attributes or properties of God, it is a clear case, justice requires that Jesus must receive from His Father compensation for the trials of His life and the agonies of His death. A sinful world has offended Him by mortal guilt; their damnation proves they died without repentance; they have thus refused to make atonement, and hence this is the day to pay the debt to eternal justice. Impenitent crime, therefore, must suffer eternal torment.

Oh, when Judas betrayed Christ, when the soldiers mocked Him, spat in His face, and blindfolded Him, is it not surprising how the angels could have borne these iniquities? And when Pilate asked the Jewish mob which did they prefer, Barrabas or Christ, they all exclaimed "Barrabas:" and then they said, "Let His blood be upon us, and on our children." Who can conceive how the archangels did not beg of God to annihilate the whole race of men? But the mystery of the Cross had a different object, and hence this day is the time for human punishment. See the millions of saved souls that now stand in triumph round the Cross, all of whom He has saved by His humiliations, debasement and death. These are the triumphs by which He has conquered Satan, disarmed Almighty vengeance, and peopled heaven with the countless host of Saints that accompany Him in His second coming to-day. A glance by anticipation at this terrible hour will teach more Gospel truth, and more deceit of this world, than could be taught by any other lesson of instruction. When in this world we see the starving and naked poor crawling through the deserted lane, living, or rather dying, in the putrid hovels of disease, while the abandoned profligate lives in riotous prosperity, the corrupter of youth jibing death and mocking judg-

ment — one will ask, is there a God to look on quietly at this galling starvation on one hand, and this scarlet iniquity on the other: he will ask, is there no God to relieve the pitiful cries of the one, and punish the scalding extravagance of the other.

Again, when one sees the pious, devoted child of God spend a long weary life in prayer and sickness, in trial, in disappointment, and yet in devotion to God, without a day, a moment of neglect or dissipation, while the blasphemer or the infidel stands at God's own gates insulting Him on His own throne, and teaching perdition to all within his reach — one will ask, has God no feeling for religion, no zeal for the human soul, to perpetrate this outrage on Himself, this scandal on the Gospel, this bleeding corruption on the morals and faith of the public? How can God free Himself in these circumstances from being the abettor of infidelity and the encourager of blasphemy? There must be a day for Christ to receive compensation, for God the Father to defend Himself, for virtue to be rewarded, and for vice to be punished in the presence of congregated mankind. If this great day did not come, the Gospel might be said to be a dumb mockery of justice; the punishment of hell without a judge or a sentence; the rewards of heaven without examination or a verdict. The whole character of God, therefore, demands that His strict justice to Christ and to virtue shall be made known; while the same eternal character of the same justice requires that the deceit, the ingratitude, the blasphemy and the infidelity of the wicked shall be weighed in the impartial scales of God's truth, and, after renewing their former condemnation, plunged in the presence of Heaven and Hell into eternal fire.

The bodies and souls of mortals being now united in the resurrection, all Heaven having taken their places, all Hell gives a last farewell look at the heavenly host that are spread all over all the skies, like million armies encamped. The description of St. John is so minute that we almost fancy we are viewing this great last scene; and, as Christ has already prophesied, we at this distance of space and time feel our hearts trembling at the approaching sentence of perdition about to be pronounced against so many billions of ill-fated, unhappy creatures. At a given moment "a door was opened in heaven, and voices were heard, and trumpets were sounded: and there was a throne set in heaven, and upon the throne One sitting;

and there was a number round about the throne, and round about the throne were twenty-four seats, and upon the seats twenty-four ancients clothed in white garments, and on their heads were crowns of gold; and from the throne proceeded lightnings and thunders. And angels were crying with a loud voice: and there was before the throne a multitude of all tribes and nations, which no one could number, clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands. And books were sealed, and angels held phials to pour out on the earth— and God seemed to make some grand preparation. And an angel having received a key, from the bottomless pit smoke ascended that darkened all the air. And He that sat on the throne, from His face fled away the heaven and the earth. And," said St John, "I saw the dead, great and small, standing in the presence of the throne — and the books were opened, and the dead were judged by the things that were in the books — according to their works — and the sea gave up the dead that were in it, and hell and death gave their dead; and they were judged every one according to their works."

St. John here adds his description to the clear detail of Christ; and, between the two, one thinks he is reading the facts after judgment, rather than the facts before judgment. Christ takes His place on the throne, looks to the right and to the left: opens the book, and prepares to confirm the rewards of the blessed, and to repeat before all the world the sentence of never-ending perdition of the reprobate. We cannot tell how long the examination of a world's guilt will continue. Time is now past; Eternity has now commenced. We have no means of measuring time — and we are not told how long this day will continue. He took six days to create the world: we cannot say how long it will take Him to judge the world. Christ and St. John are silent on these two points. We only know that He judges each soul according to the law written in the books. If Christ Himself did not make the minute detail, and if St. John did not add the further particulars of the countless host, we could not fancy that Heaven had ever arranged this universal meeting, trial, and sentence of all hell and heaven: concluding with the eternal fire of the wicked, and with the never-ending happiness of the blessed. The whole case has been painted *bona fide* for our consideration: and hence we must copy the whole description into the inmost memory of our hearts. The scene of this day surpasses

all God's former character of Omnipotence. First think of the assembly of a parish and rise step by step to the meeting of a county, a province, a nation — then advance to all the nations of the earth: then add to this aggregate the assemblage of all ages, past, present, and future; that is, the aggregate of three worlds — Earth, Hell, Heaven during all time.

But how do we know what is the number of the angels: the population of God's own kingdom since the beginning of Eternity? The population of these myriad spirits in His own boundless kingdom may be so great that hell and earth may be a mere unit in the incalculable aggregate of all the creatures and children of the great God. This day therefore is so great in the aggregate of numbers, in the meeting of bodies and spirits, in the presence of men and angels, in the appearance of Christ and all God's creatures, in the burning lakes of the abyss and the enrapturing enchantments of heaven, that all other measurable things fade in comparison of the Day of the General Judgment. In describing the terrors of the Day of Judgment, where our Lord is introduced as speaking and acting, it is bad taste to personify Christ in the sermon, firstly, because no creature can personify Him in the smallest particular; and, secondly, it is impossible to represent His anger — but, for the sake of perspicuity, sometimes the preacher personally assumes in this case the words and manner of our Lord. As our Lord expresses the agonies, the feelings, the very words of the reprobate souls, and as the examination of their crimes must occupy some time, heaven and hell must mutually look at each other; and the eye of Christ must rest on many a familiar face and unhappy creature in the ranks of the damned.

The Scriptures introduce a dialogue between Christ and the reprobate; and the Old Testament actually represents Christ addressing the damned while they cry and bewail their lot, and, by turns, petition and blaspheme till the gates of hell are closed on their piercing agonies. Before the passing of the sentence, Christ exclaims:

Christ — Reprobate souls, the gates of hell are about to close on you for the last time: your cries and your repentance cannot now alter your condition.

The Reproved Souls — Can no circumstance change the approaching sentence of eternal damnation?

Christ — What circumstance could mitigate a deliberate mortal offence against the infinite love and mercy of the Saviour?

The Damned Souls — The temptation of the riches which you bestowed corrupted our hearts: and the gift, in place of leading to salvation, brought us to ruin and perdition.

Christ — See the millions who stand around this throne, who lived laden with gold: see the kings, with their crowns sparkling with jewels: see them clothed now with eternal glory. They were saved by the wealth which you allege is the cause of your perdition. They lived by works of charity, feeding and clothing the poor, and advancing the support and maintenance of religion. Riches would have equally saved you if you employed them with the grace of God. But you purchased damnation at a large price — you insulted the Trinity at an enormous cost — you served the devil with all the extravagance that the most perverse education, the most expensive iniquity and fabulous guilt of gold could procure. The unhappy souls whom you have led to perdition are calling on Me for your blood: and your stormy bed of eternal fire is already prepared for your never-ending agony.

The Reprobate — And you gave us passions which inflamed our nature, overcame our reason, deranged our will, and forced us from religion and from God.

Christ — See all the anchorites that surround Me here. They had the same flesh and blood as you. They are saved. You never asked for the grace of resistance. The burning of a city is but a feeble illustration of the unrestrained, resistless flames of the passions of your untamed heart. Fearing you had not sufficient inflammable material to spread the conflagration of yourself, you have purchased all the fuel which could inflame to fury the inextinguishable passions, which are only exceeded in extent and intensity by the boiling caldron in which the reprobates are buried in eternal torment. There was nothing that could encourage, flatter, foment human passion, which you did not purchase, by land and sea, to increase your guilt and to swell the anger of God.

Reprobate — I did not know till after my death the extent of my offences.

Christ — You must remember that I was spit upon, mocked, blindfolded, bruised for you — flogged for you. The stroke of the

hammer on Calvary was heard in heaven, as they nailed Me to the Cross. You cannot forget it was for you I died. I called to My Father for relief in My agony. No! no! no! was the reply I heard through the closed gates of heaven. You were among the number that put Me to death: yet I held My arms open for your forgiveness till your last breath. And your greatest crime during your whole life is your present daring declaration, that you did not know your guilt was so great, although I saw you in Jerusalem: I had my eyes fixed on you in the hall of Pilate; I saw you at the pillar — you held the scourge. It was you that fitted the nails to My hands and feet, plunged the spear in My side, and jibed and mocked Me as My last breath was escaping from My quivering lip. You soon shall see Me on My throne of judgment, passing sentence on your scarlet crimes, while Hell moans and Heaven weeps at the terrors of My anger.

Reprobate — Did You not see my damnation before I was born?

Christ — Not till after your death.

Reprobate — Did You not see all futurity from the beginning of eternity? You therefore saw my perdition before I was born. Hence, my damnation is inevitable.

Christ — The power which I possess of seeing all future things from eternity is a property of My own; but this property of Mine has no influence whatever on your actions — My foresight does not influence your liberty, no more than your seeing other men influences their free actions. *Precisely the same.*

Reprobate — Did not You decide my fate before I was born; and hence my perdition became inevitable?

Christ — No. I have seen all futurity from all eternity. The decree is written on the walls of heaven. But I saw it in *order*, and in the *order* in which it occurred. Hence, I saw your birth *first*, because it was first; then I saw your life and actions next, because they *followed* your birth: then I saw your *death*, because it followed your life; and then I pass judgment the *last*, because it is the last. But I did not pass sentence before your birth, because I COULD NOT SEE your death before your birth — it is *impossible*. Hence, I pass sentence like any other judge; having first seen your life and death.

Reprobate — But is not Your decision a *pre*-judgment?

Christ — No. Mine is a *post*-judgment: being decided *after* your death in My eternal decree.

Reprobate — But could my judgment be different?

Christ — Certainly, if your life were different. The whole case can be settled in one word — *you have yourself made your case.* I have *merely judged it.* If I made your case, *you are right*, but I have not directly or indirectly *made your case* — your case is *your own independent free act.*

Damned Soul — Cannot the penalty of millions of years atone for my sin?

Christ — No: years are time — that is, the stroke of a pendulum: and you know the stroke of a clock cannot blot out a mortal offence to God.

Damned Soul — Cannot Your Father forgive us?

Christ — My Father will not, cannot forgive you. When I was on earth I published to all mankind, that without faith it was *impossible* to please God. I declared that no one could be saved without my blood: you have died not only *without* My blood, you died *against* My blood: you died without living faith: without any faith: now, in the insane supposition that you should be received into heaven, I am made a *liar* before the whole Court of Heaven: I am *ungodded* on My own throne, and hence I should stand on the gates of heaven and resist your entrance into My kingdom with all the power of My Godhead. You therefore cannot be saved: your relief therefore from hell to heaven is not within the possibilities of the truth, the justice, and the mercy of My Father: you ask Me to stand in opposition to Myself: to make the abyss to be hell and heaven at the same time.

Damned Soul — Cannot ages of fire blot out my sin against God?

Christ — You know that fire cannot change vice into virtue, nor change the anger of God; and hence fire cannot burn out mortal guilt.

Damned Soul — And is there no hope?

Christ — No possible hope.

Damned Soul — Hell contains three infinities: infinity of God's anger, infinity of fire, infinity of duration — what have I done to deserve these three infinities: a poor finite creature?

Christ — You have committed the greatest crime that time or eternity has ever beheld — you have imbued your hands in the blood

of the Saviour of the world. You are an accomplice in the death of Christ: the death of the God-Man.

Damned Soul — How can I be an accomplice?

Christ — If one man killed another man, or thousands of men aided in putting him to death, each is guilty, and all are guilty, equally guilty, and hence all who commit deliberately mortal sin, have deliberately aided in nailing Christ to the Cross. You are, therefore, an accomplice in the death of Christ — stained with His blood: a crime so great that the fire of hell can never burn it out.

Damned Soul — And is there no change in hell?

Christ — No change. The kingdom of hell is as well founded as the kingdom of heaven — one is founded on My power and My mercy: the other is founded on My power and My anger: and I am as much God in punishing vice as rewarding virtue. You mistake the Trinity: We did not make or create Ourselves: We are the living essence of things: essential first beings, loving living virtue, and hating living vice; We are the essence of life; We cannot die: you mistake Us; every mortal sin, unatoned, unrepented, is fixed in permanent malice; it burns forever like a lake of pitch, and must remain eternally unextinguished: and an act of meritorious virtue is, on the other hand, as irremovable in glory as the pillars of the throne of God, and must last forever; you mistake Us, and you mistake yourselves.

This is the first day of eternity to you — time is past — everything will now wear a different appearance — eternity is so large and time is so small, that the death of Adam, the first man, and the death of the last man here to-day, are *two points* so close, that they seem to *touch:* your crimes will now surprise yourselves: the sanctity of God will astound you; sin will appear under new terrors, and heaven will look happier than your fancy had ever painted it — everything will now appear in its own true colors. You have oppressed and killed the poor: you have corrupted the innocent and you have filled hell with the victims of your lust; your scandals have blasted faith and converted the Gospel into shame; you have dared the Trinity at Our own gates; you jibed death, defied hell, and mocked heaven; My blood is thick on your scarlet hands; your damnation is fixed; your tempestuous bed is made in hell, and you are doomed to writhe in eternal fire; I lived for you: I died for you: I watched you,

once My own child, to save you; the saints, the angels followed you to the gates of hell, to intercept you and to gain your soul: you resisted all and damned yourself in spite of the prayers of the living, the cries of the saints, and the burning petition of the Saviour of the world; the happy fields of Paradise now lie before you for the last time; but you never shall again behold them; the million suns that burn on the eternal hills shall never again shed their lustre on you; the peace, and joys, and glory of heaven you shall never taste; the companions of your youth whom you loved shall never see you: and you shall be cast away from God as far as omnipotent anger can throw you.

Reprobate souls, darkness and torture are now your eternal lot; and when the gates of your fiery prisons shall close forever between you and Me, storms shall rage over lakes and oceans of fire and brimstone, where the consuming waves shall never reach the shore, and where one ray of light shall never burst through the infinite chaos that lies between you and Me. Your position, in place of being the source of pain to the blessed, is a relief: heaven is freed from your blasphemies: your scandals can no longer grieve the Holy Ghost: the Cross can no more suffer for your infidelities: and My wounds will no more bleed afresh from your apostasies: heaven rejoices in your damnation: time and sin are at an end: the saints and angels love what I love, and they hate what I hate: and as the gates of hell close on you, in eternal banishment, heaven will raise a jubilee of joy at your never-ending sentence: *Begone, ye accursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.* Then turning to the blessed with a countenance full of sweetness, He exclaims: *Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.*

Dearest Brethren, the coming certainty of this awful day, the declaration of Christ announcing His anger and sentence, ought to change the life of many a sinner: and I pray God that these words of mine may sink like a burning brand into the hearts of those who hear me.

Dr. Cahill To Five Protestant Clergymen.

Letterkenny, May 30th, 1853.

Reverend Sir, — We, the undersigned, having heard you deliver a controversial lecture this evening in the chapel of Letterkenny, feel it our solemn duty, as ministers of God and embassadors of Christ, to protest against the doctrines set forth by you, as unscriptural and contrary to the teaching of the Catholic Church. We would therefore take the liberty of inviting you to a public discussion, to be carried on in a kind and Christian spirit, in which we call upon you to prove that the doctrines contained in the twelve supplementary articles of the creed of Pope Pius IV. were ever propounded and set forth in the Christian Church as a creed before the year 1564.

Secondly — We invite you to bring on the platform your rule of faith, and give us your Church's authorized interpretation of the sixth, ninth, and tenth chapters of St. Paul to the Hebrews — or, if you prefer it, your Church's *authorized* exposition of the simplest portions of the Holy Writ — the Lord's prayer.

Thirdly — We invite you and any number of your brother priests to meet an equal number of clergy of the Church of England, to prove the assertions you used in endeavoring to establish the unscriptural doctrine of the sacrifice of the Mass. Trusting you will receive the invitation in the same spirit in which it is dictated, we remain yours faithfully in Christ,

F. Goold, Archdeacon of Raphoe.
J. Irwin, Rector of Aughaninshin.
R. Smith, Curate of Cornwall.
J. W. Irwin, Curate of Raymohy.
J. Linskea, Glenalla.

REVEREND SIRS, — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite note, dictated in a spirit of great courtesy, and having stamped on it the clear impress of the distinguished character of the gentlemen whose names it bears. I shall then at once proceed to give a hasty reply to those passages in your respected communication which demand commentary from me.

Firstly, then, I solemnly deny, and conscientiously protest against

your unauthorized assumption of calling yourselves "the ministers of God and embassadors of Christ;" and I complain loudly of your most unjustifiable intrusion in designating your modern local conventicle by the name of the "Catholic Church." Gentlemen, I assure you I do not mean, even remotely, to utter one offensive sentiment to you personally by telling you that you are libelling God and calumniating the Apostles in using this language. You are, on the contrary, the ecclesiastical ministers of the British Parliament, you are the clerical embassadors of the Queen of England, and you are the rebel children of the most terrific apostasy the world ever saw. The Thirty-nine articles of your creed (which learned Protestants call contradictory and incongruous) are the *accidental result* of a majority of voices in the British senate-house of that day. This act of Parliament forms the preface of your Book of Common Prayer, and the decisions of that Parliamentary session are unavowedly the very basis and the theological title of the Anglican creed, as expressed in these Articles. In point of fact, and according to the language of the English Parliament, that creed should be appropriately called a "bill," like any other Parliamentary bill passed by a majority in that house. Beyond all doubt, its proper name should be "the Protestant Religion Bill," or some other such designation, proceeding, as it does, professedly, and originating officially from the decision of the senate-house, and from the authority of the Crown. The authority does not even pretend to be derived from Christ, as it acknowledges itself to be fallible, and, of course, progressive and human.

And the Prime Minister of England can lay aside any of your present opinions when he thinks fit, as was recently proved in the case of the Rev. Mr. Gorham; and the Queen can annul the united doctrinal decision of your national convocation at her pleasure. Argue this case as you will, and call this authority by whatever name you please, there it is, the supreme arbiter of your Church, the essential sanction and source of your faith. Thus, in point of fact, you pray to God as the Premier likes; and you believe in God as the Queen pleases; and you multiply or diminish the articles of your "Religion Bill" as the Parliament decides. You are, therefore, judicially and officially, the very creatures of the State; and you wear your surplices and preach by precisely the same authority

with which a midshipman wears his sword, or a Queen's counsel appears in a silk gown; you derive your jurisdiction from an authority at which the very Mohammedans stand in stupid amazement — viz.: an authority which places a child in a cradle, a young girl in her teens, or a toothless old hag in the place of the twelve Apostles, standing in the footsteps of Christ, the seat of wisdom, the oracle of divine truth, and the expounder of Revelation. Except that we know this statement to be a fact from undeniable evidence, no man living could ever think that any man in his senses would submit to such an outrage on the human understanding. Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor of England, with thousands of others, preferred to die at the block sooner than submit to this mockery of God. This is the ludicrous jurisdiction under which you teach and preach; but to call yourselves "the ministers of God and the embassadors of Christ," is an act of such reckless forgetfulness of your position (in reference to jurisdiction), as to set all the delicacies of truth and fact at defiance in a matter of the most public and palpable notoriety; in truth, it is unbecoming effrontery.

Again, all Christians of all denominations admit that the repeated pledges and promises of Christ guarantee the indestructible existence of a true Church forever on the earth. The word of God the Father, fixing our sun in our skies forever, is not more clear and emphatic than the word of God the Son in placing the true Church in a permanent unclouded existence on the earth forever. At the time of your separation there was only this one universal Church on earth; there being but *one* in existence, it must have been this true one so guaranteed. You have avowedly separated from this Church; and at that time, in order to mark the doctrinal character of your conduct, you called yourselves by the appropriate name of Protestants. You, therefore, at that time, resigned your title to the Catholic Church, which you abandoned. You rebelled against her authority, and from that hour to this you stand expelled from her spiritual territory, and excommunicated by her judicial penalties. On that occasion you severed yourself from the source of all her spiritual power, and broke the link that bound you to the long chain of apostolic jurisdiction. Will you kindly inform the world when and where did you become reunited to that Church? You now call yourselves "Catholic!" Or are you now beginning to be ashamed

of the word "Protestant?" You see that this word argues the want of legitimate title to the Christian inheritance, and you are trying to insert a word by fraud into your forged deed.

Why do you not use the other three marks of the true Church, and call yourselves, "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic?" Ah, reckless as you are in your assumption, you are afraid of the jibes of the historian to assume the other three marks. As long as your interminable (750) changes in faith are recorded, it would be injudicious to invest your Church with the attribute of unity; as long as the public reads the plunder of the abbeys and hears the universal spoliation of the poor, while the red gibbet of Elizabeth surmounts your communion table, and while your modern towers publish your recent origin, it would be drawing rather too largely on the public credulity to stifle this glaring evidence of your sins and character, and to call yourselves, "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic." No, no; you are too clever and discerning to attempt this palpable imposture; and hence you are content to assume slyly the single term of "Catholic;" and thus you endeavor to regain the place you have forfeited, and repair the connection you have broken. But, gentlemen, this dodge will not do; you may impose on your own flocks, who don't know you as well as we do; but as long as I am placed as a sentinel at the ivy doors of the old Church, you shall not enter under false colors. Come in your own clothes as Protestant ministers, Parliamentary embassadors, modern Biblemen, from a petty district, but you shall not assume the mark of the universality of time and place while I am present. Like sparrows hatched in an eagle's nest, I shall teach you that, although you have been born near us, you have neither the shape, color, or genealogy of the royal breed of the Apostles, under whose wings your Church has been fraudulently introduced and nurtured into an illegitimate existence.

Whenever, therefore, you may in future honor me with any communication, may I beg you will announce yourselves in your Protestant profession; appear in your own modern dress, assume your own Parliamentary titles, and do not add to your former prevarications to the living by coming now in the end of time laden with the spoils of the dead. Dress yourselves like Luther and Calvin, and Knox and Cranmer; come with a sword in your hand, like Zuinglius, and with an axe, like your first apostles; don't assume the holy cross; do

not put on the robes of Jerome or Chrysostom; do not, for shame, rob the dead of their hoary honors; do not appear in the unsullied robes of the Apostles, whom your ancestors have betrayed; do not wear the crowns of More and Fisher, won on the block which your Gospel had erected. This passage brings me in presence of the second part of your note.

In consequence of the existence of an infallible authority framing our laws and promulgating our Faith, it would be clearly an act of the most palpable inconsistency to subject to your decision, or to the award of a public meeting of fallible men, the doctrines already fixed by an unerring tribunal. You are true to your principles in seeking and yielding to this decision, since private judgment is your first principle; but I cannot subject my Faith to such a standard, believing, as I do, that a living authority has been permanently appointed in the Church of Christ, invested with a command from Heaven to teach all men, and sustained by the official presence of the Holy Ghost, as a legislative guarantee for the immutable truth of its decisions. There are no passages in the Scriptures, on any subject of Divine faith, put forward in stronger or more emphatic language than these parts of Revelation which enforce the permanent, unchangeable existence and practicable agency of this tribunal. The existence of Christ, or the facts of the Cross, the Resurrection, and Ascension, are not expressed in a clearer official enactment than the record of this living court of infallible decision. I can no more doubt the existence of the Saviour, than disbelieve this official prerogative of the Church of Christ. I believe the one with the same precise amount of evidence I believe the other; and if you bring a doubt on the authority of this court, you necessarily call in question all the other parts of the record of salvation. So perfectly logical is the inference, that history sustains my assertions on this vital point; and it is quite true to say that since the fatal period of your separation, and since you preached the overthrow of this first principle, you have opened the flood-gates of latitudinarianism, and filled every Protestant country in Europe with wild rationalism and naked infidelity.

In a thousand years hence, when Protestantism will be only recollected in name, like Arianism or any of the other varieties of human wickedness or folly, the future ecclesiastical historian will

write the thrilling record; namely, that of all the phases of irreligion which have appeared on the earth, the Anglican heresy has inflicted the deepest wound on Revelation, from its encouragement to human pride and its official flattery of human passion. Human reason, in its practical workings, has never been the same in the same country, the same age, or even the same man. If we except the truths of mathematical science, human reason is ever changing, and I think it ought to be readily admitted that a God of rigid justice and truth could never build the unerring enactments of revelation and salvation on a shifting basis of such a variable construction.

Within the last twenty-five years I have seldom read the proceedings of any Protestant assembly on matters of religion, in which the principal topics have not been, viz.: "The *usurped* infallibility of the Church of Rome, and the *new* articles of faith of the Roman Church." The ancient Protestant clergy of Ireland did not utter these falsehoods; they lived contented with their titles, and enjoyed their glebes and drank their claret without this eternal calumny of the plundered Catholics. But within the last quarter of a century a swarm of young clerical aspirants invade all the public places, stand in all the thoroughfares, and are heard on the four winds roaring and bawling, wherever you turn, against the Church of Rome. They are to be seen at all the Protestant print-shops, book-stands, railroad stations, bazaars, excursion trips, botanical reunions; and I dare say you will admit the powerful fact that they have no conversation, no entertainment for all who have the misfortune to come within the range of their clerical contact, save one ceaseless, indecent abuse, misrepresentation and calumny of the principles of the Catholic creed. And I am quite willing to admit that these gentlemen are persons of finished education, and of delicate truth, and of elegant courtesy in their social character on most other points; but, in reference to Catholicity, they are not ashamed to utter statements too foolish to be noticed, or too gross to be told. Having apparently no parochial duties to discharge, their sole occupation seems to be calumniating their Catholic neighbors and forging misstatements of the Catholic clergy, who never speak a word of offence to them, either in our public or private intercourse. We cannot in these days instruct our people without public insult, nor can we defend our doctrines from misrepresentation without sickening chal-

lenges from school-boy declaimers, — raw, *jejune* clerical graduates seeking notoriety in the service of God (?) by falsehood, malignity, and sedition. This is a painful state of society. The conduct of your brethren on this subject has long since formed the topic of public condemnation even throughout Europe, and has by its excess and extravagance nauseated the public taste, and beyond all doubt has raised the spirit of inquiry in the detection of this indecent imposture, and now universal exposure.

I am led into these observations by your remarks on the creed of Pius IV., in which you assert that novelties have been introduced into our faith.

Gentlemen, in all the public speeches and writings of your brethren, they all (I hope not through calumnious design) make one common mistake, viz.: You call "a new decision of a council" by the name of a new act of faith, —an addition to the old creed. It is not so. The new decision of a council is rather a sign of an old doctrine than the evidence of a new one; it is the collected expression of the old belief of the Church embodied in a new decree; so that, so far from being an evidence of a new thing, it is, on the contrary, an inevitable demonstration of an old thing. It is the official application of an old truth and principle to some new heretic, or some new error; so that while the heretic is new to whom it is addressed, and the case is new to which it is applied, the principle and the truth so applied is *ipso facto* already known as the statute law of the Church; and ten thousand new cases may be settled by one old principle, just as the Chancellor settles the unnumbered new cases of his court without adding one tittle to the old statute law of England. When Moses brought down from Mount Sinai the ten commandments embodied in a written decree from God, will any man assert that this was the first time for twenty-five centuries that men received the commandments of God? Certainly it was the first written decision of God that men ever saw; but will any man say that this was a new faith or morality received under the Theocarchy, and that this was the first time when God forbade the crimes of murder, adultery, robbery, perjury and idolatry, etc.? If, then, our doctrine of an infallible tribunal be true, as it is, it follows that a general council, directed by the Holy Ghost, stands in similar circumstances (as far as Revelation goes) with this Theocarchy, and hence that these new

decisions, so far from being acts of faith, are, on the contrary, the best evidence of the already universally received opinions on the point decided. All the new decisions of the Church against Arianism and Pelagianism, and the decisions on the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and all the decrees on the nature and person of Christ, are all nearly expressed in one sentence of the creed: — "I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, dead and buried, rose again on the third day from the dead, and ascended into heaven. I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," etc., etc. This short sentence, with some few additional texts, form, if I may so speak, the statute laws on the varied decisions alluded to. In fact, all the new decisions such as your brethren allude to, and such as you have referred to in the point at issue, are merely so many legitimate deducibles from the record of Revelation subjected to this competent authority, and settled and published by a decree founded on the ancient truths of Christ's Gospel as taught by the Apostles.

The Catholic rule of faith, therefore, is the word of God interpreted and taught by this living authority, as it was from the beginning; and this rule is so clear, so obvious, so comprehensive, and so easily attainable, that, with a penny catechism in your hand, and in the society of a priest, the accredited officer, you can learn, to your perfect satisfaction, our entire faith, in construction, plan, and indefectible legislative guarantees, within the short space of one hour; and the authorized version of any portion of Holy Writ is to be learned, not so much from its philosophical or philological construction, as from its inferential adjustment, and its substantial agreement with the known truths already believed and taught in connection with the passages under the examination referred to. We do not receive our faith from disputing, contentious schoolmasters, but from ordained priests; we are occupied with the substance, not the names of things; we take our faith from the guaranteed inspiration of the Holy Ghost, not from the inflections and rules of grammar; and as the incarnation and the death of our Lord are beyond our reason, we have no idea of consulting that same reason in laws beyond its reach, no more than the mysteries which it cannot comprehend.

In conclusion, I beg to assure you that I have felt much compli-

mented by your attendance at my lectures on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and I have felt rather honored by the united note of the five Protestant clergymen, transmitted to me through the courtesy of the Protestant Archdeacon of Raphoe, and the brother-in-law of our late Viceroy. I have not, I hope, in any words which escaped me at that lecture, uttered any sentiment which could offend; and I here disclaim again intending to say one word in this note (beyond my own professional duty) to give the smallest uneasiness to gentlemen towards whom I feel much personal respect, and to whom I beg unfeignedly to offer the expression of high and distinguished consideration.

I have the honor to be, Rev. Sirs, your obedient servant,

D. W. Cahill, D. D.

P. S. — As you have gratuitously originated this correspondence, you can have no claim on me for its continuance; and, therefore, I respectfully decline taking any further notice of any letters which you may do me the honor to send me in future.

Letter of the Rev. Dr. Cahill to the Right Hon. The Earl of Derby.

New Brighton, Saturday, October 21, 1852.

MY LORD EARL, — Some few months ago our gracious Queen, in a speech from the throne, very emphatically announced her royal determination to uphold the principles of the Protestant Church, and she called on her servants there assembled, in her presence, to assist her in maintaining the liberties of the Protestant Constitution. There must be, my Lord, in the royal mind some hidden fear of this Church being in danger, in order to account for the large space which this idea has taken up in the royal oration. If this declaration had been made by your Lordship, or by any one of the present Ministry, it would still command an important attention; but when it proceeds from the head of your Church — from the ecumenical source of all Protestant truth, it comes before the world invested with all the realities of Parliamentary gravity and English history. For the first time in my life, I do agree with the sentiments deduced from a royal speech; and I do, therefore, believe that your Church is in imminent danger at the present moment; and I believe, moreover, that neither her most gracious Majesty, with all her royal power, my Lord John Russell, with the base Whigs, nor your Lordship, with the most judicious combination of Whig and Tory which your skill in Parliamentary chemistry can produce, will be able to stay much longer the downfall of an institution which is a libel on God's Gospel, a fortress for public injustice, and the scandalous disturber of our national peace. The danger to be apprehended, however, will not proceed, in the first instance, from an external enemy; it will come from her long

internal rottenness; and the public shame, and the public common sense, and the public indignation will soon be seen struggling for the mastery in levelling with the earth, and eradicating from the soil, this anti-Christian monster, which has been reared on the plundered food of the widow and the orphan, and which now makes its enormous daily meals and annual feasts on the life-blood of the entire nation.

The long silence of the Catholics under your shameful and shameless calumnies, and our superhuman endurance under savage Parliamentary insults and lies, such as are actually unknown in any other country in the whole world, have had the effect of encouraging our insatiable enemies, in place of mitigating their fanatical ferocity. The oblivion which our writers have cast in charity over the first flagrant iniquities of your Church has been misunderstood by your professional bigots, who, like a swarm of locusts, crowd every thoroughfare in the Empire, enabling the passengers of all nations to read, in the malignant domination of their brows, that the hatred of Catholicity, the fury of unappeasable malignity, and not the mild spirit of Christianity, is the predominant feeling of their hearts, and the very mainspring of their entire conduct. The Catholic public, too, have forgotten the early pedigree of the Reformation; and have, therefore, considerably relaxed in their watchfulness against their deadly foes; and hence the public mind must be again roused to a universal resistance against a congregation of calumniators, who, not content with living on the plunder of our ancestors, are engaged, year after year, in maligning their victims, spreading abroad uncharitableness, disturbing the public peace, and positively, and without any doubt, disturbing the name and material interests of England throughout the entire world.

As Lord John Russell and your Lordship have been the principal promoters of this strange evangelism, I have decided on addressing to you twelve letters on the subject just referred to. They shall be divided into distinctions, in which I shall prove beyond all doubt — Firstly, the unscriptural enormities and the theological incongruities of these Protestant principles which you say are now endangered; Secondly, I shall demonstrate beyond all contradiction, that this Protestant Constitution has committed the largest crime of plundering the poor ever recorded in history; and, Thirdly, I shall enume-

rate, to the satisfaction of every impartial man, the historical records by which this Church is charged with spilling more blood of innocent, and defenceless, and unoffending Catholics, than has ever been shed by the most ruthless tyrant that ever crimsoned the page of human woe. In the treatment of this subject, I wish to inform you that I mean no offence to the present generation of generous-hearted, honest Englishmen; my charges are not against individuals, but against the anti-Christian system of which they are made the wretched dupes. Nor shall I found my observations upon exclusively Catholic authority, or on hearsay, however respectable the testimony, or on loose historical assertion. I shall quote all my proofs from your own great historians, from the Protestant Synods of Germany, Switzerland, Holland and France; and I shall complete my demonstrations from the Acts of the English Parliament. I shall not confine my views on the horrors of your evangelical system to Great Britain and unfortunate Ireland. I shall trace them through Northern and Central Europe; and I shall place before the Christian world the clear fact, viz., that in whatever country Protestantism has been introduced in the room of Catholicity, there may be traced all the maddening disorders which have almost ever accompanied and followed it; namely, ferocious bigotry, relentless persecution, sanguinary atrocities, social disunion, and universal, wasting, public brand of beggary and national distress, graven by the ruthless bigot on the heart, and the bones, and the marrow of the wretched, subdued Catholic.

And if I shall fulfil faithfully these my preliminary promises, there is no honorable English or Irish Protestant (who will take the trouble to read my proofs) who can, as a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian, be reasonably angry with me for exposing to the public indignation a system calling itself the Gospel of Christ, and which, on examination, will be found an iniquitous aggregate of hypocrisy, lies, rebellion, spoliation, murder and blasphemy. I own it requires much deliberate reflection before these grave charges should be made against your National Church, and addressed to so exalted a person as the Earl of Derby. I feel this responsibility, and I fully conceive my position; but I again repeat my charges, and I shall forfeit all claim to truth, if I do not perfectly substantiate every point I have adduced. It is with feelings of tremulous confusion that the historian

of the present day will even attempt to write details of the crimes of this infamous band of anti-Christian monsters; and hence, who can describe what must have been the bewildering, the shocking, the racking woes of the persecuted past generation, which witnessed and bled under their terrific realities.

The first unparalleled imposture which the "Reformation" invented and which it has practised to this day, was the self-appointment and self-consecration of Henry VIII. to assume the title of "Head of the Church." One might suppose that the man who robbed the convents of Englishmen to the amount of millions of money, built and secured by the ancient laws of the realm, would be ashamed to appear before his countrymen, stained as his character was with this public profanation; one might believe that a monster who had divorced three wives and beheaded two (one of them probably his own daughter) would be afraid to let the eye of mortal see his hands reeking with the blood of his innocent victims. Through all the past history of mankind, if such a demon succeeded in escaping the arm of public justice, or the hand of the avenging assassin, he fled from human intercourse to bury his guilty head and racking conscience in the lonely cell of perpetual penance, in order to expiate the thrilling enormity of his black crimes.

But your apostle, the first head of your Church, seemed rather to rise than sink by his iniquities; they appear rather to qualify than incapacitate your Gospel founder for his exalted spiritual post; and hence, he stands before your tabernacle with his red hands lifted in prayer to God! Yes, in prayer to God, your accredited proto-apostle, your appointed bishop, and your consecrated Pope! the guardian of innocence, the model of virtue, the terror of vice, the teacher of Gospel truth, the ornament of religion, the standard of evangelical perfection, the infallible guide to Heaven, the successor of the Apostles, and the Vicegerent of Christ himself on earth! He appointed and consecrated himself (Act Par., 1538) Pope and Head of the Church; and he appointed Tom Cromwell (Act 1533) his "Vicegerent in *spirituals;*" and he gave him, as his Vicar-General, a commission, with nineteen sub-commissioners, named by his "English Holiness," to report on the discipline and moral conduct and faith of all the religious orders of England! The only parallel that could be devised to equal this incomprehensible farce on Chris-

tianity would be to see the Devil ascend the Mount where our Lord delivered His first sermon, and to hear him address the multitude on the Eight Beatitudes, in mimicry of our Saviour, without any attempt during his discourse to either conceal "his cloven foot or tail" from the congregation.

Do you wonder, sir, why we Catholics laugh and shudder at this, your first hierarchy? Can you be surprised why a learned Catholic trembles at this blasphemy of the Holy Ghost, this mockery of Christianity, this jesting with God, this sporting with the Gospel, this jibing with damnation? There is nothing like this scene of palpable mimicry of Christ and the Apostles to be found in the entire record of the most insane infidelity. It surpasses in atrocious and tragic infamy anything that has ever happened in the whole world; and it stands before all mankind as the first page in the charter of your religion, the inauguration of your hierarchy, and the undoubted source of the "Reformation." There were many faithful, courageous Englishmen, who resisted this monstrous iniquity, and if you wish to learn their names, go to the prisons of your Apostle, where thousands of your countrymen died in confinement; go to glorious France, where hundreds of your relatives fled for safety; and, sir, go to the reeking block, where you can read in the martyred blood of the illustrious More, the venerable Fisher, and in the shameful murder of the noble Countess of Salisbury. Read there the origin of your creed, the law of your Gospel, the decalogue of your ethics.

If these astounding scenes were enacted under the excitement of mere popular or mere political fury, they should not find a place in this letter to your Lordship, which is intended for the discussion of the religious foundation of your Church; but they were the acts of Henry, as your ecclesiastical superior (see Act), they were executed in the name and under the sanction of this new Church; as such they were agreed to by the Drummonds, and the Russells, and the Derbys of that day of English infamy; and in the preambles of the Acts of Parliament, the Assembly sat in deliberation "in the Spirit of the Holy Ghost," and hence, these acts of Henry form, without contradiction, a record of your ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and not of your political history. There is no generous, candid English Protestant, at the present day, who, I believe, does not blush at the recital of

these atrocities, and yet he lives contentedly and unconsciously under the very same hierarchal law; is governed by the reigning monarch as the head of the Church; pays religious obedience in faith and morals to the persons called, appointed, and commissioned to lead men's souls to heaven; and all this by virtue of the royal prerogative, as the supreme spiritual authority of the realm. Take away the crimes of your first founder, and your present system is perfectly the same — namely, human commission, human jurisdiction in the kingdom of Christ! You might as well apply the laws of gravitation to the soul, as to adopt a temporal rule to produce spiritual results of grace. You might as well tell the world that original sin is remitted in baptism according to the laws of hydrostatics, as to assert that the queen or king of any country can give *ex-officio* a commission to save the souls of their subjects.

It is the monarch alone of that spiritual kingdom who can frame its laws, appoint his officers, give them authority, define their duties, and decide rewards and punishments; and this leads me to examine this principle of supremacy in the reign of Edward VI. Mr. Cobbett has already glanced at this subject; but Mr. Cobbett was no theologian — I am; and he confined his views to England: I shall extend mine to every country in Europe where your Gospel has been preached; and I hereby humbly request of the embassadors of the Catholic Courts now resident in London (to each of whom I shall send a copy of this letter), that they will so far have mercy on Ireland as to publish my proofs in each of their capitals, in order to inform their nations of the insatiable injustice exercised towards us by the cruelty of the English Government, and to warn their countrymen of the danger of permitting English missionaries and English spies to reside amongst them, calumniating their creed and revolutionizing their laws.

One can scarcely avoid bursting out into a commingled torrent of indignation, contempt, and horror, against a band of plunderers, infidels, and assassins, who, in the face of civilized Europe, could set up a *child* of ten years of age as Pope the Second, thus placing the nation in a position of spiritual ruin, and perpetuating the mad apostacy of the last reign. This, my Lord, is a new practical-spiritual phase of your Church. In the late reign, the King proclaimed himself Pope; but here we have a born Pope, a born Bishop,

an Apostle in swaddling-clothes, coming into the world with a mitre on his head, the inspiration of the Holy Ghost transmitted to him from his father Henry, like freehold property; the grace of God running in the child's pure blood by virtue of the character and ecumenical position of his father; a born saint, like his father, and, like a child born with a wooden leg, holding the crozier in his new-born hand, and wearing the mitre on his apostolic hereditary head! Lord Derby, are you serious in belonging to a system of such disgusting, incomprehensible folly? You might as well assert that a hawk could beget a whale, as that a Bishop could be naturally elaborated from the blood of Henry VIII. But this is not all; this child-Pope made the "Book of Common Prayer," and almost entirely drew up the Thirty-nine Articles of what is called your creed.

And what renders the thing so utterly shameful, is that this weak, sickly boy never, perhaps, saw the book, or read one of the Articles referred to; so that this principle of the headship of the Church, which, in itself, is so ludicrous, is, besides all this, a most monstrous, notorious, palpable lie, as the baby-Pope, who is said to be head, has actually, and in point of fact, no more part in this Reformation-jugglery than the Grand Turk. The idea of a child making Articles of Faith, and composing prayers, through an Act of Parliament, as *head of Christ's Church*, is so palpably ridiculous, that the Catholics at once ask you, "What insanity has come over you, to leave a learned old Pope and a Council of Bishops, in order to follow a child in a cradle and a Senate of shopkeepers?" You decide religion as you decide the duty on your manufactures; you settle the way to heaven as you fix the direction of a turnpike road — namely, by a majority of votes; and in the face of mankind you set up a baby in a cradle as the expounder of the Gospel, although it cannot read; as the teacher of the Gospel, although it cannot speak; and as the head of your Church in all its duties, although it has not got one idea in its head of any one thing in this world!!

But the principle has to be examined in a new, astounding, third phase, viz.: — After the death of Edward, it is to be seen residing in a young woman of six-and-twenty years of age! of course, she, too, is the sanctified descendant of the first head, Pope Henry. She, too, it seems, inherits her father's sanctity; but the inspiration of the Holy Ghost does not fall upon her till the mature apostolic age

of twenty-six. Blessed family! to have men, women, and children all born apostles — angels of grace. This lay Pope, this royal nun, this consecrated virgin, was the person who completed the inspiration of the far-famed Thirty-nine Articles of your Faith, not more than ten of which any educated respectable Protestant can conscientiously believe. Some of them are contradictory, others absurd, and two or three of them impossible. You, my Lord, who are so deeply read in canon-law as to see heresy in our cravats, and to read the violation of your constitutional laws in our shoes and hosiery, will you say how many of these articles do you believe? I never knew any Protestant who had such a capacious draught of sanctity. Lord John Russell, although a Presbyterian, a Puseyite, a Methodist, a Protestant, and a Pagan (as he has expunged baptism), does not perhaps believe from these five creeds of his so many of these Thirty-nine Articles of Godliness. I believe it to be true, my Lord, that, like razors made to sell, but not to shave, these Articles are made more for show than devotion. Excuse me, my Lord, if I, at the present moment, smile in your face, at seeing your name enrolled in such an incongruous, insane system of absurdity, imposture, and infidelity.

But, my Lord, I am not quite done with this young lady Pope. There is a new feature in her apostolic reign, which we learn from *Act of Parliament*, passed in the year 1571, and in the thirteenth year of her reign, to which I refer you. In this Act, passed by her Parliament of Englishmen (manufacturers of faith), and subscribed, of course, by her holy hand, as head of your Church, it was enacted (Christ protect us!) that the crown of England should descend, if she had no lawful heirs, to her "natural issue." Do you blush, Lord Derby, to see the crown of Alfred and Edward given by your evangelical Senate to such "an issue," by Act of Parliament! Do you blush to see the head of your church subscribe a public law of her own public shame! signing her hand manual to an act that would degrade the most infamous inmate of the lowest of your London brothels — haunts of pollution! I fancy it was this Act of Parliament which Mr. Drummond read, on the night when he spewed the filth of his Reformation creed on the spotless consecrated Catholic virgins of Europe. He mistook them for the virgin head of your Church; he did — the wretched old Reformer — he did mistake

them; and in his filthy language he was *protected* by the Speaker, and thus *applauded* by the whole Senate of England. I say, sir, he was, and Catholic Europe should never forget the insult offered to their honor, their morality, and to their creed. My Lord, what do you now say, so far as I have gone as yet, to the early foundation of your "Reformed Church?"

Amidst the records of the human race, there is a sense of shame in the most abandoned, which prompts them to conceal their personal crimes — wretches who have lost every virtue and are immersed in every vice, have still left in their black hearts one small remnant of untainted nature; namely, the inward feeling of condemnation of their own guilt. It is so in the most degraded wretch that expiates on the scaffold the enormities of a long obdurate life; it is particularly so in woman, whose fine nature can never be utterly trampled out by vice but with her life; and hence, when we find a Queen of a most powerful Empire the head of a Church calling itself Christian, in the face of mankind, at the age of forty-nine, summon a Parliament to make her prospective shame legal by English law! and when we behold herself in person sign the record of her own crime — she stands before the world the vilest miscreant, the most abandoned wretch, the most shameless monster, in woman form, that has ever stained the profligate records of either ancient or modern infamy. We have borne your calumnies too long in charitable forbearance — we have abstained these many past years from repeating the anti-Christian, the scandalous, incongruous tenets of your abhorrent creed — we have carefully kept from the hands of the rising generation of Ireland the records of your Church infamies — we have actually robbed our Irish children of the history of their fathers, in order to maintain peace with you; but you have outraged our endurance; you and *your* Church party, both Whig and Tory, have aided in calumniating us, with an indecency of falsehood, that makes even bigotry blush; and you forced us to come forward against our inclination to recommence the exposure of your blood-stained creed, which will end, as sure as I am penning these lines, in the overthrow of this iniquitous establishment, and perhaps in the degradation of your country. We shall no longer be silent on a system of religion where your piety is vice — where your Gospel is imposture — and the charter of your creed is hypocrisy, shame,

and sin. In order to meet the objection, "that these Acts of Parliament had reference to the political, not the religious, prerogative of Elizabeth," I subjoin the words of the Synod of London:

"The *sovereign government* of all her subjects, lay and *clerical, belongs to her in all matters*, without being subjected to *any foreign power*."

Having thus glanced at the principle of the supremacy of your monarch, the next point in the regular order of your hierarchy is the ludicrous variety of your confessions of faith. From the year 1530 to the year 1557, Protestantism has issued not less than eighteen confessions of faith — all different, and varying not only in general principles, but contradictory in most of the articles of faith, and contrary on the same points of belief in not less than four essential dogmas of Christianity. Your confessions of faith are as follows: — Augsburg, 1530; Geneva, 1531; France, 1534; Melanethon's Apology, 1535; Scotch confession, 1536; Smalcald, 1537; Dort, 1541; Szenger, 1543; Sendomar, 1546; Saxonic, 1551; Wurtemburg, 1552; Book of Concord, 1556; Explications repeated, 1557.

Now, my Lord, if any one of our theories in chemistry, in reference to the analysis or the products of any chemical agents, underwent eighteen different, contradictory, and contrary demonstrations, is there any scientific scholar in the whole world who would take his oath that all these contrary theories were right; and, moreover, who would hang, behead, and quarter any one who should refuse to take his oath in the same contrarieties? And if this doctrine in science would make all mankind shudder, will you say in what language shall I attempt to explain your faith, which ascribes to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost eighteen different systems of the grossest lies, the most palpable contradictions, and absurd contrarieties? If the meanest man in Great Britain were charged with wilful prevarication on his oath, in his statement in eighteen different assertions, he would be branded as a debased wretch, a public perjurer; and hence to ascribe this conduct to the Holy Ghost, in your eighteen sworn confessions of faith, is a depth of blasphemy, a hardihood of insane iniquity beyond the comprehension of the impartial observer; but like an old juggler swallowing a dozen of razors at a time, a feat which would kill twelve ordinary men, your long

habit of unpunished infidelity has accustomed you to stand before the gates of heaven and call God a liar to His face. Saint Paul, endeavoring to express to us unity of Faith, could find no other image by which he could convey his belief, except by likening it to the unity of God, in that remarkable passage of Holy Writ, where he writes to the Ephesians — "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." As this language is so clear, it follows that there cannot exist in true faith any change, contradiction, or contrariety, any more than in the very being of God; and it follows, moreover, from the clear logic of the text, that two or more faiths are just as absurd as two or more Gods.

But what signifies the testimony of St. Paul in comparison with that of Elizabeth, and what value can be attached to any scriptural record when placed in juxtaposition with an English Act of Parliament! When a Church has arrived so far in the mysteries of faith as to place at the head of all spiritual power a monster who has discarded three wives and murdered two; when it can propose for the salvation of the soul a creed said to be made by a child in a cradle; when a public sin against the sixth commandment by the head of a Church is made legal by an Act of the English Parliament; when the Holy Ghost is publicly declared on oath to have published for the guidance of the soul in sanctity eighteen avowed systems of palpable lies in the short space of twenty-six years — I fearlessly say, if these records cannot be disputed, there is no candid Protestant who can complain if such a system of perjury, pollution, and blasphemy be vigorously denounced before the indignation and the horror of the entire Christian world.

Notwithstanding these synodical contrarieties, we learn the strange doctrine from "the Synod of Charteron," that the entire varying Protestant communities of Europe are still "the one society" of true Christian believers; that eighteen different "distinct things" are the self-same "one thing," is a proposition so utterly incomprehensible, as even to surpass the phenomenon of your supremacy. The only thing I ever read which can at all approach this article of your faith in point of absurdity, is the Dutch tragedy representing Adam *about to be created;* at a certain part of the tragedy, when all eyes are turned to the deep, solemn tragedian, who is about to perform the act of creation, Adam himself, the first man (though not yet crea-

ted), comes out on the stage, with new doeskin breeches, boots, and spurs, to be created! With these palpable absurdities you call your Church the spouse of Christ — a lie which makes the skin creep and the blood run cold to hear you connect with the name of the Saviour such an aggregate of obsceneness and impiety. From the first year of your foundation, through the three hundred years of your existence, no three individuals of your co-religionists could agree in doctrine; and at this moment you present to the laughing world a congregation divided in all points, except the stereotype doctrine of "hatred of Catholicity."

Lord John Russell, who can agree with almost any form of faith, cannot admit Baptism; the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is paid £24,000 a year for the gigantic amount of his faith, will not admit Holy Orders as necessary; even in time of general English cholera, our Dr. Whateley, in Dublin, the pre-anti-Catholic Archbishop of Ireland, exempts unmarried clergymen from their attendance in blue Asiatic cholera. In their Lordships' theological opinions, the attendance of clergy is only necessary in fine weather, when new kid gloves can be worn, when the tainted air does not blow from the East, when the patient can receive these apostles on Turkey carpets, and when there is no fear of the stench of the dying Christian coming "between the wind and their holy nobility." And more strange than all, is the new change of the Bishop of Exeter, approving the practice of "hearing confessions." What an edifying Church you have! What a venerated Senate!

You abuse, malign, and insult us, for the practice your good Exeter now claims is the sure road to heaven. And this is what you call the "enviable wisdom of the English Parliament, and the evangelical unity of the Reformation." And these are the laws which you call on us to respect and obey; this is the religion to which you hope to convert the Irish people; and this is the creed you offer to poor old Erin, in the fourteen-hundredth year of her Christian age. The venerable old lady, I assure you, is not accustomed to see her apostles dressed in diamond rings and London boots. After her long tuition under Saint Patrick, she is quite surprised to receive religious instruction from your Voltaires and Paines; she cannot understand why the education of faith in Christ *must* be preceded by the knowledge of potash and pyrites; and she

is utterly astounded to hear men assert that the temple of the science of the saints *must* be approached through fields of Swedish turnips and nicely-drilled mangel-wurzel. After her long intercourse with Columkill and Saint Bridget, she has learned so completely the Irish accent, that she can with difficulty comprehend your Lordship's Saxon tongue; and although she has often heard of the dialects of Greek, and the vocalic varieties of the Eastern languages, she has never understood, till she read your eighteen confessions of faith, how there could be such a thing possible as varieties and dialects in the unchangeable professions of God's Gospel.

If you give me fair play, my Lord; if you do not set your "Times," and your "Globe," and your "Standard," and your "Punch," to ridicule and to abuse me; if you call on them to reply to me by argument, and not by abuse, I undertake to rid this nation of your Church Establishment, and thus to save for the Empire the eight and a half millions annually, which it devours from the just revenues of the naked widow and the starving orphan. Depend upon it, my Lord, that I shall lay bare the appalling foundation of your Church, before I shall have concluded my next three letters on that subject. And believe me, I shall convince you that it is far wiser to make Catholic Ireland your friend than to make all Europe your enemy; it is cheaper to secure the arms and hearts of one million of Catholic Irishmen by the words of truth, honor, and justice, than to pay half a million a year to an inefficient militia, by a useless, a pernicious, an angry taxation. Rely upon it that your diplomacy will be more respected and feared by foreign nations at seeing peace than divisions in your own country; and take the advice of an humble individual, when I presume to tell you to commence the next Parliament (where you will keep office precisely till the Christmas recess), by retracing your steps towards Ireland, and legislating for your country, not in the burning records of persecution and insult, but in the imperishable laws of eternal truth and public justice. And never forget the remarkable words of the illustrious Louis Napoleon III.: "Woe be to him (that is to you) who gives the first signal of collision, the consequences of which will be incalculable."

I have the honor to be, my Lord Earl, your Lordship's obedient servant,

D. W. Cahill, D. D.

SERMONS AND LECTURES.

BY

REV. MICHAEL BERNARD BUCKLEY.

[97]

REV. MICHAEL B. BUCKLEY

SERMON.

PANEGYRIC OF SAINT FINBAR, PATRON SAINT OF THE DIOCESE OF CORK.*

[Rev. Michael Bernard Buckley, the eloquent preacher, and graduate of Maynooth College, Dublin, from whose numerous lectures in the United States, in 1870, and elsewhere, we take the following, was born in Cork, March 9th, 1831, and died in the same city, May 17th, 1872.]

"The wise man shall seek out the wisdom of all the ancients, and will be occupied in the prophets . . . he will give his heart to resort early to the Lord that made him, and he will pray in the sight of the Most High. He will pour forth the words of his wisdom as showers, and in his prayer he will confess to the Lord. . . . He shall shew forth the discipline he hath learned, and shall glory in the law of the covenant of the Lord. Many shall praise his wisdom and it shall never be forgotten. The memory of him shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation. Nations shall declare his wisdom, and the Church shall shew forth his praise." — ECCLESIASTICUS, xxxix. 1, and following verses.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN, — We are assembled here to-night to celebrate the memory of a great and glorious Saint of the Church of God, of whose character and history those words of divine wisdom appear to me to afford a most perfect and apposite delineation. Throughout the entire course of the narrative which I shall deliver to you of his life, you cannot but perceive the faithful aptitude of the description; you cannot fail to observe how diligently he sought out the wisdom of the ancients, and how he was occupied in the prophets — how he gave his heart to resort early to the Lord that made him, and how he prayed in the sight of the Most High — how he poured forth the words of his wisdom in showers — how he showed forth the discipline he had

* Preached in the Church of St. Finbar, Cork, September 27, 1863.

learned, and gloried in the law of the covenant of the Lord. And you will also see with what prophetic truth the posthumous fame of the Saint has been described by the Wise Man when he says, "Many shall praise his wisdom, and it shall never be forgotten — the memory of him shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation. Nations shall declare his wisdom, and the Church shall shew forth his praise." I come not to describe to you to-night the life and actions of any great hero of this world. I do not seek to awaken your admiration by describing the exploits of some famous general, or the diplomatic tactics of some celebrated statesman. Mine is no story of blood-red battlefields and glorious victories; my hero shone neither on the field nor in the cabinet; he was not the inventor of a new philosophy, but the obsequious disciple of an old one. We have not heard that he was eloquent, nor does it appear that he was distinguished as a writer; he was not noble nor was he wealthy; his birth was probably obscure, and his life was certainly secluded, and yet, strange as it may appear after the lapse of twelve hundred years, his memory is green in the souls of his posterity, as the grass that still blooms on the "lone little island" which in early life his sainted footsteps trod. "The just man," says the Sacred Scripture, "shall be in eternal remembrance," and so it was with St. Finbar. His was the heroism of justice, of virtue, of wisdom; his battles were those which he fought against the world, the flesh, and the devil; his victories were those which he gained over that triple alliance of his enemies; his philosophy was that of Jesus the Son of God; his eloquence was the simple but moving eloquence of the Gospel, by which he exhorted to virtue and deterred from vice; his only writing was that by which he unconsciously inscribed his name on the memories of men; Christianity was his most excellent patent of nobility; and his only wealth and inheritance were the grace of the Almighty during life, and after death that glory which he now enjoys, and which was entailed on him from his Eternal Father, who has said, "They who instruct others unto justice shall shine like stars for all eternity." We all desire to know something of the great men of olden times, and we are justified in praising them by the example of the Sacred Scriptures; but, to us citizens of Cork, and much more to us members of this Parish, it must be particularly interesting to know something of the life of the great

Saint to whose zeal for religion is justly attributed not only the blessing of the Christian faith, whose holy light still warmly burns in the breasts of the people, but also the origin and source of the very city in which we dwell, and in which we from year to year commemorate the virtues and glories of him who founded it by his industry, and sanctified it by his teaching and example.

I will be candid enough to inform you that the materials from which we gather the history of our Patron Saint are meagre and scanty in the extreme. After twelve long centuries this is not unnatural. Our Saint lived in the very infancy of a society to which he himself gave birth, and any records that might have been preserved could scarcely have escaped, in subsequent centuries, the ravaging hand of the destroyer — the very language in which his life may have been written by some contemporary historian is well-nigh forgotten, and as we can only trust for information to the vague traditions of those who have gone before us, it is not too much to say that we know but very little indeed of the life and actions of St. Finbar. And even though every facility were afforded for perpetuating the memory of the Saint, such was the secrecy in which he lived, and such the monotonous course of his monastic life, that only few striking events could have elicited the eulogy of the biographer, or enlist the interest of the reader. And in point of fact this steady perseverance in the practice of monastic virtue in an exalted degree was exactly what constituted Finbar a perfect hero. Speak not to me of your heroes who conquer the world and cannot subdue their own pettiest passions; who, gifted by God with souls which might grasp the highest pinnacles of heaven, are content to gain an ascendancy in this little world, and curtail their hopes of immortality to the expectation of living, forsooth, in the memories of men. But hold up to eternal admiration the man who, steeled against the enchantments of a cheating world, plunges into the depths of solitude and there gives glory to his great Creator, who with the passions of the flesh holds a hard struggle, an unceasing warfare, and wins in the end the victor's crown of eternal glory — who enters the arena with Satan, the arch-enemy of man, and vanquishes him who deemed himself not an unequal match to war against the very God who made him. Praise the man who, like his great Master and model is "meek and humble of heart," and yet silently does more good for his fellow-

creatures, and is remembered longer and more affectionately than the proudest and most exalted monarchs, statesmen, philosophers, or philanthropists that have ever been held up by worldings for the love and veneration of mankind. Such was St. Finbar.

The period at which our Saint was born is the subject of one of the brightest pages in all the history of Ireland. Through whole wastes of misery — of degradation from within, and persecution from without — it is the only bright spot on which memory loves to dwell — the period when our native land so justly earned and won the proud appellation of "Island of Saints and Sages." It was the period when, with the fall of the Roman Empire, the arts and sciences and civilization itself were well-nigh trampled out and extinguished from the face of Europe. The barbarous tribes of the North and the savage marauders of the East, had passed, in furious array, from country to country, effacing every vestige of refinement, demolishing the edifices of learning and religion — a terror to the inhabitants, whose only care was to learn the arts of war, by which they might repel the invader, and rescue even the necessaries of life from the grasp of the despoiler. Amidst the general wreck of civilization and refinement, the Monastic institute alone, like the ark amidst the waters of the deluge, became the depository of learning; but when even that sacred vehicle was threatened with destruction by the waves of persecution, as the dove sallied forth from the window of the ark, so knowledge, quitting its precarious abode, spread its wings over the waters, and, amidst the vast and billowy waste, could find no spot on which to rest its weary limbs but Erin, the emerald Isle of the West. And fondly was the sacred visitant welcomed to the hospitable embraces of the Celtic race; and many a sacred shrine and many a holy fane was erected by the energy and zeal of that glorious people, to cherish the heavenly essence and render it "racy of the soil." St. Patrick had been gathered to the dust a century and more — religion flourished in the land — suddenly monasteries everywhere sprang, as by the hand of the enchanter, from the earth — to every monastery a school was attached; these schools, in many instances, swelled to the dimensions of Colleges, and many attained the magnificent proportions and characteristics of Universities — the monastic schools of Kildare, Glendalough, Tuam and Armagh, Derry and Lismore, might well compete with

the most distinguished academies of Athens or of Rome in their hey-days of power, and could boast of a cultivation and refinement for which the proverbial elegance of ancient Corinth might seek, but would seek in vain, to supply a parallel. From all parts of Europe —'tis an oft-told tale, but, as so few honors remain to us now-a-days, we may be pardoned for dwelling with lingering fondness on the glories of the past — from all parts of Europe flocked the youthful representatives of all that was left of nobility, of elegance, and taste, to receive from the polished Celt the refinement they sought for in vain at home. The Celt was not only scholarly and saintly — hospitality was with him a noble instinct. Not only was learning gratuitously offered to the Continental stranger, but the necessaries, and probably the luxuries of life, were freely placed at his disposal. Gaul and Frank, Angle and Saxon, mingled together on one common ground. They sought from their distant homes that happy isle where piety and learning grew like twin sisters, lovingly together; where peace and plenty smiled beneficently around; where the soil was ever fruitful, and the air for ever genial; where the footstep of persecution had not yet left its bloody track; where smiling faces told of happy hearts, and every boyish dream of the lovely Innisfail found a bright and glorious realization.

Remarkable above the rest of those great seminaries of learning was the Monastery of Banchoir, now Bangor, whose ruins, on the banks of Belfast Lough, still attest its ancient amplitude and splendor. The great St. Bernard, writing of this celebrated school, says that "In the sixth century, under Saint Congal, the Monastery of Banchoir was a most noble one, containing many thousands of monks, and itself the chief of many monasteries. So fruitful was it of holy men, and multiplying so greatly to the Lord, that Luanes alone, a subject of the house, founded no less than one hundred monasteries. This I mention," says he, "that the reader may form some notion of the number of religious that existed in those days in Ireland." Amongst the students of this great university, towards the close of the sixth century, under the presidency of St. Congal, was a fair-haired, and probably a fair-faced, youth from Connaught, named Lochan, whose zeal for learning was only second to that which he evinced in the sacred cause of religion. From the complexion of his hair, he was named by his fellow-students Finbarra,

which literally means "fair-haired," and in which you will easily recognize the Anglicised form of Finbar. He was sprung of a Celtic sept, and was born on the shore of the Atlantic, not far from the site at present occupied by the town of Galway. What position in life his parents held, history does not inform us, nor is it a matter of any importance to know. In the great academy of the North he soon attracted, by his piety and genius, the marked attention of the sainted Congal.

At this period of our history the ecclesiastics of Ireland manifested as chivalric a spirit in the fulfilment of their ministry as they do even at the present day. Not content to cherish the light of faith at home, it was their glory to leave their native land, and preach the religion of Christ to "nations who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death." While some on their own soil imparted the blessings of education and refinement to the stranger, others went abroad over the face of Europe, and to the Pagan and Barbarian communicated the inestimable advantages of civilization and religion. Columba sought the shores of England and Scotland — Columbanus traversed France and Italy and Germany — Gall betook himself to Switzerland — Fiacrius to Meaux — the learned Virgilius preached at Saltzburgh — Frigidian evangelized Lucca — and Fridolin sanctified Lorraine — Finbar was fired with the chivalric enthusiasm of the age, and longed to emulate the labors and partake of the glories of his brethren. But the holy Congal, restraining the impetuosity of the youth, instead of sending him to foreign lands, sought out a spot in his own, where the gifted Lochan might announce the Gospel of the Lord, and preach the glories of the Cross. The South of Ireland — the County of Cork — was the scene selected for the Apostolic labors of the Saint, and thither accordingly he bent his way, accompanied by some fellow-laborers from the academic halls and monastic cells of the far-famed Banchoir. He had previously received the order of priesthood, and was evidently determined to consecrate himself, without reserve, to the service of his Maker.

It is evident to any one who contemplates with a curious eye the ruins of religious edifices strewn throughout the country at the present day, that the saints of old had a peculiarly elegant taste in the selection of sites, distinguished for natural beauty, on

which to erect their monasteries and churches. In this respect our Patron Saint was singularly felicitous. He sought and discovered, by whose assistance I know not, as a site for his first monastery, one of the wildest, most secluded, and most enchanting spots in all the south of Ireland — a spot which has been for centuries the admiration of the tourist, the love of the painter, the delight of the antiquarian — which derives its name from him, and where still, after the lapse of twelve centuries, survive the ruins of those narrow cells wherein he and his fellow-monks passed their solitary lives, and poured forth in blessed unison to the Most High their sighs of repentance and their hymns of praise — I allude to the far-famed Gougane Barra. There, in the midst of an amphitheatre of precipitous mountains, down whose rocky and naked sides rush a thousand streamlets, is found a large and, betimes, a placid lake, in the midst of which is a green island, blooming all the more beautifully by contrast with the barren scenery around. Far away, as it must have been, from the busy haunts of men, it was the beau-ideal of a monastic solitude; and, to the hermitical eye of St. Finbar, its adaptability to his views was evident at a glance. A little monastery was built on the island, and here he and his monks dwelt — we know not how long. But, oh! what a glorious spectacle was that Island monastery in the midst of that mountain solitude! From the rising to the setting of the sun the incense of prayer ascended from that lonely isle, and was wafted by angels over the mountains to the throne of the Most High. The echoes of the hills were never responsive save to the thrilling chorus or the swelling psalm. On a lofty altar, in the open air, many a time did the holy Finbar offer to the Lord the adorable sacrifice of the Body and Blood of his Divine Son, propitiating the wrath of heaven, and bringing down benedictions which fructify amongst us to the present day. Sequestered from all the world, those holy men conversed with God alone! They continually praised the Lord and his works; they gazed on the tall mountains on whose misty tops the royal eagle found congenial eyrie, and praised the omnipotence of Him who had robed them in such majestic grandeur! The placid lake, glistening in the summer sunshine, reminded them of the heavenly Jerusalem whose streets are paved with the purest gold; and when the storm-winds rose, and the tempest shrieked, and when the face of heaven grew black, and the

thousand torrents rushed from the mountain-tops, in furious array, jumping from crag to crag, and then foaming and seething in the lake below; when the forked lightnings flittered from hill to hill with sublime but awful glare, and the booming thunders bellowed forth from mountain to mountain in echoes interminable, the lonely monks, though leading spotless lives, yet trembling for their sins, bethought themselves of the day of doom, and fancied they heard above the storm-clouds the trump of the archangel, and the denouncing voice of Him who "maketh the clouds his chariot and walketh upon the wings of the winds."

Great schemes are matured in solitude; so it was with Christianity. Our Divine Redeemer spent thirty years in the solitude of Nazareth before he came forth to preach the wonders of the Gospel — so was it also with St. Finbar. In the almost impervious recesses of Gougane Barra, he conceived the idea of erecting in some other part of the county a monastery, a church, and a school, by whose triple influence religion and learning might be more widely extended, and a greater measure of glory be awarded to his Creator. Leaving his Island monastery to the care of some of his fellow-monks, he travelled, accompanied by others, along the winding banks of the Lee, and never ceased until he reached the shore of a large lake, formed by the river, about fifteen miles from where it joins the ocean. This lake, my brethren, was called Lough Eire, and spread its waters over the very spot now occupied by the city of Cork. On the southern bank of the lake, on an elevated ground, he found an agreeable site and a luxuriant soil, and there, so to speak, the pilgrim pitched his tent. Having obtained, as some authors assure us, a grant of land from a local chieftain named Edo, he proceeded to build, and soon a large monastery rose, overhanging the Lee, not far from the site of the Queen's College. The grounds attached to the monastery extended from the Lee on the north to the "Lough" on the south, and to a considerable length from east to west. To the monastery a large school or college was attached, and, for the use of the monks and scholars, a church was also raised where the Protestant Cathedral now stands. All things went on well. Religion and learning advanced hand in hand. One thing, however, was wanting to crown the work with complete success, and this was the benediction of the Holy See. Accordingly, the good Saint took up his staff once more,

and braving the perils of the sea and land, and what was more formidable than either, the fierce passions of men, proceeded on his long and difficult pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Apostles. He was accompanied by St. Maidoc of Ferns, and St. David, Bishop of Menevia in Wales, whose friendship he had probably acquired within the hallowed walls of the College of Banchoir. The Pontiff at this time was Gregory the Great. Before that Pontiff had reached the purple he had a pupil named by classic writers Macrobius. This Macrobius was tutor to Finbar, in the monastery of Bangor; and if ever the holy man reached Rome again in the lifetime of Gregory, he must have fully imbued the Pontiff with exalted notions of the sanctity and learning of the fair-haired Lochan. However this may be, Gregory the Great received Finbar with all the respect a Saint deserves, and which a sainted successor of Christ knows so well to display. By that holy Pope Finbar was created first Bishop of Cork. He returned to his beloved monastery full of grace and power, and became the first of a long line of bishops, which lasts in unbroken succession till the present day. The blessing imparted by the successor of Peter to the nascent diocese invigorated the workmen with renewed zeal, and enriched their labors with a golden harvest. The school founded by Finbar soon acquired the proportions of a University, and its fame became so great, that it not only pervaded Ireland, but found an echo on every shore in Europe, and scholars, native and foreign, repaired in such numbers to its halls, that they were soon counted by hundreds, whilst its monks so exerted themselves in manual labor, and gave by their instruction and example such an impetus to industry, that, in the words of Colgan, "a desolate waste was soon changed into a large city." Such was its fame, and such the splendor of this great school, that it sent forth professors to many parts of Europe, from whom even the Roman alumnus was glad to learn the very language and literature of his forefathers. Colgan makes mention of thirty-one of Finbar's disciples who founded monasteries in other places, which they placed under the protection of the parent house. St. Garvan, from whom Dangarvan is called, was a pupil of St. Finbar, as was also his successor St. Nessan, second Bishop of Cork — a man of great piety and learning — of whom Pope Innocent III., in a letter dated 1199, makes honorable mention.

After St. Finbar had spent seventeen years in the discharge of his episcopal functions, he died at Cloyne on the 25th day of September, about the year 630. St. Colman was then first Bishop of Cloyne, and our Saint was probably on a visit with him when he died. His remains were conveyed to Cork; and such was the veneration in which his person and his memory were held, that his body was enshrined in a silver case and preserved for more than 200 years in the Cathedral Church.

Such is the sum and substance of all that we learn of St. Finbar from the resources of history and tradition, and doubtless, it is sufficient to excite in us the liveliest sensations of gratitude and admiration. We cannot but feel grateful to him for the sanctity and zeal by which he established amongst us the holy religion of Jesus Christ, to which we all belong, and without which there is no salvation. We should also feel grateful to God, who, in consideration of the merits of our holy patron, has showered his blessings in such rich abundance on us all, giving us the grace after such a long lapse of time, and after so many and such terrible ordeals, to preserve in glorious entirety and with unflinching devotion the faith established in our midst by the fair-haired pilgrim of the West. Nor should our admiration be less ardent than our gratitude. In contemplating the greatness of Finbar, we have no aristocratic birth, no distinguished lineage to admire. As I have said, he was no great general or conqueror, like Cæsar or Alexander — he has not earned immortality by trampling out or erecting a new dynasty, like Napoleon, but oh! to those heroes whose deeds emblazon the pages of history — the victims of passion — the slaves of ambition, who will compare the humble cenobite, who sacrificed in the cause of God every impulse of nature, every endearing tie of home and kindred, every ambition of the heart, every dictate of self-love — who, in the lone cloister of that sequestered hermitage of Gougane Barra, where wilderness in awful majesty sat enthroned, thoughtless of his own glory, sought only the glory of Him by whose Almighty hand those solitary works of wonder were created? Who shall compare to the so-called great men of this world, whose pathway was strewn with blood and in whose wake followed wretchedness and ruin, the humble but great recluse, the monuments of whose piety, wisdom, and genius survive the wreck of centuries, and the blessings of whose sanctified zeal

are still visible in a city where commercial success entails temporal prosperity, and the preservation of the faith ensures the well-grounded expectation of eternal glory? The humility of Finbar was the secret of his immortality, temporal and eternal — "he took up his cross and followed Christ." Many have sought fame, and have not found it. Finbar fled from the babbling tongues of men; he held converse only with the lofty mountains and the lonely lakes, which though mute spoke trumpet-tongued to him of the glories of his Maker; he buried himself in the depths of solitude, but he little knew that he was only thus making himself a shining light in the Church of God. He little dreamed, when he read the words of wisdom how applicable they were to him — "Many shall praise his wisdom, and it shall never be forgotten — the memory of him who shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation. Nations shall declare his wisdom, and the Church shall show forth his praise."

The institutions founded by Finbar no longer exist, it is true; they have yielded to the slow but inevitable destructiveness of Time; and well was Time aided in his destroying prowess by the wicked passions of mankind. The old Abbey met its first affliction in the first visit of the Danes to Cork in 820; for, according to the Four Masters, in that year those Northern marauders invaded Cork, plundered the Abbey, massacred the people, and burned the city to the ground. The bloodthirsty ferocities of those barbarian sea-rovers exceed the powers of language to describe. Virtue with them was vice, and vice was worshipped as a deity. Homicide was noble — piety was weakness — murder, rapine and ruin were their glory and delight. They marched "escorted by fire and sword." The local chieftains received them hospitably, striving to propitiate foes whom they could not subdue; but the wine-cup was only quaffed when it was filled with the blood of their murdered host, and in drunken glee they devoted to the flames the roof beneath which they reposed in safety from the labors of spoliation. The blood of priests and the gold of churches were the especial objects of their two-fold greed; they lodged their horses in the chapels of palaces, and when they had wasted a Christian country they were wont to cry out in vaunting chorus: "We have sung the mass of the lances, it began at the rising of the sun." In one of those invasions they

stole away the sacred shrine in which were encased the holy relics of St. Finbar. They often came again, and never came but to plunder and destroy. Soon the old Abbey began to lose its monastic character, and to present the appearance of a fortress, rather than the peaceful dwelling of a religious brotherhood. The spirit of religion also declined.

The year 1140 was a very troublous year in Cork. A bishop having died, a great division arose amongst the clergy and people as to the choice of a successor. St. Malachy, the celebrated Bishop of Armagh, and great friend of St. Bernard, was at this time apostolic delegate for all Ireland, having been appointed by Pope Innocent II., and was on a visit with his friend the Bishop of Lismore. It was reported to him that great discord prevailed in Cork. He determined, in his sacred character of legate, to bring matters, if possible, to an amicable settlement. Accordingly, having proceeded to Cork, he set aside both candidates for the mitre, and elevated to that dignity an humble Connaught monk — "a poor man, and a stranger," who had nothing to recommend him but extraordinary piety, modesty and learning. This was Bishop Gilla Aedha O'Mugin. He is styled the "second founder" of the Abbey of Cork. He rebuilt and extended it; and to this day its site is, as you are aware, called after him, "Gill Abbey." He introduced the order of St. Augustine in Cork, which still flourishes in the heart of your city. Some few centuries after his time, the members of that order built the Abbey called "the Red Abbey," whose ruins still exist in our immediate neighborhood. Gilla Aedha died in the year of the Norman invasion 1172, and was, to use the words of the Four Masters, "full of the Grace of God, the tower of the Virginity, and the wisdom of his time." Some centuries after the death of this holy bishop there came a spoiler more ruthless even than the Dane, for the Dane was content to rob the churches and abbeys of their gold, and to destroy human life, but the blood-thirsty minions of Henry and Elizabeth would ravish from the souls of the people that faith which was more precious to them than gold, but which they cherished with a tenacity and devotion that have excited, and will forever excite, the wonder and admiration of mankind. Their abbeys were rifled and ransacked — their churches demolished or desecrated by the profane rites of the heretic — their monks and

priests were hunted like wolves throughout the land; but the blood of the martyrs was here indeed the seed of Christianity: it were as easy to quench the stars of heaven as to eradicate from the Irish their love of learning and religion. Penal enactments strove for centuries to extinguish the elements of Christian teaching — to poison the sources whence flowed the pure waters of the Gospel; but the stream was no sooner dammed up in one point than it gushed forth from another: the tree was cut down, but it sprang up again from the roots with a richer and more abundant foliage, till the arm of the spoiler was wearied with his labor, and the exterminator discovered that he but propagated the germs which he thought to eliminate from the soil. Of the Monastery of Finbar there only remains one broken wall — of his church there survives but one Gothic archway: his University has altogether disappeared. What then? — "*Si monumenta quæris, circumspice*" — If you wish to behold the monuments of his piety and faith, look around. In your "beautiful citie" what are more beautiful than your churches? Behold them in the valley — behold them on the hill-top. Have you not your monasteries filled with holy men, the dispensers of learning and the models of every virtue? Behold your convents — those hallowed receptacles of the devout female sex — shrines of all the beauty and all the purity of womanhood. There was a time when, within the walls of Gill Abbey, there dwelt no fewer than seventeen prelates and seven hundred monks and priests. Prelates and priests have passed away; but have you not in your city at this moment a priesthood, whose general character — whose unblemished lives — whose zeal for religion — whose talents and learning are, perhaps, not paralleled in any other city in the world? Finbar is gone — Gill Aedha is no more; but to-day the Cathedral Chair of Cork is filled, and the crozier of Finbar is wielded by a Pontiff whose zeal for religion — whose large and cultivated mind — whose piety and philanthropy entitle him to rank amongst the most exalted prelates who have ever adorned by their virtues and talents the time-honored hierarchy of Ireland.

"All things shall pass away," says Christ, "but My words shall not pass away." "Behold," said He to his apostles, "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." The gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church. Persecution has done her

worst against the church of Ireland, and yet she not only survives, but blooms and flourishes with all the beauty and freshness of virgin youth. What a glory is it for us, my brethren, that our ancestors fought out the good fight so well! If they had proved recreant to the cause of God, how unhappy would be our lot at the present moment! Born and brought up in heresy or infidelity, we should sit all our lives in "darkness and in the shadow of death." We should never know the bliss akin to heavenly that ravishes the soul, when by the words of God's minister the last stain of sin is blotted away forever! Weary and worn out with toil, we should never feel the sweet refreshment of the soul conferred by the Bread of Life — the adorable body and blood of our Divine Redeemer. We should live on from day to day, groveling upon the earth, little better than the beasts of the field — thoughtless of the immortal souls within us, made to the image of God, and destined for the eternal enjoyment of Him in the kingdom of His glory. And when the dark hour of death would warn us that our course was run, and that the awful day of eternity was about to dawn, oh! how sad, how bitter, how desolate would be the sensations of our souls — Jesus would not come as He comes to the dying Christian, to comfort and console by His corporeal presence. The minister of God would not soothe our dying pangs or turn into joy the sighs that would spring from our lonely sorrow. Think of the solitary shipwrecked mariner, as he sits at night upon a lonely rock where he must linger in agony till he dies. Dark, desolate, despairing, he looks aboad over the black bosom of the boundless sea, uncheered by one single star-ray of heaven, and pauses in maddening suspense until the up-heaving surge dashes him from his standing place, and sweeps him shrieking into the waves forever. So should it be with us, but for the faith of our forefathers. Stranded and shipwrecked in our dying hour, we should look in gloomy horror over the dark ocean of eternity, without a ray of hope to cheer us in our misery, and pause, despairing, for the billows of death to dash us into the bottomless depths of the abyss. Thank God, it is otherwise. The blessings of men like Patrick and Finbar hover like sunbeams over the land, and though we may be the poorest people on the earth, we are the richest in the possession of the priceless inheritance of Faith. It is, therefore, our duty, my brethren, and it ought to be our glory and our

pride, to cherish this inestimable boon, and to show forth in our lives that we are worthy disciples in the school of faith established here by our holy Patron. And, on this night, when the most adorable Body and Blood of our Divine Redeemer are exposed for the special veneration of the faithful, I think I cannot do better than ask you to cherish in your hearts an ardent love for that most holy sacrament as the best means of enlivening your faith and meriting the patronage and intercession of the holy St. Finbar. "What is man, O Lord: that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst visit him?" What have we done, O Lord! that Thou shouldst descend from Thy throne of glory and visit the poorest of Thy servants? Thou art here in the midst of us, as Thou wert on the night of the Last Supper amongst the Apostles — so near that we may behold Thee—so condescending that we may converse with Thee like friends — so generous that we may ask of Thee what we please, and be sure to obtain it — so loving and tender that our bosoms may melt in the contemplation of Thy sweetness — and yet so exalted, so glorious, so powerful, that we may exhaust the language of praise and adoration, and still be at loss for epithets worthy of Thy greatness. There is the great Lord, my brethren, looking down on us to-night — the same who, on the last day, will appear in the clouds of heaven to judge us. Oh! let us propitiate Him now in the day of His mercy, for on that day His justice alone shall prevail; and believe me there is no safer way to avert the terrors of Jehosophat than to keep the lamp of faith forever brightly burning in your bosoms — not that cold faith by which we merely believe in God, but that faith which worketh by charity, and which is so strongly recommended by Christ and His Apostles. Grant us, therefore, O Lord, the grace to believe in Thee, to hope in Thee, to love Thee, that when that last hour of earthly existence shall have passed away, we may experience in our souls the happy transition of faith into vision, and of hope into possession, charity alone remaining. And do thou, O holy St. Finbar, intercede, we beseech thee, to God for us, that as it is to thy Apostolate our city is indebted for the blessings of Christian faith, we may so shape our conduct, and direct our lives, that following faithfully the beacon of that faith enkindled by thee before us, we may reach in safety the heaven of eternal bliss, to enjoy with thee the blessed society of God and his angels, forever, and forever. Amen.

Sermon on the Profession of a Nun.

"Hearken, O daughter, and see: and incline thine ear and forget thy people and thy father's house, and the king shall greatly admire thy beauty, for he is the Lord thy God." — Ps. xliv. 12.

DEARLY BELOVED SISTER, — On this day, — certainly the most important of your life, — when, after the most mature deliberations, you have consecrated for the rest of your days your whole being to the service of God, it is of advantage to you that you should hear some words, under the auspices of religion, that may strengthen you for the accomplishment of the work you have so nobly begun. Into the retreat which you have chosen for your future years you will carry all the infirmity of your nature, and for you, as well as for us in the world, life will be ever a warfare. It is well, then, that you should have ever before your eyes a model which may show you not only the possibility of proceeding in your adopted course, but which may also illustrate the ease with which all its difficulties can be surmounted. When we undertake some new and previously unattempted task, we are apt to lose courage, and sometimes to despair of success; but when we try what some other wayfarer on life's journey has ventured and achieved, we are stimulated by his example, and go on bravely to the end. Thus I would propose to you, dear sister, the life and character of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as the great standard which you should follow; for she is the brightest model of innocence, self-sacrifice, and religious consecration ever presented by God to an admiring world. I do not wish you to imagine that in following this standard you can ever attain to anything like the purity and holiness of Mary, for none other, save her, ever was or will be "full of grace." But by imitating her virtues you can arrive at a height of sanctity

corresponding to the capacity of your nature and the designs of God; and thus you can fulfil the end of your creation. She is especially the model for those of her sex who have left the world and devoted themselves entirely to the service of God; for her life was the type on which the Church founded the religious profession. And there is an incident in her history that foreshadows with peculiar aptness the ceremony of this day, in which you have been the principal actress, — I allude to her presentation in the temple, one of the most important events in that all-glorious life, when she made of herself a holocaust of love and adoration to the Most High, and consecrated to His service every energy of her body, every faculty of her mind, and every aspiration of her sinless soul.

To this remarkable event, then, dear sister, I would direct your particular attention to-day, as in it you will find a perfect illustration of your own position, and from it you will draw much consolation, hope, and encouragement for your future career.

Although there is not on record any scriptural evidence of the presentation of Mary in the Temple, the fact of that presentation having been duly and religiously made is placed beyond dispute by a well-grounded tradition that has ever existed in the Church. Joachim and Anna, the parents of the youthful virgin, were fast declining into the vale of years, and naturally enjoyed the consoling hope that their beloved child would be to them the sweetest solace in the evening of their earthly pilgrimage. But Mary, although very young, had far different views. She conceived the idea of consecrating her virginity to God, and dwelling all her days in the holy temple of the Lord. We may well suppose her crying out in the words of the Psalmist, — "One thing I have asked of the Lord, this will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, that I may see the delight of the Lord, and may visit His temple." Nor was this a mere childish desire on the part of Mary, for, although only in the first blush of childhood, little advanced indeed beyond the age of merest infancy, yet the powers of her mind far exceeded in vigor and maturity the scope allotted to the generality of the children of men. Altogether free from the taint of original sin, which obscures the intellect and weakens the will, her soul was gifted with the glorious endowment of the reasoning faculty at a very early age, and, even while the hearts of her fel-

low-children were but just budding into life, Mary's was already the full-blown "Mystical Rose," blooming for God, and emitting the sweet odor of sanctity for Him. A voice rang in her infant ears; it was the voice of God, saying, "Hearken, O daughter, and see: and incline thine ear, and forget thy people, and thy father's house, and the King shall greatly desire thy beauty, for He is the Lord thy God." Quickly responsive to the celestial call, the beautiful child arose, and imparted to her beloved parents the mandate of Heaven. To worldly-minded parents this decree of separation might be a source of bitterness and regret. Not so was it with the sainted Joachim and Anna. Their nature indeed may have been tempted to repine, and some few human tears may have been shed at parting, — for the parting came soon, very soon, just as the youthful virgin had arrived at the most interesting period of existence, — the happy days of innocent childhood, — the helpless period, too, when a mother's love and a father's care were still needed to guide her tottering footsteps and direct her in her first timid flight from her humble home.

Joyfully according with the will of Heaven, her parents accompanied the virgin to the temple to offer, as it were, the precious victim before the throne of the Most High. Oh! never since the days of Abel, or of Abraham, was any nobler sacrifice offered to the Lord, or one more worthy of His acceptance, than this. The sacrifice of the youthful virgin was a sacrifice without a shadow of reserve. She offers herself wholly and entirely and forever to her God. Before the temptations of the world or the flesh have time to mar her progress in virtue: before sin has a moment's opportunity to tarnish her spotless soul, she consecrates herself for her whole life to her Maker. If there be joy in Heaven for one sinner doing penance, oh! what must have been the joy and exultation of the whole court of Heaven in contemplating, not the conversion of a sinner, but the dedication to the Lord of a soul brighter, purer, and more privileged than that of the most glorious angel that worshipped before His eternal throne. With what complacency must God have looked upon that fair being as she knelt before His tabernacle in all the loveliness, innocence and simplicity of childhood, and with what a rich and abundant blessing must He have ratified His acceptance of this, the most pleasing gift ever offered to His service. Mary sacrifices

for God all her hopes and prospects of worldly prosperity, and by her vow of virginity cuts herself off from the noblest and most cherished ambition of the maidens of Judea, the ambition of becoming the mother of the Messiah. On the day of her presentation she places herself in a state of dependence and subjection to the ministers of the temple for all the days of her life, in order to consecrate her will and her heart to that Holy Spirit which was henceforward to replenish her soul forever, and was to make her a subject for the rarest and most ennobling operations of His grace. On that day Mary laid the foundations of the order of virginity and religious consecration. On that day she exhibited to all the maidens of futurity the model of a life altogether angelical; so that those who follow in her footsteps sanctify the earth, fill Heaven with souls, and become victims consecrated to Jesus; the spouse of virgins, under the auspices of her, the incomparable patroness and queen of virginity. Oh! what grace, what sanctity, what religion inflamed the heart of Mary at the moment of this consecration; what a contempt of the world and its pleasures, what love for God; what humility; what obedience; what purity; what a hunger and thirst for the perfection to which she was called by the voice of her Creator! But oh! what joy, too, must have filled her loving heart at the moment of this most close and happy union with her God, the author of every joy, the dispenser of every consolation: her soul was to be henceforward refreshed and exhilarated with delicious drafts of His holy grace, and to overflow with delights of heavenly contemplation. Here, in the depth of solitude, she was destined to feel more entrancing rapture than all the so-called pleasures of the world could possibly confer, for "Better, O Lord," says the Psalmist, "is one day in Thy courts above thousands. I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners."

But Mary's response to the Divine vocation was no less prompt than her fidelity to grace was devoted and persevering. Illumined by the light of Heaven, she constantly recognized in the temple the Lord of the temple, and lived and moved in His holy presence, enriched with all the purest grace of the soul in childhood, without any of its weaknesses; at that early age her piety far surpassed the most exalted perfections ever attained by the greatest of the saints of God. While devoting herself in those tender years to the ser-

vice of God's material temple, she gradually grew in grace and purity to be herself no unworthy temple for His Most Adorable Divinity. In that sanctuary God alone filled her soul, and satisfied every yearning of her tender heart; her prayers forever ascended like a sweet odor before His eternal Throne; all her actions had Him for their beginning and end; elevated above the influence of sensible ceremonies, she adored Him with a devotion eminently spiritual; in worldly occupations and in the duties of charity, while using her senses from necessity, and not for pleasure, her union with God was never interrupted for an instant, — her soul, freed from the tumults of passion, listened in secret to the whispering voice of her Creator, and imbibed the light of His holy grace, — she lived beneath the ever-watchful eye of God's sovereign Majesty. Her very slumber was a species of sacred repose, that suspended not for a moment the application of her soul to heavenly contemplation, while creatures, so far from dissipating her thoughts, only served to awaken her spiritual recollections, as effects remind us of the cause, and as the portrait recalls the familiar features of the original. Such was Mary from the moment of her presentation in the temple.

And now, my dear sister, the great question for you to consider on this day is, what lesson are you to learn from the consideration of this remarkable event in the life of Mary? I answer that, since you have, like Mary, consecrated all the future days of your life to the special love and service of God, you should, in imitation of Mary, observe the terms of this consecration with the most ardent devotion and the most unflinching perseverance. Like her, you have offered yourself as a gift to God; like her you have renounced the world and all its pleasures — all its honors and all its vanities, that "you may see the delight of the Lord, and may visit His temple." Like her, you have knelt before the altar of God in the flower of your youth, and devoted to Him for ever all the energies of your body, and all the faculties of your soul; and God and His holy angels have looked with complacency on the generosity of your sacrifice, and your renunciation of earth has been accepted by Him and recorded in the eternal archives of Heaven.

Oh! see what and how great is your obligation to love and serve God with all your heart and with all your soul. Yours must be no ordinary piety, for you are no ordinary Christian; you have

renounced the world: take care that nothing of the world remains in your heart or your affections. No longer "of earth, earthy," you are now a child of God, and your thoughts and aspirations ought to be of "Heaven, heavenly." Every fault of yours is seen magnified in Heaven, as through a microscope; but be not afraid, for, as you have been generous with God, He, who will be in no one's debt, will be generous with you in return a thousandfold. He will never forget the magnanimous spirit in which you have this day presented yourself to Him; and the unhesitating decisiveness with which you deprived yourself of that liberty so cherished by the daughters of man, in order that you may become the slave and the bondswoman of Christ. Your virtues, no doubt, must be of a very exalted character; but the amount of grace allotted to you far exceeds that meted out to the generality of Christians, and the rewards which await you shall far surpass the glory that is reserved for the common children of the Church; for, surely, those holy virgins who emulate on earth the virtues of Mary cannot be far removed in Heaven from the glory and majesty of the Queen of Virgins. Even in this world all that man can attain — and much more than is attainable — you can acquire and enjoy within these convent walls. The children of men are unceasingly employed in the pursuit of pleasure; but as they search for it only in the world, their pursuit, alas! is vain: their hopes are forever crossed, and their minds are forever miserable. Sometimes in the race they come up, as they fancy, with the delightful object of their pursuit, and fired with ecstasy by the contemplation of its charms, they quicken their pace; they approach nearer and nearer to the enchanting vision — they stretch out their hands to seize it — but oh! it is only a vision — a bodiless phantom, an ignis-fatuus. It eludes their grasp, and leaves them weary and sad, the victims of disappointment and disgust. Not so with you; you have found out the right road to happiness, and within your sanctuary is found a peace and serenity of soul which all the wealth of kingdoms could not purchase. Worldlings are wont to decry conventual institutions as abodes of gloom and retreats where misery and dejection dwell. With them the convent is a prison and the recluse a miserable captive ever despondingly brooding over her unhappy fate, and sighing for the freedom and gaiety of the gladsome world without. But they know not that the soul of that cap-

tive soars beyond the cloister bars, and mounts to the very throne of God, holding perpetual communion with Him and His holy angels. They paint the world as a bright sea on which the sun is ever shining, and the sparkling waves are ever dancing around the smooth path of the merry voyager; but, alas! they tell you not that the sun goes down, and that the storms arise, and that the sparkling waves become billows; they speak not of the bristling rocks, and the darksome caves, and the miserable wrecks — the struggle for life and the death-shriek of the drowning mariner. They tell of happy homes, and joyous faces — of social mirth and of merry evenings; but oh! not a word do they speak of the homes made desolate by disease and death — not a word of the cheeks made pale by care and by hunger — not a word of the breaking hearts and the aching pulse — not a word of the scalding tears that flow when friends are parting, never again to look on each other's faces. They speak of wedded bliss and the joys of motherhood; but, oh! what do they say of the sad vigils which the lonely wife must keep while her wedded partner revels in the haunts of drunkenness and depravity — what do they say of the mother's anxiety for the welfare of her children, and of the tender hearts broken by the ingratitude, by the errors, or by the loss of those whom they loved more dearly than their own lives? Oh! dear sister, you have done well, very well, to renounce this sinful, sorrowful world. The children of the world are the real captives, pining beneath the chains and manacles of sin and passion, while you exult in all the "holy liberty of the children of God."

Proceed, therefore, in your course, for you have chosen the better part, and as sure as you are a faithful imitator of Mary, so surely shall you be a sharer of her glory in Heaven, through all the ages of eternity.

But it was not for the selfish pleasures of this holy retreat that you have come hither; it was not that you might be freed from the evils of the world, and that you might revel in the ecstasies of religion; it was not that you might escape the storms of life and anchor here in the security of indolence and repose. No; for this motive might vitiate the sacrifice you have made, and God, who seeks the heart alone, would reject it. You have come hither because you love God; because you feel that He has called you hither; because

you will do more for Him here than you would do abroad. You have come, not to repose, but to labor; not to do your own will, but the will of Him who has this day made you especially His own. You have heard His voice in your ear and in your heart, inviting you to become His child, and you have not hesitated to come. You have never once looked back. "Hearken, O daughter, and see, and forget thy people and thy father's house, and the King shall greatly desire thy beauty, for He is the Lord thy God." Oh! the glory of our religion, that every day presents to our eyes so many miracles of grace, fortifying weak mortals with the strength of giants, clothing tender woman in a panoply of might, so that her worth is estimated by more than all the treasures of earth. "Who shall find a valiant woman? Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her." Proceed, then, dear sister, in your hallowed course — follow the blessed light of heaven that illumes your pathway. Mary is looking down on you this moment from the heights of Heaven, and in you she is well pleased. Could you but behold the gentle eyes of that tenderest and sweetest of mothers, how much would the fervor of your devotions be intensified, and the strength of your resolutions increased! May she be your powerful mediatrix before the eternal Throne; that acting all your life with the docility and innocence of a child, you may adorn your soul with those beautifying graces which may make you worthy to be eternally saved by your Eternal Father, the King who shall desire thy beauty, thy Lord and thy God.

Sermon on the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"Comfortress of the afflicted, pray for us."

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN, — There is no sorrow like that which the heart endures in secret; of which we ourselves alone are conscious, and which oppresses us with gloom and dejection, while the world thinks us light-hearted and gay. We mix amongst our friends, and, while they see the faint smile that lights our cheek at the passing jest, they little dream of the misery, the untold agony, that wrings our bosoms, and brings us well nigh to the confines of despair. Oh! at such a moment how we long to find some sympathizing friend — some tender-hearted bosom to which we may freely disclose the sad story of our wrongs — the bitter catalogue of our afflictions. And when, at length, the melancholy tale is told, and the patient listener turns to console us, how sweetly the words of solace fall upon our ear; how the heart expands with love, with gratitude, with courage, and the tears, which, but a few moments before, were the silent interpreters of unutterable woe, are suddenly converted, by the magic touch of sympathy, into the exponents of equally unalterable joy. But where shall we find this sweet consoler, this gentle confidant, this tender heart, before which we may bare our own, and to which we may impart the last secret of our sorrows? Alas! for the perversity of human nature, such friendship is rare, very rare, in this cold, heartless world. Self-love predominates over every generous impulse of nature, and it has almost passed into a proverb, that hearts which have confided most have been most frequently betrayed. But there is at least one human being to whom we are invited to recur in all our tribulations, into whose sacred bosom no profane thought of self-love ever presumed to

seek a resting-place, whose ear is ever open to hear our complaints, whose heart is ever willing to redress our wrongs, whose lips are ever ready to defend our cause; who, though she reigns invisible in heaven, regards with tenderest solicitude every child of Adam that dwells even in the obscurest corners of the earth; and whose joy and delight is to infuse the balm of sweetest consolation into bosoms over-burthened with sorrow. She is by excellence the comfortress of the afflicted, Mary, the Virgin Mother of God.

Oh! what a delight is it for us, in this valley of tears, to have a a comfortress ever at hand, so gentle, so sweet, so benign! It matters not what may be the nature or the intensity of our sorrow, she has balm for all our wounds, and antidotes for all our afflictions. Who is the most afflicted of God's creatures upon earth? Is it the mother from whom death has just snatched the only child of her bosom? Is it the victim of incurable disease, chained to the bed from which he shall never rise, pining away from day to day, until he can pine no more? Is it the captive shut in from the blessed light of heaven, without the cheering sight of a human face, and without a vestige of hope that he shall be ever released from his miserable bondage? Is it the poverty-stricken wretch, once the pampered child of fortune, but whose ambition now is only that he may be filled with pauper's food, and whose body is to be cast into a pauper's grave? It matters not — Mary is a comforter to all. The childless mother may reflect that Mary, too, was rendered childless, as mother never was before or since — that her Divine Jesus hung naked, for three hours, before her eyes, on a rough cross, until death delivered Him from agonies which He alone could suffer. The victims of disease may remember that, "Whom God loveth, He chastiseth;" and that Mary suffered tribulations of mind to which no sickness or disease could be well compared. The captive may reflect that Mary was an exile for years in the land of Egypt, far away from friends and home; and those who pine in poverty and humility may derive consolation from the thought that Mary has said of herself, in her own delightful canticle: — "Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid, therefore shall all nations call me blessed."

The best comforters are those who have experienced sorrow: and who shall number the sorrows of Mary, the Queen of Martyrs? From the cradle to the grave she was the victim of sorrow and affliction.

She is beautifully styled by the Church the "Mystical Rose;" for, as the rose is the most beautiful of flowers, emitting the sweetest perfume, and blooming in the midst of thorns, so Mary was the most beautiful amongst women: "Thou art all fair, my blessed, and there is no stain in thee." Her virtues were an odor of sanctity before God: "Draw me, we will run after thee in the odor of thy ointments;" but her soul bloomed in the midst of the thorns of tribulation: "As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters." (Cant. ii.)

Preserved by God from every stain of sin, she was yet a victim to all the sufferings entailed by sin upon the human race: proving to us that sufferings are the condition of humanity, and when borne with patience and resignation like hers, they are the surest passport to our heavenly country. Who can describe the agony of her mind when, the time of her delivery being come, she found there was no room for her in the inn of Bethlehem? No room for the Queen of Heaven and earth — no room for her whose presence fills with joy the very angels of heaven. On a cold winter's night, and under circumstances so distressing, while the sinners of the earth recline on beds of down and soft couches, the Mother of God retires to a stable into which the cold wind blows, and the wintry rain-drops fall — her only companion a dumb beast, her only couch some damp straw, and there she is forced to give birth to Jesus, the mighty Lord of all creation! "She brought forth her first born," says the Sacred Scripture, "and having wrapped him in swaddling-clothes laid him in a manger." Oh! how her mother's heart must have been pained by this cruel necessity. Fancy it your own case, mothers, and then think how much more sensitive than you was the Mother of God, whose mind had none of the grossness engendered by sin, and whose soul was enriched in the highest degree with all the graces and attributes that adorn the soul of woman — the tenderness, the softness, the delicacy, the modesty, and the deep self-sacrificing love peculiar to motherhood. But what were those distresses to those which were to follow? Eight days after the birth of Jesus, she presents the infant in the temple, in compliance with the precept of the law: and there Simeon, a holy man, inspired by God, appears, and addresses the Virgin Mother. Does he congratulate her on the immense dignity she has obtained by giving birth to the Lord of

Heaven? Does he foretell for her happiness and glory? No, his prophetic words convey no comfort, but foretell of suffering and woe unspeakable. "A sword of grief," he says, "shall pierce thy soul;" and full soon did that sword begin to pierce the virgin heart. An edict is passed by Herod, that all the children of Judea under two years of age shall be put to death. Mary hears of the edict, and presses the infant Jesus more closely to her arms. She knows not what to do, but being, as the prophet described her, "the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope," her love for her child, and her fear for His safety are not greater than her knowledge, and her hope that God will rescue her from the terrible danger; and we are told by St. Matthew that an Angel of the Lord appeared in a sleep to Joseph, saying, "Arise and take the child and his mother, and fly into Egypt, and be there until I shall tell thee, for it shall come to pass that Herod will seek the child to destroy him." Oh! what a long and wearisome journey for the young and tender virgin; what days of toil; what agony of mind; what deep solicitude for the precious burden in her arms! No wonder the grief of her soul should be compared to a sword cutting and piercing her tender heart.

But passing over the other trials of Mary, which were each intensely bitter of themselves, let us come to that dreadful affliction, in comparison to which all the others were as nothing; the agony she endured at the foot of the Cross while gazing on the wounds, and the last expiring pangs of her only Son. No sufferings were at all comparable to hers on that occasion, save those which rent the heart of Jesus Himself. Oh! mothers, think what would be your feelings if you saw the child of your bosom, innocent and good, dying naked on a rude, rough cross before the gaze of cold and brutal men, and then you may have some faint idea of this tender mother's grief. Here indeed was the prophecy of Simeon well fulfilled, "A sword of grief shall pierce thy soul;" for while the soldier's lance pierced only the body of Jesus, it pierced the soul of Mary; for, as St. Bernard says, "After Jesus had given up the ghost, the cruel lance which pierced His side did not reach His soul, but thine, O blessed Mother! for His soul had already fled, but from the spot where His heart reposed thy heart could not be torn. A sword of grief did pierce thy soul, and hence we style thee more than martyr;

for the sufferings of thy body were as nothing in comparison to the sufferings of thy mind. Was it not worse than a sword for thee to hear from the lips of Jesus the bitter words, 'Mother, behold thy son!' Oh! what an exchange! John is given thee for Jesus; the servant for the Lord; the disciple for the Master; the son of Zebedee for the Son of God; a mere man for the Deity Himself. How could thy soul have borne to hear those dreadful words, when the bare recollection of them is sufficient to rend even our hearts of stone?" But the climax of Mary's sufferings was attained when she beheld her Divine Son die. Had He died like other men, of some natural disease, or by any ordinary infliction, fostered and cared for by His tender mother, she might have not repined so much; but to hang like a malefactor from a cross, with cruel nails bored through His sacred hands and feet, with a crown of thorns upon His head, from which, as from His whole body, the blood flowed in copious streams, and all this before the very eyes of that mother whose love was purer and more intense than mortal ever felt! Oh! my Brethren, we can form no conception of the agony that wrung that tender mother's heart; and then, when His last sigh had fled, and His Divine spirit had winged its way from earth, who can paint the gloom and desolation that brooded over the heart of Mary? For if the love with which He loved her was the sweetest solace to her soul during life, how sad, how lonely must she have felt when she could now no longer hear that gentle voice; no longer gaze on that pale brow where meekness loved to sit enthroned, or look into those mild eyes, perpetually beaming with calm, serene, celestial love for her!

But why dwell any longer on this mournful theme? I have said enough to show you that the life of Mary was from beginning to end a life of humility, of poverty, of suffering — indeed how could it be otherwise? Because unless she had suffered, she would not be a faithful imitator of her Divine Son, who was, according to the prophet, by excellence the "Man of Sorrows." But why have I dwelt thus long on the sufferings of Mary? It is to show you how peculiarly she is called by the Church, the "Comfortress of the Afflicted." Because as she suffered so much herself, she is capable of appreciating the sufferings of others; and as she is naturally the tenderest and the most loving of God's creatures, she is willing to impart to all the consolation which is due from a mother

to her children. Her very name implies consolation — "And the name of the virgin was Mary" — for by Mary is meant, as you are all aware, the "star of the sea;" and what greater comfort can we enjoy, journeying over the ocean of life, exposed to its storms and its billows, than to behold through the clouds of sin and temptations that bright star gleaming out from the broad expanse of heaven, illumining the troubled waters around us, and pointing out the way to the haven of everlasting salvation? And here again I must summon to my aid the delightful words of Saint Bernard, who, perhaps of all God's Saints, loved Mary most, and whose language in her praise is so sublimely beautiful that it falls little short of inspiration: — "Mary," he says, "is most justly compared to a star, for, as the star without losing any of its effulgence sends forth its rays upon the earth, so Mary, without tarnishing her virginity, brought forward the Saviour of the world; she is that glorious star sprung from Jacob whose radiance illuminates the universe — whose splendor radiates through the heights of heaven, and penetrates into the caverns of hell — shining abroad over the world, and imparting its warming influence to the minds of men: it fosters virtue and purges out vice. She is that glorious and exalted star, raised high above this vast and mighty ocean of human life, gleaming with merits, and brilliant with exemplars of virtue." "Oh! if there be any amongst you who feels that he is tossed about by the billows and tempests of this miserable life, let him not turn his eyes from this bright star, if he hopes to avoid being buried in the bosom of the deep. If the winds of temptations arise, if you rush upon the rocks of tribulations, behold the star, call out to Mary; if you are buffeted by the waves of ambition, of detraction, of envy, behold the star, call out to Mary; if the vessel in which your soul is embarked be struck by the billows of anger, of avarice, of sensuality, behold the star, call out to Mary; if thou art shaken by crime, dismantled by guilt, affrighted by the apprehension of judgment; if you feel yourself sinking into the depths of sadness, into the abyss of despair, think, oh! think on Mary: in dangers, in difficulties, in doubts, think on Mary, call on Mary. Let not her name depart from thy mouth, nor from thy heart, and that thou mayest experience the efficacy of her prayer, be sure thou imitate the example of her virtue. Mariner on the ocean of life, following her, the 'star

of the sea,' thou canst not wander from thy pathway; imploring her aid, thou shalt never despair; thinking on her, thou must escape destruction; protected by her, thou shalt know no fear; guided by her, thou shalt never feel fatigue; when she is propitious thou shalt arrive safely at the end of thy wearisome voyage, and then experience in thyself how justly it has been said: 'the name of the virgin was Mary.'"

As our Divine Saviour did not come to call the just, but sinners, to repentance — as there was no sinner exempt from His mercy — as He died alike for all — as He was equally beneficent to the devout Lazarus and the sinful Magdalen, so Mary affords her consolations not only to the just, but to sinners, of every degree of wickedness, who implore her aid and protection. God rains upon the just and upon the unjust; the stars of heaven shine alike upon the good and upon the bad — so does Mary, the star of the sea, shed the bright rays of her mercy and compassion upon all the human race alike; she prays for the just that they may be strengthened in grace; and for the sinner that he may be converted from his evil ways; she is all to all; to the wise and to the unwise she is equally generous; she opens to all the treasures of her mercy, that from their plenitude all may receive; that the captive may be able to rend his chains; that the sick may be aroused from the lethargy of sin; that the saddened bosom may be filled with the balm of consolation; that the sinner may receive pardon, the just man grace, the angels joy, and God Himself eternal glory.

Such, my Brethren, are the vast, the sublime privileges and prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Now let us see what lessons may we derive from the contemplation of her character in the point of view which I have traced out for you; we may learn from it two great lessons: — first, that we ought, like her, to regard suffering and tribulation as coming from the hands of God, and bear them with patience and resignation to His holy will; and secondly, that we ought to be ourselves comforters of the afflicted, dispensing charity and consolation to our fellow-creatures, for the sake of that God who has commanded us to love our neighbor as ourselves. It was not for her own sins Mary suffered, for sin she had none; it was to give us in her own person an example of the excellence of suffering, and to prove that, as she who was sinless suffered so much,

there is no other way to heaven for those who have sinned, but the way of sorrows and afflictions, in which she has walked before us.

It is needless for me, my Brethren, on this occasion, to expatiate on the necessity and the excellence of suffering and tribulations — that subject would require a separate discourse, for perhaps there is no subject on which the Scriptures are so diffuse, and which is so well established by the examples of Christ, and His Saints, as well as by the arguments of Christian reasoning. "The wages of sin is death." We are all sinners; we must satisfy God's justice for our sins, either by self-imposed penance, or by punishment inflicted by God Himself. St. Paul tells Timothy that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. The life of Jesus was a life of unexampled suffering. What did He say to His Apostles when sending them abroad upon the world? "They shall deliver you up to be afflicted, and they shall put you to death, and you shall be hated by all nations for My name's sake." Assisted by His grace, they joyfully undertook the task, and true to the words of Christ, they swam through their own blood to the crown of glory, which now adorns, and shall forever adorn, their brows in the kingdom of God's glory. For Christ had said, "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice sake." He had told them that their sorrow should be turned into joy, and therefore through many tribulations they entered into the kingdom of God. "If these things are done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry?" If the just man is tried in the furnace of tribulation, what shall become of us poor sinners?. Oh! then, my Brethren, let us accept our crosses as coming from the hands of God, and bear them as Mary bore hers, with patience and resignation, that we may be able to sing with her hereafter, "His mercy is from generation to generation, unto those who fear him; he hath put down the mighty from their seat, and he hath exalted the humble."

But we must also perform the offices of consolation to our fellow-creatures if we wish to follow the footsteps of Mary; we must visit the sick, console the afflicted, and be kind to God's poor. We are all members of one family, and God is our Father; we should love each other with fraternal love, for His sake. Have you ever been sick? How jealous you felt if you were not visited by your friends, and what comfort and delight you experienced when you found that

you were remembered by those who, you fancied, had forgotten or disliked you. But, oh! what a charm would your visit have for the humble, and the distressed. "Be not wanting," says the wise man, "in comforting them that weep, and walk with them that mourn: be not slow to visit the sick, for by these things thou shalt be confirmed in love." "It is better," says the same inspired writer, "to go into the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh what is to come." "Religion, clean and undefiled," says St. James, "before God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulations." Remember the reward that Christ has promised to the just, and how that reward is to be earned. "Come," He shall say, "ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you; for I was a stranger and you took me in, naked and you clothed me, sick and in prison and you visited me." Then the just shall answer, saying, "Lord, when did we see thee a stranger and take thee in, naked and clothed thee, or when did we see thee sick and in prison and visit thee?" And answering, the Lord will say to them, "Amen, I say to you, as often as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it unto me." Oh! happy sentence; and then He shall wipe away the tears from the eyes of His saints, and weeping and sorrow shall be no more, "because the former things were passed away."

Oh! let us not leave the House of God this day, before we pray to Mary that she may obtain for us the grace to bear our sufferings with patience; and learn from her, the comfortress of the afflicted, to shed the sweetness of consolation on our afflicted fellow-creatures — that we may deserve hereafter to hear that delightful sentence passed upon us all by her Divine Son; that the troubles and tribulations of this life being over, we may deserve to meet in that Eternal Kingdom the Queen of Martyrs, no longer suffering, but radiant with surpassing beauty, and encircled with a halo of everlasting glory; that, filled with love and gratitude for the thousands of graces we have received upon earth, each one of us may raise his voice before God's imperishable throne, and join with the adorable Queen of Angels, in that canticle of praise once uttered by her on earth, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour." Amen.

Lecture on the National Music of Ireland.*

IN Ireland, from time immemorial, music and poetry have been so much cultivated conjointly by the same class of men, and not, as in other countries, each by a different order of votaries, that, as far as Ireland is concerned, the history of the one cannot well be dissociated from the history of the other. The bards of the most ancient times, and indeed the bards of times comparatively modern, not only reached the highest excellence in the performance of instrumental music, but their own genius supplied them with words and ideas, and facility of musical composition, requisite for attaining thorough perfection in the cultivation of the sister art. It is, therefore, impossible for him who professes to trace the history of Irish music not to interweave with his theme the history of Irish poetry also. In the performance of this task, the historian or lecturer must expose himself to the ridicule of the unlearned sceptic, and to the incredulity of many of his own un-Irish fellow-countrymen when he claims for the poetry and music of his native land an antiquity scarcely attained by those arts in any region of the universal world. But scepticism and unpatriotism must yield to the adamantine sternness of truth; and it is truth to say that the history of Irish poetry and music can be traced back to the earliest dawnings of the history of mankind. Music is as old as the world, and the world was yet young when Ireland was colonized by wanderers from Oriental climes, where poetry and music appear to have been coeval with the very formation of society. Music is inherent in the very nature of man — it is the language specially adapted for expressing the joyous affections of an innocent mind. As the whispering of forest leaves, the rippling of the mountain stream, and the roar

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of the angry storm, are the homage-giving music of inanimate creation, so vocal melody is the prescribed music in which nature dictates to man to sound the praises of his God. No tribe or nation has been ever known that was not susceptible of the influence of music; and the more primitive the state of man, the more prevalent appears to have been its cultivation. Hence the idea of pastoral life is always associated with the idea of musical tastes. According to the fourth chapter of Genesis, Jubal, the seventh descendant of Adam, with whom he was contemporary, was "the father of them that play upon the harp and the organs," that is, of all stringed and wind or pulsatile instruments; and, appropriately enough, we find in the same passage that he was the brother of Jabel, who was "the father of such as dwell in tents and of herdsmen." Thus we find, at one of the earliest periods of human history, that the nomad life was associated in one family with the cultivation of the art of music — a circumstance which is illustrated in heathen mythology by the pipes of the sylvan Pan and the lyre of the pastoral Apollo. Jubal was also a contemporary of Noah, and doubtless transmitted through the saved of the ark the secrets of his art to his postdiluvian descendants. The branches of the human family were soon after separated from the parent stock, and migrating from the plain of Senaar, brought with them their customs and traditions to every quarter of the globe on which they settled. All truthful history assures us that the earliest colonists of Ireland came from the East — that land where the genial warmth of the climate, the surpassing beauty of Nature, and the vivacious temperament of the people, together with that simplicity and impressibility characteristic of the infancy of society, made almost every man a poet. From that pure and generous source the poetry and music of Ireland have flown, and, after the lapse of ages, to this day close affinity may be discerned between the strains of several Oriental nations and the strains of our native land. These similarities have been discovered in Persia and India. Marsden, in his history of Sumatra, says that "the Sumatran tunes much resemble to his ear those of the native Irish, having usually, like them, a flat third." Modern travellers, or residents in India, will tell you that there is a marvellous resemblance between the Hindoo melodies and those of Ireland and Scotland. The same may be said of the melodies of the Siamese. From these Eastern sources

our national melodies have been derived; as, on the other hand, in this nineteenth century, may be discovered in the music of the West Indians an infusion of Irish melody, which can be traced to the period when Cromwell and his myrmidons transported thousands of our countrymen to those islands, where they were sold as slaves, and, in those far off climes, left behind them vestiges of melancholy music in which, like the children of Sion, they mourned their captivity and denounced the cruelty of their conquerors.

The cultivation of music, indeed, appears associated with the history of the Irish race from the very beginning; while in other nations, the date of poetic invention and musical excellence forms an era clear, well-defined, and prominent. The earliest Anglo-Saxon poet, for example, of whom historians tell, was Cædmon, a monk of Whitby, who died in the year of our Lord 680, while amongst the train of Milesian invaders who had taken possession of Ireland more than 2,000 years before, fragments of poems written by those ancient children of song have drifted down the stream of time, and bear in their language and sentiment the veritable ring of the days of old. The *disjecta membra* of Amergin, the son of Milesius, are as well authenticated to-day as the melodies of Moore, and of the two are certainly more Irish.

There is evidence to show that the earliest representative of an Irish harp known to antiquarians is a fac-simile of that which was used by the ancient Egyptians, a circumstance of considerable moment in tracing the history of Irish music to the very remotest antiquity. In the ancient constitution of this kingdom there were five orders in the State, viz.: — The royal, the aristocratic, the priestly, the poetical, and the mechanical; and when the representatives of those five orders met at their *feis*, or great national assemblies at Tara, so great was the honor paid the representatives of music and song, that they occupied the highest place next to Royalty itself, and surpassed in the splendor of their attire the proudest nobles that basked in the halo of the throne. Indeed, the very name of the place where those great national assemblies were held had its origin in the music-loving passion of the people; for, as we are assured by authentic historical records, *Temur*, which is the Celtic name of Tara, means when interpreted, the "Wall of Music." Thirteen hundred years before the coming of Christ, to quote the

Book of Ballymote, "the people deemed each other's voices sweeter than the warblings of a melodious harp; such peace and concord reigned amongst them that no music could delight them more than the sound of each other's voice. Temur (Tara) was so called from its celebrity for melody above the palaces of the world, *tea* signifying melody, or sweet music, and *mur* a wall." Alas! both wall and music have disappeared forever, and —

> "The harp that once thro' Tara's halls,
> The soul of music shed
> Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
> As if that soul were dead."

But, indeed, even here is a wild poetic fiction; for not only is there no harp to hang on the walls, but there is no wall on which to hang a harp, since, according to the calmer statement of our national bard in his History of Ireland, even in the sixth century, "No trace of the original palace still remained, while the hill itself had become a desert overgrown with grass and weeds." (Vol. ii. p. 132.) In Ireland the bards of old were divided into three classes or orders, viz.: — the Filea, the Seanachie, and the Brehon. They were, as their names imply, the historians, the antiquarians, and the legislators of the country. Some enlightened and soothed kings and chiefs, some roused their valor, while others emblazoned in immortal verse their heroic achievements in the field. The Irish princes, like the Arabians, kept a numerous band of bards, musicians, and story-tellers in their train. The privileges and duties of the bardic body are defined in a poem written by one of themselves, the celebrated Dubhthach, Archfilea or chief bard of Leogaire, King of Ireland. "The learned poets and antiquaries," he says, "are free from tribute as long as they follow their own profession. They shall be ready to direct the kings and nobles according to the laws, preserve the records of the nation, and the genealogies of families, and instruct youth in the arts and sciences known in the kingdom." On the consecration of every new king it was usual for the royal bards to stand before the throne in scarlet robes, and sing the inaugration ode; and this custom lasted as long as there were kings in Ireland. From the earliest dawn of Irish history the bardic body were a national institution; they charmed the ears of their princes and people, they enriched the literature of their native land; and doubt-

less had Ireland been able to preserve her nationality, her language and literature, like the other nations of Europe, those great and gifted men of old, who, even to us their fellow-countrymen, are either unknown or unregarded for their unpronounceable names and unspeakable language, would rank with the proudest sons of song whose names illumine the historical pages of more fortunate nations.

So important an element in the government and adornment of the kingdom was the bardic institution, that seminaries and colleges were established for the education of those who aspired to the dignity of bardship. The date of the first erection of these schools is ascribed to the reign of Ollamh Fodhla, or the learned professor, King of Ireland, who flourished some three centuries before the Christian era. In these seminaries the Druids instilled into the minds of the bards the rudiments of history, oratory, and laws, through the medium of poetry; these instructions being conveyed in verses set to music, which was always esteemed the most polite kind of learning among them. The highest degree in these colleges was that of Ollamh, or Professor; and so eminent a place did these men hold in the estimation of kings and people, that they were admitted to the highest offices in the hierarchy of Druidism.

Several kings of Ireland, so far from considering it a condescension, regarded it rather as a high honor to be enrolled amongst the bards; and, on the other hand, in the eleventh century we find an instance of the chief bard of the time being raised during an interregnum to the dignity of Regent in Ireland. In a word, there was no honor of which the bards were not deemed worthy. They held vast landed possessions. For instance, the barony of Carberry, a territory of immense extent in the county of Cork, was a present made to a bard of that name by one of the kings of Munster, in admiration of his excellent professional capabilities. In banquets and public festivals the highest place was assigned to them, after royalty itself; and when sirnames came to be invented, the distinguishing article "the" was prefixed to their names, and the Mac Eagans of Connaught and the O'Daly's of Desmond rivalled in the splendor of nomenclature The O'Brien, Prince of Desmond, and The O'Donoghue, Chieftain of the glens.

So sacred were their persons held that an *eric*, or compensation

levied for killing a bard, was next in amount to that levied for killing a king: and from the Annals of the Four Masters we gather that when Gregory O'Maelcomy, one of the greatest Ollamhs of the day, was even by accident killed, 126 cows were given as an *eric* or compensation for the loss sustained by his death. And justly were they thus esteemed, if only for their high intellectual attainments, at a period when they outstripped with giant strides the civilization of the age in which they lived. "The bards of Ireland," says McPherson, "have displayed a genius worthy of any age or nation." But they were as much distinguished for the profession of their hospitality, as they were for the depth and variety of their learned lore. They kept open homes where all visitors were welcome, but most of all, the votaries of science; and we can well picture to ourselves on those occasions of high festival, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" that shed an *eclat* round the bardic board, when the severity of philosophical disputation was varied by the vocal melody of educated minstrels and the clamorous voices of controversy were hushed by the dulcet music of the harp.

Such was the bardic order, and such the high esteem in which music and song were held in the olden days of Ireland, while yet the Druids performed their mystic rites; while yet the annual fires illumining every hill-top proclaimed that Bel was the god of the Celt.

But a new era arrived, the herald of the brightest days that ever shone on this fated land. Patrick, the Christian Apostle, set his foot upon the shores, and, in the blaze of the Gospel light, the Bel fires were extinguished forever. The haughty Leogaire and all his court were converted to the faith, conspicuous amongst whom was Dubhthach, already alluded to, the Archfilea or Prime Bard of Ireland. Nor were the poetic flights of that bardic genius impeded by the teachings of Christianity. On the contrary, the sublimating influence of a Divine religion gave new wings to the poet's fancy, and opened for him a new and boundless firmament of thought, where he might soar in a serener atmosphere, in the purest sunlight of heaven. "The strains which he had sung," says the biographer of St. Patrick, "in honor of the false divinities, he changed into a more useful chant, and language of a purer flow, in celebration of the praise of the Almighty."

The eloquence of Patrick met with no resistance. The minds of a people naturally poetic freely embraced a religion which was poetry itself, and the bards were amongst the first Christian proselytes. This is the more remarkable, as they had from the earliest times monopolized the teaching prerogative in the State, and would, therefore, be supposed reluctantly to have yielded to the novel doctrines of the Christian Apostle. But the wonders of grace surpass the imaginings of men. Amongst the numerous bards who dedicated their talents at this period to the sacred cause of religion, the most distinguished are Feich, the Bishop of Slotty, a see in the present country of Meath, whose poem, published for the first time by the learned Colgan, is in the hands of every Irish scholar; Amergin, author of a celebrated work, well known and highly useful to Irish antiquarians, entitled the "Dinn Seanchat;" the famous Columbkille, and others of equal note. Most of the poems of these celebrated men afford internal evidence that their construction is founded on the traditional rhythmical songs of the Pagan bards. "Their note and their jingle are national; they follow a long established practice, well known to the bards of former times." So says Hardiman, in his work of Irish Minstrelsy.

Sacred music was at this period cultivated with great success in Ireland. Ambrosian chant was the first used in our churches. St. Patrick, who was instructed in that system at Tours, introduced it into the Emerald Isle within fifty years after its first institution at Milan; while, at the hands of the Irish priesthood, the Gregorian chant was cultivated, not only in their native land, but in every country on the continent of Europe. From the "Acta Sanctorum" of the Bollandists we learn that, in the year 650, St. Gertrude, having procured books from Rome, invited over to her abbey at Nivelle, two Irishmen, St. Foillanus and St. Ultanus, brothers of the more celebrated St. Fursey, to instruct her convent in psalmody; while from sources equally authentic we discover that St. Helias or Hely, an Irish monk, was the first that introduced the Roman chant at Cologne. At home, in the old land, according to the testimony of Cambrensis, bishops and abbots and other holy men, were wont to carry harps about with them, and soothe their minds in the hour of trouble and care with the soft tones of sacred music. That harps of this description were in common use among Irish ecclesiastics

from the very introduction of Christianity into the country, is confirmed by the written lives of the most distinguished Irish Saints, as well as by the fact that such harps are represented on the knees of ecclesiastics, on several of our ancient stone crosses of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries; and also appear at some of our ancient shrines and reliquaries of later date. This was at that period of our history to which, after centuries of persecution and degradation, we point with honest pride, and remembering which, we cherish an inextinguishable hope that such blissful days may yet return to Ireland — the period when she was recognized all over the civilized world as the "Insula Sanctorum" — when sacred song ascended from the early dawn of morning to the descending shades of night, from the thousand monastic choirs on green hill-side, on sloping lawn and verdant valley; on the ocean shore and by the margin of sunbright rivers; from the sacred cloisters of Benchoir, that giant university of old, whose very name implies choral magnificence; from the abbey of St. Mongrel, near Limerick, "where," saith the historian, "there were together five hundred monks well skilled in psalmody;" from the towering heights of the Lismorensian school on the picturesque banks of the Blackwater; from the far-famed monastic halls of Armagh; and let us add, from the long-demolished choirs of the no less distinguished abbey of St. Finn Barr. This was the time when the fame of Ireland travelled on the wings of the wind through every known region of the world, and votaries of learning flocked for instruction to her shores; when, with that high-minded generosity peculiar to genius, she bore abroad some share of the learning that abounded at home, and her children became the teachers and professors of benighted Europe. At home and abroad, music, sacred and profane, was cultivated and taught by Irishmen; and the green island in the bosom of the Atlantic, in whose diadem sanctity had become the brightest jewel, now claimed additional admiration from mankind by the less honorable, but not less distinguishing, characteristic of the "Land of Song."

Yes, Ireland the sanctuary of religion, the nursery of poetry, became the congenial dwelling-place of music, which, when chased from other lands by the hostile genius of war, sought refuge and found it in the bosom of Erin. In no other country were the sisters poetry and music so hospitably welcomed, in no land were their

votaries so honored, so enriched. The traveller could not wander far through any part of the country without encountering the bard and the harper; and merry must have been those good old times, when the hospitable doors of prince, and chieftain, and lord lay invitingly open to the pilgrims of learning from every shore of Europe, and the rude but generous banquet was enlivened by the stirring strains of the lyre, the tympan, and the lute. Our "National Bard," as he is called, of modern times, makes graceful allusion to those festive customs of the olden days, in one of his most popular songs: —

"When the light of my song is o'er,
Oh! take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call:
Then, if some bard who roams forsaken
Revives its soft notes in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master awaken
Your warmest smile for the child of song."

But the very splendor of bardic pomp well nigh occasioned the utter extinction of the bardic order; and this occurred as follows. The bards, as we have seen, were the most honored men in the kingdom. They enjoyed in abundance wealth and lands, and the most splendid dignities which it was in the power of the monarch to bestow. Masters of a sublime and soothing art, they won the admiration and love of the learned, while for their knowledge of the mysteries of nature and of the hidden harmony of the universe they were almost adored by the ignorant and vulgar. With all these varied and splendid tributes to their genius and skill, they remained still human, and their humanity betrayed them into pride and self-conceit. "Through pride the angels fell." How can men hope to rise by it? The bards grew every day more haughty and arrogant. They aspired to honors still higher than those which had been so freely and so ungrudgingly lavished upon them; they demanded the distinction of wearing the golden "fibula" that bound the royal robe on the breasts of kings for many generations; the nobility they despised, the vulgar they ignored. Their numbers swelled so prodigiously and the whole order became so wealthy, that the mechanical arts were neglected, and agricultural pursuits were almost entirely abandoned. The monarch Hugh, apprehensive for the

stability of his throne and the welfare of the nation, convened, in the year 580, a general council of the whole kingdom, to consider the best means for correcting this gigantic grievance. He there resolved that the whole bardic order should be abolished. The monarch had little soul for music, or perhaps had got a satiety of it; but at the intervention of St. Columba, who had been specially summoned from Scotland to attend the council, it was finally arranged that each provincial prince and each lord of a cantred should be allowed one registered bard or Ollamh, whom he was to endow with a settled hereditary fortune; that this bard should be sworn to employ his talents solely in the promotion of religion, in promoting the glory of the nation, in defending female virtue, in sounding the valor of heroes, and celebrating the munificence of his patron. The monarch Hugh also established seminaries for the education of bards, of which the prince bard of the kingdom, the monarch's own Ollamh, should be president; whose duty it was, moreover, to appoint the Ollamhs for each provincial prince or lord. Thus clipped of its wings, but yet purified of much that was earthly, the bardic order pursued its course until the period of the Danish invasion.

The arduous and long-continued efforts of the nation to repel the invaders from her shores retarded the progress of music, for the "piping-time of peace" gave way to the coarse clangor of war, and the soft tones of the lute were exchanged for the clash of battle-axe and spear. Yet the Muse had still a home in Ireland, and the hoary monarch, who fell in his tent beneath the Danish falchion at Clontarf was as celebrated for his skill in the music of the lyre as he was distinguished for his valiant achievements in the field. National records point to few favored sons of the Muse during this dark age of tyranny and bloodshed; but yet a few names do stand forward "to show that still she lived." "These are not imaginary persons," says Hardiman, "like many called into fabulous existence by the zeal of some neighboring nations in asserting claims to early civilization and literature, but men long celebrated in the authentic annals of their country, whose works still extant survive the succeeding convulsions of centuries. Those works do not possess any of the wild, barbarous fervor of the Scandinavian scalds, nor the effeminate softness of the professors of the 'gay science,' the trouba-

dours, and lady bards of this period. The simplicity of expression, and dignity of thought which characterize the Greek and Roman writers of the purest period pervade the productions of our bards, and at the present day they are particularly valuable for the important aids they furnish towards elucidating the ancient state of this early peopled and interesting island." ("Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i., p. 16.) At this period Flann M'Lonan, Ard-Ollamh, and Chief Bard of all Ireland, was distinguished by the flattering epithet of the "Virgil of Erin;" and we are assured that the genius of music was hereditary in this laureate, inasmuch as his mother was known to all men as, by excellence, "the poetic." In this age, too, we trace the distinguished name of Cormac, King of Munster, author of the celebrated "Psalter of Cashel," whose versatile genius may be conceived from the fact that he was at the same time prelate, king, historian, and poet. We may also add, that he must have had a highly cultivated architectural taste, as the magnificent ruins of the edifice erected during his reign on the far-famed rock of Cashel excite to this day the wonder and admiration of architectural connoisseurs. Chroniclers also love to dwell on the fact that, at this time, Alfred the Great was sent by his father for instruction to Ireland, and confided to the charge of a pious matron of high reputation for Christian knowledge, named Modwenna. This I mention because Alfred was an accomplished master of the harp, for which he was most probably indebted to his Hibernian tutors, from whom he may have also learned the cunning device which history ascribes to him of going in the disguise of a harper amongst the soldiers of the hostile camp, and, while charming their ears with his melody, learning the secrets of their situation, strength, and intentions, and availing himself of the knowledge thus acquired, for the purpose of defeating their projects of attack. During this dark age the harp was introduced from Ireland into Wales by Gruffyth ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, who brought with him at the same time a large number of cunning musicians, well skilled in the music of their own land. Into Scotland it had been long before introduced by the itinerant bards of either country, and had been employed, it is supposed, in Divine worship simultaneously by the monks of Bangor and Iona. And here I may incidentally observe, on the authority of Bunting, the well-known compiler of the "Ancient

Music of Ireland," that, until a comparatively recent period, the harp was the usual accompaniment of the mass in our rural districts. We are assured by Dante that long before his time — and he lived in the thirteenth century — the harp was brought into Italy from Ireland, "where," says the poet, "it had been in use for many and many ages." Thus, during a period of the history of Europe which appears to have been the saddest and gloomiest in her annals — a period generally designated a night of ignorance and barbarism — though Ireland partook of the general obscuration of the times, she was yet sleepless in the cultivation of poetry and music, as she was active in the repulsion of her invaders, and unwearying in the reparation of her demolished sanctuaries of learning and religion.

A short interval of peace ensued between the expulsion of the Northmen, and the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons; for the Fine Arts it was a period of revival marvellously rapid. On the arrival of Strongbow, the Irish bards and harpers had attained a success unparalleled in the history of the country. For proof of this fact we need not appeal to any prejudiced national pen; but we will find it attested by the gall-ink records of the worthy priest-historian, Giraldus Cambrensis. "This people, however," he says, "deserve to be praised for their successful cultivation of instrumental music, in which their skill is beyond comparison superior to that of any nation we have seen. For their modulation is not drawling or morose, like our instrumental music in Britain; but the strains, while they are lively and rapid, are also sweet and delightful. It is astonishing how the proportionate time of the music is preserved, notwithstanding such impetuous rapidity of the fingers, and how, without violating a single rule of art, in running through shakes and slurs, and variously intertwined organizing or counterpoint, with so sweet a rapidity, so unequal an equality of time, so apparently discordant concord of sounds, the melody is harmonized and rendered perfect." He goes on to admire the simultaneous sounding of different chords, the attention to cadences, the soft swelling and diminution of the notes, and thrilling delight produced by the tingling of the slender strings sportively playing under the deep tones of the bass. This testimony of Cambrensis is all the more valuable as he had travelled all Europe, and was able to compare the musical excellences of all civilized nations. He studied for some years in Paris, visited Rome

three times, and took his route, at least once, through the Low Countries and Germany. He adds, moreover, that Scotland and Wales endeavored to perfect themselves in the musical schools of Ireland, and some were beginning to think that Scotland had already surpassed her instructress.

Such was the enchanting sweetness of Irish music, that the conquerors of the country paused in their work of bloodshed and enslavement, to be delighted with the strains of the captive land. Fascinated by the unwonted spell, they frequently sacrificed their lives to the charms of such soft oblivion; for the minstrels, in whom the love of their native land was by far the most inspiring passion, for the most part employed their art in the sweet work of revenge, besirening their tyrants into a fatal incautiousness, and immolating them to the outraged genius of national freedom. And yet, to the praise of victors and vanquished, be it stated that such was the music of the Celt, and such the appreciation of the Saxon, that an Irish minstrel became an indispensable appendage of baronial magnificence, while every wandering child of song found a cordial welcome in the English camp, and a *cead mille failthe* in every Anglo-Irish castle. But soon, when the chains had been well-nigh riveted, it was found that many a link was becoming loosed by the insinuating charm of music and song, and that the sympathy of the conquerors was becoming strangely awakened in favor of the conquered. It may have been to some extent by those soft arts of music that the Saxons became in many places "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Howbeit, the severity of the law had to be called into operation to prevent the free mingling of the Irish harpers with the English settlers. Proclamation followed proclamation preventing it. The famous statute of Kilkenny, passed in the year 1367, made it penal to give any entertainment to Irish minstrels, of whom six classes were specified, and forbade them to enter the English Pale, under the penalty of forfeiting their instruments and suffering imprisonment. Those whom they failed to seduce they endeavored to corrupt. One of them, whose name I will not even do him the honor of mentioning, obtained a license to dwell within the precincts of the Pale, for that "he not alone was faithful to the King, but was also the cause of inflicting many evils on the Irish enemy!" Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave! In the reign of Henry VI. (we

must hope the gentle monarch knew nothing about it), the bards, continuing still to exercise their unwished for influence over the colonists of the Pale, the Marshal of Ireland received orders to imprison the harpers, and was further empowered to confiscate to his own use their gold and silver, their horses and harness, as well as their instruments of minstrelsy. Need it be added that, in the sanguinary reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, those laws against the Irish bards, so far from being relaxed, were written in the reddest ink of their blood-stained statute-books, and that, as the adage tells us, an Irishman is ever found ready to turn the spit on which his fellow-countryman is about to be roasted, the Virgin Queen found amongst her officers in this country many ready ministers of her vengeful enactments? The Lord Barrymore of the day was one of those who courted the royal favor by accepting commissions under the great seal, not only to destroy the instruments of the proscribed musicians, but also *to hang the harpers*. But the policy of persecution was frustrated by the enthusiasm it only tended to evoke. "The charms of song," says Moore, "were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels in the reign of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics." The bards survived and flourished, and the strains of national music, though blended with the sadness of a persecuted race, lost nothing of their enchanting sweetness. At this very period the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney bears honorable testimony to the fact that, "in Ireland the poets were held in devout reverence," while that cruel hater of the Irish, the author of the "Faery Queen," forgetful of the sympathy that should exist between the children of genius, while complimenting the bards on "the exquisite poetry of their songs," denounces them as employing their melodious arts to the "gracing of wickedness and vice," while the same acts "with good usage, might serve to adorn and beautify virtue." The "wickedness and vice" of the bards, which hurt the sensitive conscience of the gentle poet, was the untiring exercise of their genius to foster and keep alive in the breasts of the people, the remembrance of ancient glory, and unforgetfulness of ancient wrong; such, for example, were the "wickedness and vice" of the Bard O'Gnive, who formed one of the attendant train of Shane O'Neil, Prince of Ulster, as he passed

through the streets of London, on his way to the palace of Elizabeth. "The Londoners," we are told by Camden, "marvelled much" at the rare spectacle that passed before their eyes. Much more would they have marvelled had they been able to guess that the rough chieftain who headed the procession, O'Neil himself, the descendant of Con of the Hundred Battles, looked down with scorn upon the upstart dynasty of the Tudors, and that the attendant O'Gnive, the poet of the Ulster Prince, was Prime Bard of all Ireland, and that by the charms of his verse and the magic of his lyre, like Tyrtæus of old, he enkindled in the breasts of his subjugated fellow-countrymen a fire that urged them on to many a bloody rencontre with the enemies of their country.

But the period was fast approaching when the spirit of bardom was to be extinguished in Ireland forever, for though, like religion, poetry and music may for a while survive the rage of persecution, yet, unlike her, they must ultimately perish before it. He who must handle the sword has little taste for the warblings of the lute; he who is crushed and starving little heeds the dulcet melody of song. The tyranny of Cromwell and the wars of William decimated the gentry and nobility of the land, and left few patrons for the children of the Muse. The minstrel's day was fast passing away.

> "The bigots of the iron time
> Had called his harmless art a crime;
> A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
> He begged his bread from door to door,
> And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
> The harp that Kings had loved to hear."

The voice of the muse was now seldom and but feebly heard through the land. Its melancholy tunes were breathed almost for the last time in the cause of the second James, to whom the country looked with the faint hopes of an expiring nation; but never was the Muse of Ireland worse employed than in celebrating the praises of him who, in addition to his own craven cowardice, had the meanness to impute the same weakness to those who freely bled in his cause, and whose valor was never, before or since, impugned even by the bitterest enemies of their country.

The gardeners of song had now passed away and the garden ran wild, yet many a priceless flower bloomed wildly there. The

hereditary guardians of those flowers were no more, and strangers came and stole them unblushingly away. Many continental composers of remarkable genius partook of the elegant spoil, and enriched their own productions with the choicest cullings of the Irish Muse. Thus Irish melody, like a fair bird of passage chased by the harsh winds of persecution from its native soil, sought refuge in the more congenial climes of the south, and taught the imitative warblers of Germany and France to blend the banished music of the west with their own enchanting strains.

In the last spasmodic throes of the Irish Muse she gave birth to Carolan, the last genuine Irish bard, who, as a musical genius, is allowed to rank with the foremost of modern times, and who, though "no storied urn or animated bust" points out his final resting-place, has yet, by his own deathless strains, secured for himself an immortal dwelling in the affectionate memories of his fellow-country-men.

Nor even yet was the genius of music extinguished in Ireland, though the last of her veritable bards had perished. A faint echo of the melodious past was heard towards the close of the last century, when, in the year 1792, ten rival harpers met to enter into a musical contest on the national instrument at Belfast. These new Pythian games were first conceived by an enlightened and patriotic Irish gentleman living at Copenhagen, a certain Mr. James Dungan, a native of Granard, in the county of Longford. By his zealous and enterprising love of country, as well as by the generous aid of his purse, a previous meeting of harpers had taken place at Granard in the year 1781, when, in presence of a large and distinguished audience assembled at a ball, seven harpers, of whom one was a woman, met to try by competition the respective charms of their harps. Charles Fanning got the first prize, ten guineas, for his performance of the "Coolin," an air which has been always, and most justly, admired by the lovers of Irish music. The third prize was awarded to the woman, Rose Mooney, for her performance of "Planxty Burke." Five hundred persons were present at the ball.

On the 2d of March, in the ensuing year, Mr. Dungan organized another ball, at which he was himself present, and which was far more numerously attended than the previous one. Only two new harpers could be found to swell the ranks of former competitors, and one of these was a woman. The premiums were adjudged as before,

but owing to some private jealousies observable in their distribution, Mr. Dungan was disgusted, and made no further attempt at the revival of our national music. More than one thousand persons were present at this ball. Lord and Lady Longford were among the number. Persons of rank for forty miles all round assembled; and after the stables of the town were filled with horses, those that remained in the streets gave the town the appearance of a great horse fair. A large subscription was made up for the harpers, or rather for such of them as had not received prizes; and so generously was money paid down for the purpose, that the proportions awarded to the unprized exceeded the shares allotted to those who had been rewarded.

Ten years passed away, and on the 11th of July, 1792, and the two days succeeding, an immense assemblage of persons met at a hall in Belfast to witness "the last scene in this strange, eventful history" of Music in Ireland. Ten harpers only responded to the call. The prize was awarded to Hempson, whose performance must have been very wonderful in his best days, as on this occasion he had reached the enormous age of ninety-seven, and was supposed, for good reasons, to be much older. Hempson is the "mon wi' the twa heads" alluded to by Lady Morgan in her "Wild Irish Girl," this *soubriquet* being an allusion to a huge wen on his poll, which gave him the appearance of a man with two heads. He was, since the time of Carolan, by many degrees, the best performer on the harp. Carolan had more genius: he was a composer. Hempson was only a player; but, as a player, was not surpassed even by Carolan himself. His harp, the only one he ever used, was made for him in the year 1707, and he kept it until the day of his death, which occurred one hundred years after. It was called the "Queen of Music," of which he was, doubtless, the king in his day. His style of playing was different from that of his contemporaries, inasmuch as he played with "long crooked nails," as ancient writers describe the harp players of the early Irish, while the thrilling effect of the small wires tinkling under the deep tones of the bass fully realized the picture of the harpers drawn by Cambrensis, and filled with wonder and delight those who had the good fortune to hear him. To his enchanting strains we are indebted for the finest collection of ancient Irish music ever presented to the public. Mr. Edward

Bunting, to whom I have already alluded, was always, as he describes himself, "an enthusiast about everything Irish;" but the harping of Hempson inflamed him with a still more ardent love of his native land, and nerved him to the collecting and publishing hundreds of old Irish airs, which, but for his zeal, and talent, and patriotism, would have been forever lost to the world. The attempt to preserve Irish airs had been made three times before Bunting essayed it. The first collection was published by Burke Thumoth in 1720; the second by Neil, of Christ Churchyard; the third by Carolan's son, under the patronage of Dean Delany, in 1747. In all these productions the arrangement was adapted to the flute or violin, rather than a keyed instrument; so that the tunes were, to a great extent, deprived of their peculiar character, and as they were deficient in arrangement, so they were meagre in extent. But Mr. Bunting's publication may be called the first only genuine collection of Irish harp music ever published, at least up to the year 1796. That the publication of such a work should have been postponed until the close of the last century may appear ascribable to the apathy of the Irish on the subject of their national music; but, on a closer examination, the cause will be found to exist elsewhere. It must be attributed to the mixture of races in Ireland, and the spirit of hostility that, up to the passing of Catholic Emancipation, was fostered between them. The Milesian-Irish were debarred from such a publication by the apprehension of the wrath of their rulers, which was visited on every manifestation of national feeling; and the Anglo-Irish would not undertake it, because it would tend to excite in the breasts of the people that dangerous enthusiasm which is ever aroused in the victims of oppression by the national poetry and music of ancient times. This apparent apathy extended not only to the poetry and music, but also to the general literature of the country. The Four Masters made a bold step in the right direction; but even their patriotic intentions were frustrated by the civil commotions of 1641. In modern times, Mr. Hardimau preserved from ruin many of our most popular songs, and the Celtic and Ossianic Societies extended their labors to the publication of other works of interest, but were obliged to desist for want of a sufficiently large reading or appreciative public. Efforts have been made to preserve the ancient melodies of Scotland with some success; and when Owen Jones, a

Welshman of humble rank, though entitled, from his literary heroism, the "Cambrian Mecænas," published, in 1774, his "Archæology of Wales" — a work comprising all the discoverable historical and poetical remains of Cymric literature, — his work was hailed with the warmest greetings of his countrymen, and sustained by the contributions of a generous and enlightened public. Great praise, therefore, is due to the patriotic Edward Bunting, who has preserved to posterity nearly three hundred Irish airs, almost all of which would have been irretrievably lost but for his untiring zeal in the cause of his native land. At the contest of harpers at Belfast, the office was assigned to him of writing down the music of the various airs played, for it was manifest to all that, with the demise of those ten harpers, the treasures of Irish music should perish forever, unless rescued from oblivion by some timely interposition. The notes thus taken he afterwards perfected in private sittings with Hempson and others; and obtained many more by travelling through the country and conversing with those who had any information to convey. Gathering thus the floating fragments of song, he gradually formed by an atomic process of his own a new creation of Irish music. His anticipations of the decay of Irish harpers, as a class, were sadly realized some years after, for, in the year 1809, only two of the Belfast ten survived; and in a subsequent edition of his work, he states that, at that time, even those two had meanwhile passed away.

Thus, after centuries of fading glory, another gem was snatched from the diadem of Erin — the very voice in which she proclaimed her woes, and appealed to the sympathy of nations, was hushed forever. Truly,

> "We are fallen upon gloomy days,
> Star after star decays;
> Every bright name that shed
> Light o'er the land is fled."

And yet, the name of him who penned those lines shall not be soon forgotten, nor the light it shed o'er the land be fled. While Irish Music holds a place in the history of the world, or wins the admiration of mankind, the name of Thomas Moore shall be remembered with gratitude and love for his splendid and successful attempts to revive and perpetuate the melodies of Ireland. I shall not here dwell on the point so often raised respecting the melodies of Moore

in connection with the music to which they are set — how far the ancient music has been distorted to meet his words, or how far his words represent that genius of nationality that should beam through the melodies of one's native land. Nor shall I stop to investigate the grounds of his opinion, at one time broadly expressed, at another time carefully modified, respecting the antiquity of Irish music of a "civilized description." Suffice it to say, that he has done a great work — a work that reflects glory and honor on Ireland. He has restored forever to the memories of mankind the joyous and the melancholy music of Erin's song, long past; the hymns of peace, the marches of war, the pæans of triumph in which our ancestors celebrated the varying fortunes of their names; he has wed immortal words to immortal music — he has photographed to posterity the smiles and tears that blend like the rainbow in the eyes of Erin. Riving asunder the lava-shroud in which the volcanic eruptions of rebellion and tyranny had enveloped her poetry and song, he has brought to light the wonders of a new city of the dead, where the Muse walked long ago with the children of men; and as the morning sun awaked in Egypt the melody of Memnon's fabled lute, so the sunbeams of his genius radiating through the long obscured caverns of buried music, aroused the slumbering harp of Erin, and made it sound as of old to the enchanted ears of men. Truly then did he sing of himself —

> "Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
> The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
> When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
> And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song."

But he has done still more by his immortal strains, for they uphold the ancient dignity of our country, and the ancient virtue and valor of her sons, and hold out to the desponding generation of the present day, by their seemingly inspired vaticinations, the consoling hope that the star of oppressed and persecuted Erin, so long obscured, may yet shine out in all its pristine splendor, when those which now shed a dazzling brightness in the firmament of nations shall be defaced and extinguished forever!

While the bards of Erin flourished, and the national harp music was cultivated, foreign music remained in Ireland disregarded or

unknown. It was only in the last century it was introduced into the country, when its own music was in the last stage of existence. Many Italian masters who visited England made the tour of Ireland before their return to the Continent, and some fixed their abode and found a final and congenial resting-place in the "land of song." The first of these was Mathew Dubourg, the friend of Handel, who fixed his residence in Dublin in the year 1728. Castruci, the pupil of Corelli, died in the Irish metropolis in 1752. Geminiani, the greatest violinist of his age, and Giordani, a scarcely less-distinguished celebrity, left their bones in Ireland. The great Handel himself, chased from England by an unappreciative public, appealed successfully to Irish admiration. It is to his flight across the Channel on this occasion that Pope alludes, when he addresses the goddess of Dulness, as follows: —

> "Strong in new arms — lo! giant Handel stands
> Like bold Briareus with his hundred hands;
> To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
> And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
> Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more.
> She heard, and chased him to th' 'Hibernian shore.'"
>
> *Dunciad*, Book IV.

In the year 1741, his "Messiah" was first heard in Dublin, and the applause it received more than compensated for the disregard he had experienced in England. Music now became all the rage. Italian singers were invited over, and the fair dames of Ireland learned to expire at an opera. Concerts were the favorite amusements in the houses of the nobility and gentry, and Musical Societies were formed in all the great towns of the kingdom.

But much as the Irish admired the performances of foreign artists, they did not send forth into the arena of composition any of their own countrymen until the year 1782, when the Earl of Mornington, father of the Duke of Wellington, led the van in this new sphere of national glory; a new mythology by the way — the Irish Apollo begetting the Irish Mars! By his own natural talents and studious application he acquired such knowledge of his art that Geminiani declared he could not add to his knowledge; and he was one of the few on whom the Dublin University conferred the degree of Doctor of Music. He was followed by a numerous host, among whom rank

foremost Sir John Stevenson, Phelps, M'Donnell, Moore, Lee, Heffernan, and others who deserve to be specially noticed. Henry Madden, an Irishman of noble family, was at one time chapel-master to the Cathedral of Tours, and subsequently master of the choir at the chapel royal of Versailles, where his music was sung down to the time of the first revolution. Thomas Carter was famous at Naples, Bengal and in England. Rophino Lacey, born of Irish parents at Bilboa, was regarded as a prodigy of music in Spain, Holland, France and England. "The young Spaniard," as he was called, received presents from Buonaparte and from George the Fourth, while Prince of Wales, as compliments to his rare and wonderful genius. Andrew Ashe, of Lisburn, won by public competition the dignity of "first flute" at Brussels. But the fame of all preceding musicians was eclipsed by that of Michael Kelly, whose musical genius was of the very highest order. He won his laurels in every metropolis of Europe, from Rome to London, and from Paris to Vienna. He was the courted of kings, the adored of audiences, the favorite of the Sovereign Pontiff, at whose hands he received the honor of being permitted to perform in St. Peter's during Holy Week. In times more recent, Balfe preserves the honor of Ireland in the field of music, while many humbler sons of genius constitute a galaxy of undistinguishable but brilliant luminaries in the firmanent of national music renown. And all this has taken place while no Englishman has been known to compose a single piece for any foreign audience, and Braham was the only Englishman that appeared on the Continent as a singer and performer with anything like remarkable success.

We have seen that from the earliest dawn of Irish history the harp was the national musical instrument of the country; but it must not be, therefore, supposed that our ancestors were unacquainted with all other instruments of music. In very ancient times the tympan was in use in Ireland. From all the evidences that can be adduced on the subject, it would appear that the tympan was an instrument shaped like a South-Sea islander's guitar, covered with leather, supplied with strings, and played with the fingers. Did we ever dream before that our ancestors were adepts at the banjo? This instrument could not have exercised any great influence on the musical passions of a people amongst whom the noble harp existed,

and by whom all its powers of music were so effectually developed. As the Wards are the descendants of the bards, the Shanahans of the Seanachies, the Brehons of the Brehons, the Curtins of the croit-players or harpers, so the Tympanies, a family abounding in Connaught, are the descendants of the Tympanits of old, while all those families taken together are the joint descendants of that poetical, antiquarian, legislative, musical, and philosophical body who formed an indispensable appendage of an Irish court in the "olden time."

The bag-pipe has also been justly regarded as a national instrument of music in Ireland, from time immemorial. The pipes were played at the head of an army on its way to battle, and by their wild music stimulated the soldiery to deeds of valor and forgetfulness of life. Bunting supplies remarkable evidences of the antiquity of the bag-pipe in Ireland, and shows that it was generally used for martial purposes, and was sometimes also employed in funeral processions, moving by its plaintive tones all those who heard it to pity and tears. The present representative of the bag-pipe in Ireland is not the uproarious instrument of the Scotch Highlanders, but the dulcet, though it must be admitted, the often badly-tuned and worse played instrument to whose music we have many a time at a country wedding seen the "light fantastic toe" whirl in the dance, and from whose melancholy croning in the hands of some street performer we have rushed out of ear-shot in mercy to our nerves.

That the organ was introduced into Ireland at a very early period appears to be beyond dispute, though it is also certain that the instrument called by that name was altogether different in size and power from the gigantic organs of the present day. It is mentioned in the annals of Ulster that in the year 814 the organs of a place called Cluainacrema were burned, and there is reason to think that these were not the first used in the country. The use of the organ from so early a date would seem to imply that a knowledge of counterpoint, or strictly polyphonic composition, was known in Ireland since its introduction, or at least came to be known soon after. But we must not flatter our national vanity by this surmise, as the best antiquarians suppose it has no foundation. The Irish were too impulsive a race to restrain their feelings within the obligations of harmonic rules. Sentiment was the pervading genius of their song, and impassioned sentiment knows no rules of art, or at least bends

to them with difficulty and reluctance. As simplicity of dress heightens the effect of female beauty, so the unadornment of Irish melody is its sweetest charm; it is lost and unadmired in the cumbrous apparel of complex harmonization.

And, indeed, to an Irishman what music sounds so sweetly as the simple melodies of his native land? How often at a magnificent concert, got up in one of our cities regardless of expense, where the music was perfect, the performers unequalled, the singers the most celebrated of their day, have we observed the apathy, or at least the perfectly controllable enthusiasm of the audience, as each measure of music and song was presented for admiration! But when, amidst the profusion of foreign wonders of harmony, some solitary voice, like that of the last feathered minstrel of day, stole forth and caroled a lay of our native land, have we not observed with feelings perfectly indescribable the sudden hushing of every breath, the riveted gaze of every eye, the rapt attention of every ear, the almost audible throbbing of every heart. The whole audience seemed melted almost to tears, and at the expiration of the singer's last note have we not marked what a peal of applause burst wildly forth, what earnest, fervid enthusiasm burned in every breast, and what a vigorous inexorable encore forced the singer back upon the stage, and elicited a repetition of the air "so bewitchingly simple," yet so marvellously magical in its effect! On such an occasion enthusiasm heightens to frenzy when the harper appears upon the stage, and calls forth the thrilling wonders of his lyre. Then the memory of the Irishman wanders back to the days of old, and the spirit of Ossian overshadows him, for he feels that "Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times. The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona, the first among a thousand bards; but the sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains like a blast that roars lonely on a sea-surrounded rock after the winds are laid; the dark moss whistles there; the mariner sees the waving trees." If such be the effect of an Irish melody on an Irishman's heart at home, what must it be when in some place of distant exile "he hears the wild songs of his dear native plains?" For no exile ever sighs more for his native land, or loves her more intensely than the "exile of Erin" does his. Distance softens down

the less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character; her virtues and misfortunes alone are remembered, and the exiled child thinks only with that love peculiar to the impulsive nature of Erin's sons of the sad, weeping motherland he has left behind, perhaps forever.

The melodies of Ireland breathe much of woe — they teem with spells awakening the bitterest recollections; but it must be remembered that the Muse of Erin is not always sad, but often exults with hope and joy, often mingling in the self-same song her mirth and sorrow, her lights and shades of feeling. Her melodies typify her character, and are the most eloquent commentaries on the vicissitudes of her history. They paint the blending of her smiles and tears — they tell the progress of her glory, and her gradual evanescence. "The tone of defiance," says Moore, "succeeded by the languor of despondency — a burst of turbulence dying away into softness — the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next; and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs that lie upon it." Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose marching to the royal cause notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit forever the land of their birth (like the bird which abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home with sanguine expectations of the honors that await him abroad — such honors as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valor of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favor of the French, and extorted from George II. the memorable exclamation, "Cursed be the laws that deprived me of such subjects!"

Charming as are the strains of his national songs to the ears of the Irishman, their effect is grievously marred by being sung in a foreign tongue, like the hard, unmelodious English. This we can never understand, for while the English has become to us a mother tongue, our own appears harsh, unmusical, nay to many, barbarous. And yet the Celtic is admitted by all philologists to be one of the oldest, the most prolific, the most musical, the most expressive languages ever spoken by man. In the expression of pathos it is unsurpassed. "If you plead for your life, plead in Irish," is a well-known adage. There was a time when it was the language of the poet and peasant alike — when it was the instrument of vigorous eloquence in the mouths of high-born dames. The Anglo-Saxon invaders took to it in preference to their own tongue. But its day is past. By the destruction of the Irish nobility the national language became entrusted to the keeping of the poor and unlearned: the tongue that flourished in the castle fell into decadence and barbarism in the cottage, and it would be no more fair to judge of its ancient sweetness by the samples that fall from the lips of a modern mountaineer, than it would be to judge of the English by the jargon of Yorkshire. The contempt with which Irishmen have ever been regarded by their conquerors was visited to a great extent on the language of the subjugated country. "And yet what is there, it may be asked, in the Irish language to make worse men or worse subjects of those who speak it than the Welsh or the Highlanders, whose native dialects are cultivated and encouraged?" Among the foremost to answer in the negative would have been King George IV. The warmest reception that monarch ever received from his numerous subjects was expressed by an Irish "Cead-mille-failthe," and amongst the best bulwarks of his throne were the bayonets of Ireland pushed through the hearts of his enemies under the broad-voweled Celtic cry of "Fag-a-ballagh!"

The Celtic language is peculiarly adapted to musical composition. Indeed, all candid critics admit that fact. In lyrical composition it is considered superior even to the Italian. This was the decided opinion of Michael Kelly, who knew both languages well, and was too ardent a lover of music to let national prejudice bias his judgment. Irish worded music has been admired wherever its melting strains have been heard. Handel was loud in its praise, and Handel

was a good judge of music. But, for us Irishmen, it is enough to know that amongst our fellow-countrymen who know the language well, it is spoken of in terms of rapturous enthusiasm, as the noblest vehicle of thought, and the most faithful interpreter of every human passion. Poetic in its very prose, it is more than poetry when wedded to song. We have marked in our rural peregrinations the deep emotions excited through the thronged chapel on a Sunday, when the priest addressed the people in their native tongue! We have seen the religious awe awakened by the description of the enormity of sin, or the terrors of judgment — the sad sigh of pity evoked by some picture of human misery — the fervent, unanimous burst of assent to a prayer for a friend departed. At evening, by the merry fireside, we have heard the lay of some boyish unresisting minstrel, or coy pressed damsel swelling in melodious volume, or dwindling to a vocal thread, calling forth many a cordial "bravo," arousing in turn every varying passion of the soul. The performance is generally poor, but there is a music in the words which compensates for the deficiencies of the singer; and there is a poetry in the tale of national suffering, and the fore-dawning of national hope, that warms upon the heart like returning sunbeams upon Arctic snows.

To revive the national language appears to be now impossible — to perpetuate national music is an easy task. The tongue can soon unlearn its native language, while a melody echoes through generations in the ears of men. There never was a more musical nation in the world than Ireland. In joy or in sorrow she was still the "Land of Song." The bards are gone, it is true, but the minstrels are more numerous now than ever they were. Music is included in the programme of all Irish education, and forms one of the most charming, as it is, doubtless, one of the most innocent of all our social amusements. Had we been less poetical, less fanciful, we might have been also a happier people; but we are in the hands of an all-wise and beneficent Power; but let us hope for better things — not rashly seize them "ere the hour be ripe." The melancholy tones of Irish music may yet be changed into the exultant chords of jubilee. The world is changing every day, and why should not she, who is now abased, yet raise her head as of old, and attract by the magic of her beauty the pilgrims of science and religion to do homage once more

at her feet? In such an era of general national revival, the Muse of Ireland, too, may resume her lost niche in the temple of our household gods, and the harp — no longer the voiceless emblem of vanished glory — become the resuscitated instrument of perpetual musical renown.

Lecture on John Philpot Curran.*

I HAVE chosen for the subject of this Lecture the life and character of John Philpot Curran, one of the purest patriots, and most eloquent orators that Ireland, nay the world, has ever produced. And why do we lecture on the lives of great men? In the first place, in order that we may excite in the breasts of our hearers those feelings of admiration which human greatness merits; for there is a tendency in our nature to admire all that is truly great and noble; and, though our voices may not pierce the silent caverns of the dead, we cannot help paying, even to departed genius and worth, the well-deserved tribute of our praise. Again, by studying the lives and the actions of the truly great, we may learn to emulate their virtues or achievements, and thus not only do good for ourselves, but set a model, which others in their turn may copy, according to that of your poet, —

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We should make our lives sublime;
> And departing leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

It would be quite possible for me to propose for your consideration the lives of many greater men than John Philpot Curran; men whose splendor of character did not, like his, radiate from only a few points, such as his unselfish patriotism, his marvellous eloquence, his wit and humor; but men whose whole souls, burning with a Divine fire, of which the fabled flame of Prometheus was but a poetic reflection, illumined the world by the lustre of their virtues, and enkindled a congenial warmth in the breasts of mankind by the

* Delivered in New York, February, 1871.

fervor of their zeal. Thus, I could have selected for my panegyric the life of that greatest philanthropist the world ever saw, the illustrious Vincent de Paul, by the magic of whose memory we are assembled here to-night. But characters like these are too sacred, too God-like, to be paraded outside the consecrated walls of His temple whose servants they were; and although the imitation of their sublime virtues is commendable, with a view to man's eternal welfare, we must remember that man has many duties to discharge in the world which are not sacred, but yet important; there are many purely secular virtues and excellencies, of which he should prove himself master, that he may combat successfully with the difficulties of life, and attain that portion of merely temporal happiness which is not denied to good men even upon this earth. Consequently, as I am addressing you, not in my professional, but in my secular character — since I speak to you as man to his fellow-men — I select for your admiration, and, as far as possible, for your imitation, the life of John Philpot Curran; not in all its features, for, alas! in many things he was not a perfect model; but under that manifold aspect which he wears, of an ardent, strongly-tempted, incorruptible patriot; a lover of his country and his country's race, without distinction of class or creed; an able and generous advocate; an orator of surpassing power; a wit and humorist the most enjoyable; a companion the most social, exquisite, and enchanting.

I have thus thought it fit to dwell on the reasons why I place before you the life of a great man; for I am not of those who seem to think that a lecture may be merely a thing to amuse — to pass an idle hour. I always hold that lectures, and similar addresses, should have in them something of a genuine utility. We live in a hard, practical world — life is real — life is earnest. We must not be content with amusement — with pleasure; the enjoyment we derive from the lessons of a teacher must be always secondary to the instruction he conveys; and few lessons are so instructive as the lives of great men, such as Curran was; for we shall not only be struck by the prominent characteristics of his genius, but while we admire the sterling integrity of the patriot — while we are swayed by the impassioned vehemence of his oratory — while we are charmed by the graces of his wit, we shall learn the means by which that integrity was cultivated — by which that vehemence was

acquired, by which those graces were imparted. Thus we shall feel an impulse to go and do likewise; and if we cannot rival the majesty of Curran, we shall at least, reach that elevation, for the attainment of which an all-wise Providence has befitted us.

John Philpot Curran was born in the year 1750, and died in the year 1817, in the 68th year of his age. His parents were not of high degree; and even if they were, his unprepossessing face and figure would not have betrayed an aristocratic lineage. Physically he could boast only of a pair of black sparkling eyes, lit up with intellectual fire; but all the rest was plain as Nature could have made it. "The only inheritance," he used to say, "that I could boast of from my poor father was, the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another, and a dearer parent, gave her child a portion from the treasures of her mind." He always spoke with reverence and admiration of his mother — of her wise councils, and pious example. She lived to see him attain the highest pinnacle of his fame; and in his success, and her reward, we behold a beautiful double picture — the blessing of maternal care, and the triumph of filial affection. And here is at once a striking illustration of what I have just been saying — the means, so constantly visible in the lives of great men, by which their greatness is acquired. Curran's first step to greatness was a sacred respect for the admonitions of a prudent, clever, and virtuous mother. His boyhood was spent at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, his native town, where he was taken into the house of the Rev. Nathaniel Boyce, Rector of the parish, who instructed him in the teachings suitable to his age. He was subsequently educated in the Greek and Latin Classics at a Free School at Middleton, in the same county; and, finally, entered Trinity College, Dublin, with a view to preparing himself for entering the Church as a clergyman. Here he changed his mind with regard to choosing a profession, and concluded to study for the Bar. Having obtained his degree at Trinity College, he passed over to England, and became a student of law in the Society of the Middle Temple, London. So little did he seem to be adapted by nature to be a great orator, that, what with timidity of disposition, and a natural impediment, he was generally known as "stutter-

ing Jack Curran;" and, on the first trial of his oratorical powers, at a small debating club, formed of his fellow-students, he grew so bashful, that he was not even able to stutter, but sank silent and confounded into his chair. To his companions it seemed clear that his aspirations to fame, as an advocate, were worse than vain; but a few evenings after, they had reason to change their minds; for, being nettled to the quick by a contemptuous epithet flung at him, in the course of debate, he rose indignant, and burst forth with an impassioned invective against the sneerer, couched in eloquent words, which only untutored nature can supply. This rival debater had referred to Curran as "orator Mum;" but orator Mum observing that his opponent's dress was remarkable for shabbiness and dirt, he assailed him vigorously on this point, and brought down the cheers and plaudits of the house. Curran whispered to a friend near him, "I think my dirty antagonist did not get *clean* off!" "No;" replied his friend, "I never saw a man get such a *dressing*."

Curran was called to the Irish Bar at Michaelmas Term, 1775, and, in his first essay as a lawyer, he evinced the same bashfulness which had characterized him as a student. The first brief he held was in the Court of Chancery; and he read the first sentences of his instructions in so precipitate and inaudible a manner, that the Lord Chancellor called on him to speak up. This so confused Curran, that the brief dropped from his hands, and a brother barrister was obliged to read the necessary passage. Four or five years elapsed before Curran's rare abilities attracted any remarkable attention. It was at the Cork Assizes, and his client was a priest. The circumstances of the case present a good picture of the times. Lord Doneraile had contracted an intimacy with a young woman, whose brother was, no doubt, for good reasons, excommunicated by the parish priest, Father Neale, by the authority of the bishop. The young woman begged of Lord Doneraile to use his influence with the priest for the removal of the ban. His lordship willingly undertook the task. He proceeded in his carriage to the house of the old priest, whom he found engaged at prayer. He demanded a removal of the excommunication from the brother of his paramour. The priest replied, that he could not remove it without the sanction of the bishop, which, however, he promised to apply for. The indignant nobleman, unaccustomed to refusals, especially from one whom he

regarded with supreme contempt, raised his hand, and felled the unoffending clergyman to the earth. The latter brought an action against the nobleman for assault and battery, and the case was regarded with much speculation as to results; for, in the state of the law at the time, such a course on the part of a Catholic priest was considered the height of impudence and folly, especially when the cause was to be tried by a Protestant judge and jury, against a Protestant nobleman of overwhelming influence in the country. It was doubtful whether any barrister would undertake so obnoxious and hopeless a cause. But Curran's soul was made of sterner stuff than men deemed; and so successful was he in combating the prejudices of all his hearers, that he obtained a verdict of thirty guineas damages against the noble defendant. This was a wonderful triumph of eloquence, and inaugurated a new era for the Catholics of Ireland. It afforded one proof that, by some possibility, they might not be trampled on with impunity. One ray of liberty was permitted to illumine an island shrouded for two centuries in the Egyptian darkness of the penal laws. But the undaunted advocate had to give a further proof of his courage. He had indulged in a fierce attack upon Mr. St. Leger, the brother of Lord Doneraile, who had accompanied his noble brother to the priest's house, and aided in the assault. Curran denounced him as a renegade soldier — a drummed out dragoon, who wanted the courage to meet the enemies of his country in battle, but had the heroism to raise his arm against an unoffending minister of religion. Duelling was the fashion of the day, and St. Leger challenged Curran to mortal combat. Speaking in a wordly sense, it would have been ruin for Curran to decline this challenge; for had he declined it, he could never afterwards use his privilege as an advocate of that freedom of speech so essential in courts of law. He would be constantly challenged, and constantly declining; and he would thus incur the disgraceful stigmatism of a coward. But, without reasoning thus, impelled rather by native courage, he accepted the challenge, fought a bloodless battle, and acquired the reputation of one as bold in the field as he was fearless at the Bar. The old priest, dying soon after, summoned Curran to his bedside, and imparted to the young and daring advocate his last blessing. It was the first of four duels that Curran had to fight during his public career. After this he became a great favorite with

the Catholic people, who began to regard him as *one of themselves*. He was familiarly termed the "counsellor," as O'Connell was subsequently. He knew the Irish language well, and was particularly fond of chatting with the humbler classes of the people, whose wants, and feelings and virtues he thoroughly understood and appreciated. In his boyhood he had loved to attend weddings and wakes, and he was wont to tell how his first ideas of poetry and eloquence were inspired by the rhapsodies of professional mourners (cainors) over the dead. From this frequent intercourse with the poor people of the oppressed and persecuted country, his heart burned with the purest patriotic fire, and in his whole career he was accustomed to vindicate their character in public and private; to descant upon their virtues and their sufferings; and, although at various periods of his life, he could have accepted place and pension, by sacrificing their interests, he preferred to hold an honorable independence by which he could show up their calamities to the world, and battle for the restoration of their rights. "At any time," said he "I might, to a certain degree, as well as others, have tied up my countrymen in bundles, and sold them at the filthy market of corruption, and have raised myself to wealth and station, and remorse — to the envy of the foolish, and the contempt of the wise; but I thought it more becoming to remain below among them — to mourn over and console them; or, where my duty called upon me, to reprimand and rebuke them when they were acting against themselves." On his return to his native town every vacation, the people all swarmed around him, and offered their congratulations on his daily increasing honors; and to every one he was courteous, kind and friendly. O'Connor, the roving bard, was never absent on these occasions. The moment the "counsellor's" arrival at the Priory was announced, there was the bard and his indefatigable muse, with the periodical tribute of high-sounding, long-winded praise. A silver crown was the poet's reward; but, on some occasions, his demands became so frequent and importunate, that Curran was obliged to signify his displeasure. Instead of money he sent the bard a reply in verse; but, if Curran's verses displayed elegance and taste, the bard's brief response was distinguished for point and force. He said:—

> "If you're paid so much coin for all your law,
> You'll ne'er be worth a single straw."

The solicitations of the laureate could no longer be resisted. Curran was only seven years at the Bar when he became a member of the Irish Parliament, which post he filled until the year 1797. It was usual then, as now, for Government to desire that members of the Bar should enter Parliament, where they could be tempted to sacrifice principle, in defending a corrupt system of administration, by the expectation of judicial honours; but all through his parliamentary career, John Philpot Curran, famed for his eloquence, and therefore a most desirable ally, resisted every temptation that could be offered him — and they were many — and maintained his purity of honor unsullied to the last. No consideration deterred him from asserting the rights of his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen to the political privileges from which they were persistently excluded. He showed up with a dauntless intrepidity, the bribery and corruption to which the Government had recourse in the administration of the country. He bore with no enemy; he tolerated no fraud; he spared no menace or warning; he prophesied the still greater calamities in store for his country; but none would believe, until the bloody carnage and diabolical atrocities of '98, and the gold-bought Union of 1800, revealed the sagacity of the statesman, and the far-seeing vision of the prophet.

Much as Curran's eloquence in Parliament is celebrated, it has been always considered as far inferior to his oratorical efforts at the Bar; and in the year 1794 commenced that long array of State trials for political offences, at which he displayed his surpassing forensic abilities. Then as now (it is the old, old story), a society started into existence in Dublin called United Irishmen, having for its object steadfast opposition to the corrupt Government of the country. Of this society Archibald Hamilton Rowan was secretary. He issued an address to the Irish Volunteers, reminding them of the dangers to which the country was exposed from foreign and domestic enemies, and inviting them to resume their arms for the preservation of the general tranquility. This publication was prosecuted as a seditious libel, and Mr. Curran was chosen to defend Rowan for his conduct. In his speech on this occasion are some of the loftiest flights of eloquence ever presented to the world; one passage particularly has attained an extraordinary celebrity. A part of the publication of Mr. Rowan claimed universal emancipation for all Irish subjects, no

matter of what religious persuasion. Mr. Curran replied on this point: — "Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them (the Catholics), by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths — do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure — to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the Church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who have a right to demand it? — giving, I say, in the so-much-censured words of this paper — giving universal emancipation? I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon the British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced — no matter in what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him — no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down — no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery — the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

It is needless for me to particularize in detail the several trials in which Curran figured; but there was one, the circumstances of which illustrate very forcibly the state of Ireland at this period. It was the trial of the brothers John and Henry Sheares. These gentlemen, members of the Irish Bar, had been deeply implicated in the abortive rebellion of '98; and when it was crushed, and the Executive had breathing time to look around, it was determined that some of the ringleaders of the movement should be sacrificed upon the scaffold, to deter others from renewing the crime of insurrection. The Sheares Brothers were the first victims selected. Lord Carlton was the judge, a humane and gentle functionary, a warm

and devoted friend of Curran, and once the bosom friend of the Sheares' father. The Attorney-General was the infamous Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, the bloodthirsty and scoffing judge, who could smile, and joke, and pun, while passing sentence of death upon his victim. The trial began in the morning, and it was midnight when Curran rose to address the jury for the defence. Why was not the trial postponed until the following day? Because the sanguinary law, personified by the savage Toler, thirsted for its prey, and would not be gainsayed. We can well imagine the weariness of an advocate's brain, and the languor of his body, after the labors of a whole day in a narrow court-house. He made an appeal for postponement. "After a sitting of sixteen hours," said he, "with only twenty minutes' interval in these times, I should hope it would not be thought an obtrusive request, to hope for a few hours' interval, for repose, or rather for recollection." But no, the minister of the law was inexorable; the trial must go on to the bitter end. Then Curran rose. Behold the scene! the ermined judge upon the bench; in the dock the patriot brothers, standing on the brink of their yawning graves; the faces of the spectators in the galleries and in the body of the court, silent witnesses of the grim tragedy; the struggle between the darkness and the flickering flames of tallow candles; the solemn hour of midnight; the nature of the cause, namely, the wretched condition of Ireland, and the forging of new links in the chain of persecution; the throbbings of hatred and resentment, and awe and anger, in the silent breasts of the people; and then, the insatiable, ghoul-like Attorney-General, lusting for blood — for the young, fresh, pure blood — of the unhappy brothers, who loved their country "not wisely but too well." Curran's appeal for postponement was made in vain. "The counsel for the prisoners," said Toler, "cannot be more exhausted than those for the prosecution; if they do not choose to speak to the evidence, we shall give up our right to speak, and leave the matter to the court altogether. They have had two speeches already, and leaving them unreplied to is a great concession." Then, the wearied but indomitable Curran rose. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "it seems that much has been conceded to us, God help us! I do not know what has been conceded to me — if so insignificant a person may have extorted the remark. Perhaps it is a concession that I am allowed to

arise in such a state of mind and body, of collapse and deprivation, as to feel but a little spark of indignation raised by the remark that much has been conceded to the counsel for the prisoners. Almighty and merciful God! who lookest down upon us, what are the times to which we are reserved, when we are told that much has been conceded to prisoners who are put upon their trial at a moment like this, of more darkness and night of the human intellect than a darkness of the natural period of twenty-four hours, that public convenience cannot spare a respite of a few hours to those who are accused for their lives; and that much has been conceded to the advocate, almost exhausted, in the poor remarks which he has endeavored to make upon it!" Curran went on with his mournful and hopeless duty till the rays of the morning sun dispelled the gloom of night. Between seven and eight o'clock that morning a verdict of guilty was returned; the brothers clasped each other in their arms, the sentence was pronounced, and, after the lapse of only twenty-four hours more, the brothers lay in their coffins, lifeless and bloody trunks: two new names were added to the martyrology of Irish patriots — two new names by which to swear eternal vengeance to British law.

Curran's frequent and zealous defence of men called in the language of the law "rebellious" gave offence to those in power. They could not understand why felons should have anything more than the bare form of a trial, and, therefore, they were filled with indignation when finding an advocate availing himself of such trials to inveigh against the cruelties of the Government, the perversion of law, the oppression of the people; in fact, encouraging violence and sedition. He was branded as a traitor, because he sought the protection of the law for those who had been accused of violating it; on his way into court he frequently received anonymous letters threatening him with assassination. On one occasion, he had to defend himself in the House of Commons from the charge of having forfeited the character of "a good subject," by the zeal with which he defended his clients. But he remained steadfast and fearless in the conscious pride of having fulfilled his duty. "I am heavily censured," said he, "for having acted for them in the late prosecutions; I feel no shame at such a charge, except that of its being made at such a time as this, that to defend the people should be held up as

an imputation upon the King's counsel, when the people are prosecuted by the State. I think every counsel is the property of his fellow-subjects. If, indeed, because I wore his Majesty's gown I had declined my duty, or had done it weakly or treacherously — if I had made that gown a mantle of hypocrisy, and had betrayed my client, or sacrificed him to any personal view — I might, perhaps, have been thought wiser by those who have blamed me, but I should have thought myself the basest villain upon earth."

In Curran's character there was much of the grave and solemn, nay, there was a high tone of religion; and it was no uncommon thing for him, when appealing to a jury on behalf of a client whose life was at stake, to bring before their minds the terrors of the judgment that awaited themselves at the hour of death. And this he did not in a spirit of rhetorical affectation, much less in a spirit of hypocrisy, but as one thoroughly imbued with the awful impressions which he would fain impart to his hearers. Nevertheless, in private, and sometimes in public, he displayed a wit and humor evincing a most vivacious temperament: and as we always more willingly hear what makes us smile rather than be sad, I shall relate for you some instances of Curran's wit, to divert you for a while from the serious contemplation of his character.

Many of you are, no doubt, familiar with the following: One day Curran, on entering the court, observed one of the barristers whose wig for some reason excited the attention and provoked the loud laughter of his fellow-lawyers. "Curran," he exclaimed, "do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" Curran replied, "No, my dear fellow, nothing but the head."

A hot fool, plunged in distress, was playing at billiards, and having wagered his only guinea on the success of the game, became tremulously anxious on the last stroke of the ball, perceiving the clock giving notice to strike *one*, as he hoped, and fearing some distraction he paused for a moment; another and another succeeded, until the clock went on insensibly to twelve. Thus suspended, his irritation increased, and he played and lost, and in his rage, seizing the ball, drove it at the clock with such fury and force that he broke it in pieces; the owner sought compensation and obtained it. This being related in presence of Curran, he observed that the damages should be small, as the *clock struck first*.

Some time after the Union, Curran was walking by the Parliament House with a certain member, a friend of his, who had supported that measure. This gentleman observed that he never passed that House without the deepest melancholy and regret. "I do not wonder at it," said Curran, "I never knew a man who had committed murder who was not haunted by the ghost of the murdered whenever he came to the spot where the foul deed was done."

Such was the effect of Curran's pleasantry, that, even on ordinary occasions, servants in attending on the table often became suspended, like the bucket in the well, and frequently started as if from a reverie when called upon for ordinary attendance. Sometimes a wine-glass could not be had, or, if asked for, a knife or fork was presented in its place; their faces turned away, you heard nothing but suppressed laughter. He had a favorite negro servant who lived with him many years, and to whom for his great fidelity Curran was very much attached. This poor fellow was observed for a few days before his departure to have been oppressed with gloom and sadness, the cause of which was not directly inquired into. One morning, while in this state, he came anxiously to his master, and with apparent regret and an air of dejection requested to be discharged. Curran told him that he was very much concerned to lose the services of so very faithful a person, that he had a strong regard for him, &c., and on inquiring into the reason for leaving him, the black man replied, "It is impossible for me to remain longer with you, massa." "Why, my good fellow, we will see you well taken care of!" "No, massa, I cannot live any longer with you, I am losing my health with you, you make me laugh too much!"

Curran was once engaged on behalf of a tradesman, a citizen of Dublin, who had been ill-treated. Injury was added to insult, he was horsewhipped, beaten down and falsely imprisoned. He complained, through Curran, to a Court of Justice, and a jury listened to his tale of woe and sufferings, which wanted not the coloring of imagination; it was most affectingly told by his counsel; he spared no ornaments to dress out the victim who had already suffered so much. His appeals were deeply affecting, because natural. He gave up to the jury the case of an innocent and oppressed man, in terms which were directed to the heart; the jury and the audience were touched; but the client, who heard all, was so overwhelmed that he burst

forth from the silence he had so long maintained, with a sudden exclamation accompanied by tears, "Oh! my lord and gentlemen," said he, "all the counsel has told you is true, every word of it; but until this moment I never knew that I was so cruelly ill-treated."

If Curran was ever wantonly attacked, he replied in a manner which his adversary would not be likely to forget. When he was quite a young member of the Bar, and therefore more exposed than his maturer brethren to the shafts of his opponents, being one day engaged in a case before Judge Robinson, he chanced to say, "My lord, I have never met the law as laid down by your lordship in any book in MY library." "That may be, sir," said the Judge, in an acid, contemptuous tone; "but I suspect that your library is very small." Now his lordship, who was known to be a very bigoted party zealot, was, like others of his day, the author of several anonymous publications remarkable for their despotic principles and violent excesses. The young barrister, roused by the sneer at his circumstances, replied that true it was his library might be small, but he thanked heaven that amongst his books there were none of the wretched productions of the frantic pamphleteers of the day. "I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones. My books may be few, but the title-pages give me the authors' names: my shelves are not disgraced by any of such rank absurdity that their very authors are ashamed to own them." He was here interrupted by the Judge, who said, "Sir, you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity, my lord!" exclaimed Curran, "upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which, perhaps, you are not unacquainted. A poor Scotchman, upon his arrival in London, thinking himself insulted by a stranger, and imagining that he was the stronger man, resolved to resent the affront, and taking off his coat delivered it to a bystander to hold; but having lost the battle he turned to resume his garment, when he unfortunately discovered that he had lost that also; that the trustee of his habiliments had decamped during the fray. So, my lord, when a person who is invested with the dignity of the judgment seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is vain when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he seeks to shelter

himself behind the authority which he has abandoned." "If you say another word, sir, I'll commit you," cried the Judge. "Then, my lord," said Curran, "it will be the best thing you committed this Term." The Judge did not commit him, but he made an attempt to have Curran deprived of his gown. He received, however, so little encouragement, that he deemed it prudent to forsake the attempt.

John Horne Tooke, a philosopher living in England in Curran's time, once asked an Irish gentleman what was thought of Curran's talents at home, as compared with those of Sheridan. The gentleman replied that, in the opinion of his countrymen, no man living was conceived to possess such brilliancy, richness, and variety as Curran. Horne Tooke replied, "I know both these gentleman, and I know them well, both in public and in private: Sheridan is labored and polished: you always see the marks of the chisel and hammer about him; Curran is a rich and glittering ore, which is raised from the mine without effort, and in the most exuberant profusion." Byron was a great admirer of John Philpot Curran. Despite the inexhaustible resources of his own fancy, he did not disdain to borrow some of his imagery from the Irish orator. Speaking on a public occasion, on the subject of the Union, Curran had said, "The Irish Protestant was cajoled into the belief that if he concurred in the surrender of his country, he would be placed on the neck of a hostile faction! Wretched dupe! you might as well *persuade the gaoler that he is less a prisoner than the captives he locks up, merely because he carries the key in his pocket.*" Byron had copied this idea from Curran, and admitted the fact,

> "The nations are
> In prison,—but the gaoler, what is he?
> No lesser victim to the bolt and bar,
> To the poor privilege to turn the key
> Upon the captive, freedom! He's as far
> From the enjoyment of the earth and air
> Who watches o'er the chains, as those who wear."

But this was not all of Byron's estimation of Curran. He wrote of him thus, "I have met Curran at Holland House; he beats everybody, his imagination is beyond human, and his humour (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. He has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics. I *never* met his equal." Again, "Curran! Curran is the man who struck me most. Such im-

agination! There was never anything like it. He was wonderful even to me, who had seen many remarkable men of the time. The riches of his Irish imagination were inexhaustible. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written, though I saw him seldom and but occasionally."

Lord Erskine, a lawyer, and subsequently a Judge on the English Bench, was a contemporary of Curran's, and one who had acquired great fame as an orator of the first degree. His merits and those of Curran frequently formed a subject of comparison. They were both once dining at the table of George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales. This royal personage, despite his voluptuous tendencies, had the good taste to gather round his table the collective genius, learning, and wit of the kingdom. On the occasion in question, His Royal Highness, out of respect for his guests, directed the conversation to the legal profession. Lord Erskine eloquently took the lead: "No man in the land," said he, "need be ashamed to belong to such a profession. For my part, of a noble family myself, I felt no degradation in practising it — it has added not only to my wealth but to my dignity." Curran was silent, which the host observing, called on him for his opinion. "Lord Erskine," says Curran, "has so eloquently described all the advantages to be derived from the profession that I hardly thought my poor opinion was worth adding. But perhaps it was that I am a better practical instance of it than his lordship — he was ennobled by birth before he came to us, but it has," said he making an obeisance to his royal host, "it has, in my person raised the son of a peasant to the table of his prince!"

Lord Byron has contrasted Erskine and Curran in one of his poems, at a period ten years previous to the time when he wrote the eulogy of Curran just quoted, and when his knowledge of the Irish orator was only fresh. He designates Curran "Longbow," and Erskine "Strongbow." Enumerating the guests at a dinner party, he says: —

> "There also were two wits, by acclamation
> Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed,
> Both lawyers, and both men of education;
> But Strongbow's wit was of more polished breed.
> Longbow was rich in an imagination,
> As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
> But sometimes stumbling over a potato,
> While Strongbow's best things might have come from Cato.

"Strongbow was like a new tuned harpsichord,
But Longbow wild as an Æolian harp,
With which the winds of Heaven can claim accord,
And make a music either flat or sharp.
Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a word;
At Longbow's phrases you would sometimes carp;
Both wits — one born so, and the other bred —
This by the heart, his rival by the head."

Curran's domestic happiness was shrouded by two melancholy catastrophes, sufficient to break the spirits of a gayer and livelier temperament than his. His daughter lost her heart to a young gentleman named Robert Emmet, who was on visiting terms at Curran's house. Surely never did maiden lay the treasures of her love at the feet of one more worthy of them than this young Robert Emmet, the purest patriot, and the grandest soul that ever loved a country — that ever wooed a damsel — ever met a patriot martyr's death. His fruitless insurrection cost him his liberty, but did not change his heart; he could have fled, but his love would not permit him to go far from the mistress of his affections. He was arrested, and his blood stained the scaffold.

"He had lived for his love, for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long shall his love stay behind him."

This was too much for Curran. His young and fair daughter doomed to disappointment, melancholy, and a broken heart, the young friend whom he loved "torn like a blasted oak sudden away;" but what was more vexatious than bitter, was the suspicion that would arise concerning his loyalty, from the fact that the young conspirator had such close intimacy with himself, and had so frequently visited his house. He knew that those suspicions would arise, and he determined to anticipate any action on the part of the Government. He went and delivered up all his papers to the Attorney-General, who invited him into the presence of the Privy Council, where all was made clear, and he was saved from further trouble. But a far greater affliction than this was in store for him. His wife, after a quarter of a century from the date of their marriage, proved unfaithful, and eloped with a dissipated clergyman, a Rev. Mr. Sandys.

She afterwards repented; and though Curran never lived with her after, she was supported by his bounty up to the time of her death.

In the year 1806, Curran was raised to the dignity of Master of the Rolls in Ireland. His judicial decisions were as remarkable for their justice, as his advocacy had been for its eloquence. I have already sufficiently implied, if I have not broadly stated, that Curran was of the Protestant religion; but he knew not what bigotry was, and he cherished the affections of his heart for the degraded Catholic, as well as for his own co-religionists basking in the sunshine of patronage and power. I select one instance of his broad toleration, worthy of the noblest mind. A will case came before him, and it was alleged that the will was fraudulently obtained by "one John Power, a Popish priest." "I see no semblance of the fact," says Curran, "to sustain such a charge. Who does this 'one John Power, a Popish priest', turn out to be? I find he is a Catholic clergyman, a Doctor of Divinity, a Titular Bishop in the diocese of Waterford. And yet I am now pressed to believe that this gentleman has obtained this will by fraud. Every fact now appearing repels this charge. I cannot but say that the personal character of the person accused repels it still more strongly. Can I be brought, on grounds like those now before me, to believe that a man having the education of a scholar, the habits of a religious life, and vested with so high a character in the ministry of the Gospel, could be capable of so detestable a profanation as is flung upon him? Can I forget that he is a Christian Bishop, clothed not in the mere authority of a sect, but clothed in the indelible character of the Episcopal order; suffering no diminution from his supposed heterodoxy, nor drawing any increase or confirmation from the merits of his conformity, should he think proper to renounce what we call the errors of his faith? Can I bring my mind, on so slight, or, rather, on no grounds, to believe that he could so trample under his feet all the impressions of that education, of those habits, and of that high rank in the sacred ministry of the Gospel which he holds, as to sink to the odious impiety which is imputed to him? Can I bring myself to believe that such a man, at the bedside of his dying fellow-creature, would be capable, with one hand, of presenting the cross before her uplifted eye, and with the other, of basely thieving from her the miserable dregs of this world, of which his perfidious tongue was employed in

teaching her a Christian's estimate? I do not believe it; on the contrary, I am (as far as it belongs to me in this interlocutory way to judge of the fact) as perfectly convinced that the conduct of Dr. Power was what it ought to be, as I am that the testatrix is dead."

Curran died in London, on the 14th of October, 1817, in the 68th year of his age; and it now becomes our duty to take a brief retrospect of his career; and photograph, as it were to your mind's eye, the character of the man, so that we may store it away into our intellectual album, and cherish it for perpetual admiration. Curran's life and character were the life and character of the orator and the patriot, the advocate of his country's rights, the advocate of justice to persecuted man. We cannot conceive him except as the personification of eloquence and patriotism. All his battles, and all his triumphs, were fought and achieved in the senate, or at the bar; he was ever either seeking to benefit his fellow-countrymen by the enaction of just laws, or striving to save them from the perils of laws already passed — passed in a spirit of diabolical hatred, and enforced with a vindictiveness still more atrocious. All the labors of his life, all the efforts of his genius, all the treasures of his intellect, all the sacrifices of his fame and fortune, were at the service of Ireland and the Irish. His silence could have been bought, were he venal, and the advocate of Ireland's rights could have been transformed into the approver and abettor of Ireland's wrongs; but thanks to his integrity of character, he spurned the arts of corruption, and his name, instead of being a bye-word of national shame and disgrace, stands forth as a beacon light to guide and cheer posterity.

His eloquence was of the very highest order; it was not the eloquence of art, carefully studied and prepared, and delivered with histrionic effort, and dramatic grace; it was not eloquence manufactured according to the inflexible rules of rhetoricians. No: Curran sounded the depths of the human heart, not as it is in some parts of the world, not as it is moulded and shaped under certain influences, not as it may be moved by any special or peculiar modes of appeal, but as it is in every human breast, as it is made by God, the seat of passion and sentiment, the soft wax on which God has impressed those principles of rectitude which neither climate, nor education, nor any local influence can alter or erase; hence Curran

is always stirring up the hearts and emotions of his hearers; he is ever awakening slumbering conception, faded remembrances, early impressions; ever exciting tenderness, pity, remorse; ever vindicating the principle of God's eternal justice; ever harping on the sweet but melancholy chord of human conscience. This characteristic of Curran's eloquence alone would be sufficient to stamp it as sublime. I have already spoken of Curran's imagination. It was a marvel of its kind. Tropes and figures, and images, sparkled through his speech in such brightness and profusion that his eloquence was like a river with a bed of golden sands, illumined by the bright sunshine of genius. "His imagination," says Byron, "is beyond human." His wit and humor also were transcendent, and under more favorable circumstances might have graced his oratory more than they have done; but he lived and spoke at a time when wit, for the most part, would savor of levity, and humor would be simply heartless. The events of his day were too grave for the lighter efforts of oratory; he loved his kind in a spirit of true philanthropy, and his heart bled to witness the persecutions and bloodshed to which they were victimized, and the cold calculating baseness with which their lives and liberties were sold and purchased. Hence his oratory frequently partakes of the seathing, and the sarcastic, and the objurgative. He inveighed in tones of thunder against the vices of his country's oppressors; he told Judges and juries to their faces that they were trampling on the sacred rights of justice, and this he did with a boldness and courage worthy of a cause so noble. "You may assassinate me," said he, on one occasion, when the court-house was surrounded with military, "you may assassinate me, but you cannot intimidate me." Yes, in Curran's eloquence there is scarcely a feature more remarkable than his indomitable courage. No speaker ever needed that virtue more, and few displayed it to such perfection. Indeed it has been said of the greatest speeches celebrated in history that they were spoken at times when personal danger most threatened their deliverers. We have seen and admired his courage in defending Father Neale, the humble priest, against the pampered and cowardly lordling of Doneraile. We have seen him challenged four times to mortal combat, and four times accepting the challenge, for the courage with which he pleaded the causes of his clients. Ireland was then suffering under

a reign of terror. Trial by law was a contemptible farce, a wretched mockery, a bare formality; the number of persons executed by law fell far short of those sacrificed in butcheries and burnings by a barbarous soldiery let loose upon an unoffending and defenceless people. In times like these Curran stood alone. In pleading the cause of the accused he had to run the danger of being supposed to sympathize with their sentiments and conduct; and in paying them the humane tribute of his advocacy, he had to incur the rancorous hatred of those who tortured and oppressed them.

Pathos was a remarkable feature of Curran's eloquence. He had the soul of a true poet, and tenderness, and melancholy, and pity, those soft, sweet, sad emotions, are the noblest treasures in the poet's soul. They were essentially his; he loved solitude, and often attuned his soul to the solemn tones of his violoncello, when no one else was nigh. He loved to play old Irish airs; their sadness pleased him, and their occasional loveliness gave to the sombre clouds of his thoughts their silver lining. Those sad strains nurtured within him the sympathies awakened by the actual contemplation of his country's wrongs. He wept and sighed. and lamented over her desolation; there was a music, a rhythm in his speech according exquisitely with the passion of his thoughts, so that the whole might seem to the rapt listener the wail of one of Sion's children attuned to the melancholy music of his harp on the lonely rivers of Babylon. "He was one of those," says a distinguished writer (Giles) "whose thoughts make melody in conception, and which coming into words are born into song. All his faculties were musical, his intellect, his imagination, his emotions; and these, all having spontaneous union and utterance in his eloquence, made that eloquence the witchcraft and magic that it was. This made it different from all other eloquence, not in power, but in kind; it was not so much the eloquence of logic as of enchantment, not so much like the sword of Goliath as like the harp of David."

Curran's humor was often such that one would not know whether to say it was laughable or serious; it became so severely sarcastic. Thus, on one occasion, when contesting an election, he said to the voters of the rival candidate, that "they might be seen coming like the beasts of the field, in droves, from their pastures, presenting a picture of human nature, in the state of degradation such as never

had been witnessed since Nebuchadnezzar was at grass." Of an Irish secretary, for whom he had a great contempt, he said, when inveighing against him, that he would not imitate the Roman tyrant's practice of "torturing insects." He described an English ministry as "a motley group, without virtue, or character, or talents; the sort of Cabinet we have laughed at on the stage, where the 'potent, grave, and reverend seignors' were composed of scene-shifters and candle-snuffers, robed in old curtains, and wigged from the stores of the theatre." On another occasion he spoke of "the princely virtues and imperial qualifications, the consummate wisdom and sagacity of our steadfast friend and ally, the Emperor of all the Russias — a constellation of all virtue, compared with whose radiance the Ursa Major but twinkles as the glowworm."

Curran is supposed by some to be one of those who established what has been called the school of Irish eloquence, that is, fervid, impassioned oratory, appealing to the feelings, and careless of impressing the intellect. This style of eloquence is spoken of with contempt, and justly should it be so, if the speaker did not convince the reason as well as move the heart; and, no doubt, our country has produced many such speakers, gifted by nature with a wondrous flow of words, sparkling with imagery, heated with passion, vivid with Celtic fire. We meet them in private life, we meet them on the public platform. The village pedagogue is peculiar to Ireland; the man who uses words of "learned length and thundering sound;" who mistakes paraphrases for oratory, and sound for sentiment; the village poet is no less racy of the Irish soil; the dreamer who is ever wandering in the bright morning of May, by the green banks of some sparkling river, where he encounters a lovely damsel, who first declines his amorous attentions, but finally consoles him with her hand and heart. In no country in the world is a debate so warmly and enthusiastically, and so eloquently, conducted as in Ireland. There the oratory on both sides is so fairly balanced that victory is often impossible without the intervention of the fists or the blackthorn, which has an effect far more stunning than wordy arguments on an adversary. Yes, there is an Irish school of oratory, and it was about Curran's time it came into vogue. When, indeed, was there such occasion for it? When the speaker's passions were aroused by the contemplation of the cruelties with which his country

was visited, and the sufferings his countrymen endured, the coldest nature should be eloquent, when speaking of those atrocious deeds. The grandest specimens of eloquence ever recorded in history were delivered in times of great social strife, great national upheaving, amid the ruins of a country, or over the cradle of a young revolution. It was towards the close of the Hebrew nationality that their prophets started up and proclaimed the ruin and captivity about to befal their fellow-countrymen. What eloquence can compare with that of Isaiah, sublime and impassioned? or with Jeremiah, wailing and despondent over the calamities of their race? Demosthenes flourished — the greatest orator the world ever saw — amid the crash of the Grecian republics. Cicero was the last orator of Rome: standing on the bridge that separated the prosperous Rome of the Consuls from the effete and degenerate Rome of the Cæsars. Mirabeau's eloquence flamed like a meteor amid the chaos of the French Revolution. So it was with Curran; he lived and spoke when his native land was steeped to the very lips in woe; when "'t was treason to love her, and death to defend." Manifold were the thoughts that stirred his brain and quickened his tongue; the ancient glory of his country, the virtues of her children, their courage and constancy, through every peril and misfortune; the gleam of sunshine, short and transient, beaming from the Irish Parliament, and its sudden extinction in the Act of Union. Here was food for thought; here was fuel for the fire of eloquence, pride, passion, glory, hope, and, last of all, despair! Peace be with thy ashes, John Philpot Curran, as they repose in the sacred soil of Glasnevin, and may thy memory be ever cherished with pride by the grateful descendants of those in fighting whose battles thou didst display the sublimest valor of heroism, and the purest chastity of honor!

BRIAN BOIRANHE KILLED BY THE VIKING.

LECTURE.*

THE IRISH CHARACTER ANALYZED.

SOME weeks ago I had the honor to deliver a public lecture in this city on the History of Irish Music. The applause awarded to me on that occasion was such as I fancied no efforts of mine could have merited; but my modesty was put to a still severer test when some gentlemen informed me that it was the general wish of the public — at least of the Irish portion of the public — that I should lecture again before leaving Boston. So flattering an invitation it was impossible for me to decline, I promised to comply with the general desire, and I am here to redeem that promise.

I know full well the love that Irishmen cherish for their country, and that no subject awakens their interest more keenly, or stirs their hearts more sensitively, than the subject of their native land. And, hence, there is scarcely a period of our history, a feature of our national character, or a biography of any of our great men, which has not, in its turn, formed the subject of a lecture in this country, as well as in the old land. One would think that Irish subjects would pall even on Irish ears, by such frequent repetition; but it is with the children of the Emerald Isle, as it is with the children of the Church. In the Church there has been but one short gospel for the last eighteen hundred years, and yet we hear it expounded to-day, at the hands of an able preacher, with all that freshness of interest which only a novelty, as we fancy, could produce. So the history of Ireland is but a plain record of constant persecution on the one hand, and constant resistance on the other, — a perpetual resistance against a superior and implacable power, — and yet we never grow

* Delivered in Boston, 1871.

weary of the oft-told tale; we ever still find something new and inspiring in this simple gospel of our fatherland.

I come to address you to-night on a subject of national interest, an analysis of the character of my fellow-countrymen; and, simply, because the subject is national, I am confident that I shall touch your hearts and enlist your sympathies. But I do not trust alone to the nature of my subject; I feel that I come before you as one thoroughly qualified to speak on any Irish subject, as far as one may be qualified by a long and large experience. I am Irish, myself, to the back-bone, — aye, and to the very marrow of that cunning piece of mechanism. Born of Irish parents, on the banks of the Lee, within sound of the Shandon Bells, I should like to know who would have the courage to dispute the Hibernicism of my birth. Imbibing, when a schoolboy, my first lessons of patriotism from the glorious pages of the "Nation" newspaper, illumined then, as it was, by the calm vigor of a Duffy, the immortal fire of a Davis, and the weird majesty of a Clarence Mangan; later on, dipping in the fervid fountain of the young Ireland press: a fountain springing from a Parnassus, where the muses were invoked by such men as John Mitchell, Thomas D'Arcy Magee, and Thomas Francis Meagher, it is no wonder that my Irish heart beat with the true pulses of the patriot. During six years in Maynooth College, thrown amongst five hundred ardent young Irishmen, although we were endowed by the Government (which endowment, by the way, was only a wretched instalment of the millions they had stolen from us centuries before), I never forgot I was Irish. Officiating for eight years in the rural districts of the county, and for eight other years in the city of Cork, it is highly probable that I understand the state of my country; the condition and character of the Irish race in every walk of life, our virtues and our vices, our strength and our weakness; and that I am qualified to address my audience on that subject.

The great faith and hope of Irishmen at home and abroad is that their country will yet be free. If they had not this hope, they would despair of the justice of the Almighty, who surely will not permit tyrants to prosper forever; in the realization of this hope they see a vindication of their country, a reparation for all she has endured through long ages of persecution, a compensation for all she has lost, a balm for her wounds, a consolation for the contempt and ignominy

to which she has been subjected. We look forward to that day, and we believe in its coming as firmly as we believe that to-morrow's sun will rise. But why is it so long postponed?

> "Why still in darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
> Why doth the pure light its dawning delay?"

It is not for us, short-sighted mortals, to tell what are the designs of Providence in our regard. But it is easy for us to see how, by our own conduct, those designs may be promoted on the one hand, or frustrated on the other. We may not always perceive the reward of our virtuous actions; but we cannot fail to see what obstacles we sometimes cast in the way of Providence when it is kindly disposed towards us, and how frequently our happiness in this world is marred by our own fatuity and folly. I shall point out the great and noble qualities of the Irish race, on which they may rely for the future regeneration of their country; but I shall also consider it my duty to animadvert on the weaknesses in the national conduct and character which impede our progress in the path to freedom. To those weaknesses I should not think of alluding here, but that unhappily I find them as strongly ingrained and as pernicious in the breasts of Irishmen here as they are in the old land.

The lessons addressed to Irishmen at home are equally applicable to you; for you are all of the same stock. You belong to a common fatherland — you have the same loves and antipathies — the same passions, the same interests. You have an Ireland here which you are building up — you have a character to sustain, and a history to respect; and all that in the teeth of obstacles and difficulties which you understand much better than I do. It is said of religious creeds, that one great cause of their differences is an ignorance on both sides of the real state of the case. We know that to be true with regard to our own religion, to which in all ages crimes and iniquities have been credited, which it denounces with all the vehemence of horror and disgust. So is it with the character of Irishmen; they are misunderstood by Englishmen at home, and by Americans here. Their vices, and weaknesses, and shortcomings, are proclaimed to the world, as if the denouncers themselves were faultless, while their good qualities are never for a moment thought of. Away with this Pharisaism — with this contemptible hypocrisy! Let the

world see the Irishman as he is, and I defy any nationality under heaven to rival him, with his weaknesses, his passions, and his vices, no doubt, but with a casket of virtues and noble gifts of soul. With those rare qualities of heart and soul, the Irishman may safely despise the contumely of his enemies, and look forward with confidence to the future freedom of his country as the reward of a long-enduring patience, at the hands of Him who tries even the just man in the furnace of humiliation.

Foremost among the noble qualities of the Irish character — amongst those qualities which not only entitle our country to the respect of the world, but strongly appeal to the retributive justice of heaven — is her steadfast attachment "through ages of bondage and slaughter" to the Christian Faith since it was planted by Patrick in the land. I have no desire, here or elsewhere, on an occasion like the present, to depreciate any other religious creed by extolling my own; that is not my object; I only demand for my fellow-countrymen that meed of admiration which they deserve for their faithful adhesion to a religion in which they sincerely believe, for which their ancestors have bled, and for which they would bleed themselves to-day if such a test of their fidelity were needed. In their attachment to that religion they were not influenced by any worldly motive, for all the inducements the world could offer them invited them to forswear and abandon it; in its defence they endured contempt and ridicule, torture, spoliation, and martyrdom. They simply believed, and they sealed their belief with their blood. There are some who can see no great valor in all this; who put it down to wild fanaticism, or blind stupid obstinacy; yet if those sacrifices which Irishmen have made had been suffered in the cause of any other religion than the Catholic, those worldly philosophers would extol their heroism to the skies. What! and is not the Catholic religion, even in a worldly point of view, at least as respectable as any other religious creed ever propounded to mankind? The question might well raise a smile on the lips of a very novice in history, as if all that is great and glorious, not to say respectable in the world, had not been preserved to us by the Catholic Church — as if civilization had not been rocked by her in the cradle, and nurtured by her up to the full vigor of maturity — as if, when the barbarians swept over Europe, demolished the most glori-

ous works of art, extinguished the lamp of science, set aside lands and subverted thrones, it were not she, who with the torch of the gospel in her hands, startled Europe from her slumbers, re-fashioned chaos into shape, regulated society once more, and made science and art more triumphant than ever. Has she not ever been the true nurse of freedom? What country enjoyed more freedom than Italy previous to the Reformation, when the fine arts were cultivated, under the patronage of the Pontiff, and literature flourished in the midst of free political institutions? Florence was never so magnificent as she was in the Middle Ages, when almost rank with affluence, she shone before the world a glorious Catholic democracy. Catholic Venice was her rival in those days — her rival in the splendor of her opulence and the light of her liberty. When was Spain so glorious as in the days of their Catholic Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella — when, amongst that haughty race, the inheritance of the Catholic religion was more prized than the purest blood of the aristocracy? The respectability, forsooth, of the Catholic religion! Was it not up to the sixteenth century the only religion of the whole civilized world? Is it not still the religion of one-third of the whole human race? Is it not to-day the religion of the greatest part of Europe, of France and Spain, of Italy and Austria, of Belginm and Bavaria, of Hungary and Poland? Is it not spread all over the world, flourishing among the mountains of Abyssinia and Armenia, as among the Alps and Appenines; by the banks of the Tigris and the Ganges, as by those of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi; on the shores of Australia, as on the shores of the Brazils? Is it not the religion of the greatest philosophers, poets, orators, humorists, artists, civilizers, and benefactors of the human race that have ever appeared in the world: the religion of the Tertullians, the Augustines, the Cyrils, and the Chrysostoms; the religion of a Michael Angelo and a Leonardo da Vinci, of a Raphael and a Reubens, of a Dante and a Petrarch, of a Galileo and a Copernicus, of a Cervantes, a Le Sage, and a Rabellais, of a Sir Thomas More, a Bossuet, and a Fenelon, of a Columbus, a Pizarro, and a Cortes? Traverse the continent of Europe, and what do you see? What is everywhere presented to your admiring senses? the old Gothic cathedral, the quaint Hotel-de-Ville, the statues in public places, the paintings and sculptures in public museums, the thrilling music

of cathedral choirs? — all called into existence from generation to generation by the inspiring and indefectible genius of Catholicism. Such is the worldly aspect of that religion which Ireland embraced fourteen hundred years ago, to which she has ever since adhered with unshaken fidelity, for which she has fought and bled through ages of persecution unparalleled in the history of unjust legislation; to which she clings to-day with all the tenacity of the olden time, the history of which is inseparably interwoven with the history of her life, and which, like her own green fields, blooms with equal freshness in the rains and storms of persecution as in the pleasant sunshine of prosperity and peace.

But Irishmen are not content to cherish their religion at home; they would extend its blessings as far as possible to the whole human race. To what clime or region of the world will you turn and not find an Irish priest, that indomitable propagandist of the Christian faith? Plant an Irish family in any region of the globe, and you plant with them the seeds of Christianity. This vast continent affords the most striking proof of what I say. Within a few generations a hierarchy, and clergy, and churches, and Catholic communities have sprung up, as if by magic, all over the land. But you are more familiar with these facts than I am. Irishmen in America, poor and struggling, are never tired of contributing to the purposes of religion. Many give their last dollar in the cause of charity, and trust to Providence for themselves. They take more pride in contemplating a noble structure raised to the glory of the Almighty, than they would in regarding a dwelling-place constructed for their own comfort by the genius of their industry and talent. But why do I dwell on the Irishman's attachment to his faith? Because you cannot conceive an Irishman without it, and because I look upon it as his greatest strength and his most reliable hope for the future. The God whom he honors will never abandon him.

Such unflinching devotion to the noblest cause for which man ever suffered may be tested by long and bitter trials; but in good time a grateful God will reward with priceless blessings a fidelity to him unparalleled in the history of the human race.

Another grand characteristic of the Irish race, and one surely destined to triumph in the end, is their intense love of country — a love, the like of which is experienced by no people under heaven —

a love which is not a mere sentiment, but a deep-seated passion, interweaving itself with all the businesses of their lives, running like a silver thread through all the varied tissue of their thoughts, growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength. The love of country is a noble passion; it has inspired the most glorious thoughts, words, and deeds that have ever appealed to the admiration of mankind; it has been the theme of poets and orators from the earliest ages to the present day. Religion, which decries most other human passions, applauds, stimulates, and glorifies this. He who does not feel this generous throbbing in his breast is regarded as a craven, a recreant, a poltroon; but such are rare in any country —

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said —
> This is my own, my native land?"

The Irishman has peculiar reasons for loving his country. First, there is the physical aspect of the land, the "Emerald Isle," so called from "the brightest of green" that bedecks its fields. Where in the whole world are there such lakes and mountains, such sparkling rivers, such smiling valleys, such genial sunshine, such gentle showers? And then, each spot has its history — the history of a thousand, perhaps two thousand years. Here is the *Cromleach*, standing still in the open field, the altar of a pagan faith, which takes you back to the time when the Druids performed their mystic rites, and when Bel was the God of the Celt. Each mouldering stone is a chronicle of the past! Here is the Round Tower, whose origin and object are lost in the twilight of fable. Here is the ruin of a once formidable castle, wrapped in its mantle of ivy, like some "warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him." Here is the still more inspiring ruin of some great monastery or church, telling of a day when the Christian religion, like a sweet incense, breathed its hallowed aroma over the hearts and souls of the people, ere the rapacious greed of a Henry had robbed them of their sacred treasures, or the withering hand of a Cromwell had smitten them with desolation and decay. Tottering with age, and with the venerable hoar of time upon their brows, Nestor-like, those grand old ruins now can only tell of the splendor of a by-gone time: —

> "Each ivied arch and turret lone,
> Plead haughtily for glories gone."

Besides the physical aspect of the land, there is the long list of traditions, descending from one generation to another — traditions in which truth and romance are strangely blended together, and affect with pleasure the minds of a lively and imaginative people. There are the Fairy tales, the delight of infancy and the superstitious faith of maturer years. Tales of the Banshee and the Jack o' the Lantern, the Pooka and the Leprehaun; and marvellous ghost stories of haunted houses and underground caves, which, narrated some winter night by the blazing hearth, by some venerable *raconteur*, make the blood to tingle in the veins with terror, and call up before the excited vision the dread forms of troublous spirits that still walk the earth. This love of country beats more warmly in the breast of the exile than it does in the bosom of the resident; for "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and imagination is the most deceptive of all painters. The exile is ever picturing to his mind's eye those charms from which he is separated, and in which he may never rejoice again. Before his eyes beam, with ever-increasing brightness, those green fields of his native land — the hill and vale — the wood and stream — the roads and lanes ever familiar to his memory, through which he sported when a boy. He still hears in fancy the wild song of the thrush, and the blackbird, and the linnet; he stands beneath the cromleach and the cabin, the shattered castle and the crumbling church: nay more, he recalls, on the canvas of a glowing memory, the festive scenes in which he so often shared in that land of such mysterious charms. He sees the joyous gatherings at the wedding feast, the plentiful board, and the smiling faces of the "neighbors," that have flocked to the scene from miles around, he hears the gay music of the flute, the fiddle, and the bagpipe, and his feet beat sympathetic to the boys and girls treading some lively measure — a jig or a reel — on the resounding floor. He thinks of the fair and the race-course; of Donnybrook and Punchestown; of the hurling match between some rival parishes; the wild "tally-ho" of the huntsmen, as they flash, like a scarlet meteor, through the air, in full pursuit of unhappy Reynard: he thinks of the hospitality and generosity of his countrymen, which have passed into a proverb; but what touches him most of all, he thinks of the long centuries through which, by an iniquitous code of laws, more base and barbarous than if they were devised by demons, the hearts of a people so warm, so generous, and

so brave, so open to pleasure, so accessible to mirth, have been crushed and ground down; — by which he himself, and millions of his race, have been forced to quit forever the land of their birth — the land they loved so well, and to be content with the *memories* of the Green Isle, whose enchanting realities they may never behold again. Will such a love as this be frustrated forever of its noble aspirations? No; for, after the love of God, the holiest passion of the soul is a love of country; and the Power that nerved the arm of David in his conflict with the Philistine, and that inspired the valor of the Machabees against the enemies of their country, will yet restore to the yearnings of Irishmen the land whose freedom would be to them the most priceless earthly boon that even Heaven could bestow.

But are Irishmen capable of self-government? Two things seem necessary for this capability, namely, the head to govern, and the strong arm to control — intellectual and physical vigor. And who will deny those attributes to Irishmen? Take intellect. In what department of intellect have Irishmen not excelled? In the Senate we have had a Grattan, a Flood, a Burke, and a Sheridan. At the Bar we have had a Curran, and a Plunket, an O'Connell, and a Shiel. In the field we can boast of an Owen Roe O'Neill, a Sarsfield, and a Duke of Wellington. Were we able to disentomb the great men of the buried past, how many sage Brehons, lawgivers of the land, could we bring to light, as I showed you in my last Lecture? How many bards and poets of the very first genius, before whom even our boasted Swift, Goldsmith, and Moore would "pale their ineffectual fires?" At the present day, all over the world, there appears to prevail only a decent mediocrity of intellect in every department; by the wide diffusion of learning it does not seem to abound in any particular quarter; few men of genius or talent stand prominently forward anywhere, yet wherever intellect or genius flourishes, there is the Irishman ever with his stout shoulder to the wheel, toiling in the fields of literature, editing newspapers and periodicals, excelling in the fine arts, in painting, music, and sculpture; filling high offices in the State, capable of holding and adorning any position with which he may be entrusted. But, indeed, here I labor in vain, for no one has ever disputed the intellectual calibre of Ireland as compared with other nations; and it is needless for me to proclaim it.

Equally unnecessary is it for me to dwell on the courage, the bravery, the chivalry of my fellow-countrymen. Many a hard-fought field on the Continent of Europe and the Continent of America can testify to the valor and pluck of the Irish soldier, There is something almost ludicrous in the eagerness with which an Irishman longs to be in the thick of a fight. Like the war-horse in Job, "he smelleth the battle afar off, and he crieth ha! ha!" Wherever fighting is to be done there is the irrepressible Patrick. Namur is familiar with his great war-cry. The Adige and Cremona have witnessed the strength of his arm. Blenheim remembers Lord Clare's Dragoons: the deeds of the Irish Brigade at Ramillies and Fontenoy we repeat like a pater-noster. The olive-groves of Spain have drunk the young blood of the Irish soldier. In the republics of Chili, Bolivia, and Venezuela, the praises of O'Brien, Dillon, Devereux, and other Irish patriots, are yet sung in the soft Castilian tongue by the banks of the Orinoco and the mountain fastnesses of the Andes. What shall I say to the exploits of my fellow-countrymen in your late civil war! Let Bull Run and the Rappahannock speak. Let Gain's Hill and Malvern Hill, and Antietam, and numerous other scenes of warfare speak, and tell if the children of Hibernia turned their backs upon their foe. By the banks of the Euxine and beneath the shadows of the Himalayas, in the Crimea and in India, Irishmen have won the laurels of the brave. They fought for the Father of their Church at Spoleto and Ancona. At the present moment the proudest, the most unblemished, the most martial name amongst the legions of Europe is Patrick MacMahon, inheritor of all the dignity and chivalry of a warlike ancestry, while thousands of his race, animated by the same martial instincts as his own, flock from the Green Isle to swell the ranks of struggling France, and throw the balance of their strength and valor against the cruel and rapacious Teuton.

I have mentioned the name of Richard Lalor Shiel. Once in the House of Lords, Lord Lyndhurst had the audacity to say that the Irish were not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen, because they were "aliens;" "aliens," said he, "in race—aliens in country—aliens in religion." "Aliens!" cried Shiel, in his place in the House of Commons, "Good God, was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and

exclaim, 'Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty.' The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent adversary could supply, — I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. The battles, fortunes, sieges, that he has passed ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that from the earliest achievement, in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable — from Assaye to Waterloo — the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the armies that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory; — Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all, the greatest! Tell me, for you were there — I appeal to the gallant soldier before me [Sir Henry Hardinge], from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance — while death fell in showers — when the artillery of France was levelled with the precision of the most deadly science — when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of her mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset — tell me, if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the 'aliens' blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose — when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault — tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and Ireland flowed in

the same stream and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned — when the dead lay cold and stark together — in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of Spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from Heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate, and shall we be told as a requital that we are estranged from the noble country, for whose salvation our life-blood has been poured out?"

If ever the freedom of Ireland must be won by a disciplined Irish soldiery, we, at least, need have no fear for the result.

The faults and weaknesses of the Irish character are less, perhaps, than those of any nation under the sun, and yet there are few people anywhere who are so heartily abused as the Irish. Thus we hear of the dirty, lazy Irish, the landlord-shooting Irish, the drunken Irish, and so on. Such is the hatred existing against our race in the breasts of some strangers, that, as you are aware, the familiar appendage, "No Irish need apply," is usually tacked on to the advertisements concerning vacant situations. Now, how far are these charges well founded? Are the Irish really dirtier, lazier, more murderous, more drunken than the people of other countries? With regard to the bad habits of the Irish, it must never be forgotten that they were constantly debarred from the advantages which other people have enjoyed. For centuries they were starved, oppressed, persecuted, slain. To people living in perpetual serfdom and dread, the decencies and refinements of life were of no consideration. For other centuries, by a hellish code of laws, they were deprived of education; they were brought up in stolid, blank ignorance. How, I ask, could a people thus brought to the level of the brute, be expected to keep up in the race with other nationalities, to whom every educational privilege was freely and lavishly extended? Things, no doubt, have changed, and the light of learning is again permitted to dawn upon the land; but a child is not educated in a few years, nor a country in a few generations. The Irish are by nature proud, sensitive, passionate, and these are dispositions which by neglect of culture fructify in evil deeds, but in reality they are noble instincts, which, tempered by a wise and careful training, lead to the grandest, the noblest results. No nation in history has ever won respect that was not sensitive to insult, proud in the conscious-

ness of its own dignity, and passionate to avenge its wounded honor.

But let us examine and briefly detail those charges against the Irish. They are accused of dirt. Remember, I repeat, that for centuries the Irish, especially in the rural districts, have been kept in the most extreme poverty, barely able to subsist, while their toil and their sweat went to support in indolence and ease the landlords who ground their faces. It is hard for poverty and cleanliness to abide together. The fine lady, whose person is a model of neatness, and who has many servants to set her house in order, can preach valuable lessons to the dirty poor, and modestly enforce her precept by her own admirable example. But, after all, it is not very easy to be clean when you live on a mud floor. It is, no doubt, desirable that the poor should struggle against this bad habit of dirt, just as it is desirable that we, who have got over it, should struggle against other bad habits to which we are addicted. It is, to be sure, painful to see poor people neglect the little means by which they may succeed in making their houses decent and comfortable. But let us not judge harshly. Habits engendered through a long time are not got rid of in an hour, probably not in a generation. Indeed, to the poor and naked, dirt is a kind of protection against cold, and it demands some resolution on the part of those who are chill and hungry to get rid of it. When it comes to a question between soap and bread, I fancy the stomach will carry the day. But remove the Irish from home, give them fair play, set them an example of cleanliness, and what is the result? Why, I should like to know, who do all the cleanliness in American houses? Is it not the girls of Ireland? Who presents to your admiring vision the immaculate door-step as you enter the house? The Irish girl, who makes the brass-plate to shine and the bell-handle to glisten! The Irish girl, who has "fixed" the lovely drawing-room, and swept from the mirror the last atom of dust that could prevent you from admiring your handsome features. Who has arranged the dinner-table so daintily, and as you sit to dinner, who helps you with so much grace and elegance of manner? The Irish girl, who, perhaps, last year, was obliged by poverty's unconquerable necessity to move about without shoe or stocking on the wet mud floor of her native cabin in oppressed, misgoverned Ireland. And are the Irish lazy? I should

like to know what a lazy Irishman would want in America. How many dollars a day would he earn with his hands in his pocket? Are they lazy Irishmen who carry on all the great works in this great country, who work in your factories, who delve in your mines, who build your cities? I have heard of your Erie Canal, an excavation five hundred miles long, cut through rocks and mountains, opening a passage for mighty waters, strewing a new path for the beneficent progress of commerce. It was designed by Irish brains and carried by Irish hands. Who make your railways? Who, in the face of relentless pestilence, cut through the Isthmus of Panama? Who, surrounded by truculent savages, made the great Pacific Railroad from the shores of the Atlantic to the distant California? The lazy Irish. But this absurd charge need not be dwelt on seriously, as I believe few are found to make it in a serious spirit.

The Irish are accused of being murderers, and no doubt a great number of murders have been committed in Ireland, and in many instances the perpetrators have escaped the vengeance of the law. Now, no one can defend a murder, because it is a gross and direct violation of one of God's most solemn commands. It is a terrible thing to take in cold blood the life of a fellow-man, and to send him before his great Judge with all his imperfections on his head. But is murder more common in Ireland than elsewhere? Surely not. Perhaps there is no country in the world where murder is so common as England. There we every day hear of a father murdering his wife and children, and then destroying his own life, or it is the mother who performs this unnatural and wholesale crime. Child-murder is committed so frequently, that, a few years ago, Dr. Lankester, one of the coroners for the Middlesex district, stated that he held one inquest on a murdered child, on an average, every day in the year. In every country, owing to the weakness of human nature and the strength of human passion, a certain number of murders will be committed. In Ireland the excess of this normal average consists of agrarian murders, murders of landlords, and what is the cause of this? Why are landlords more obnoxious than other members of the community? I need scarcely tell you, for you know it; but I will remind you. In Ireland, since the passing of the penal laws, the farmer was regarded as a serf, a slave, as one whose existence is barely tolerated, who should work and toil all the days of his life,

and be content with the mere blessing of existence. His condition improved since the passing of Catholic Emancipation. An outrage could not be committed upon him with quite so much impunity as before; but he was still a serf in the true sense of the word; he worked with the sweat of his brow on the farm whereon he was born, and on which his father and grandfather had been born before him. The landlord imposed whatever rent he pleased; If the farm was improved by the farmer's industry, up went the rent. At length it grew so high that the farmer could not pay; the times grew bad, labor became too dear. Other evils conspired against the unfortunate occupier. He was served with a notice to quit; he borrowed, begged, and paid, and procured a respite. But at length the day of reckoning came again. He was not able to meet the demands of his rapacious landlord. Then came the crow-bar; the house was razed to the ground, and the poor, struggling, honest, hard-working, broken-hearted man was cast naked on the world. His famished children walked before, his squalid wife clung to his side, and had no word of consolation. They gazed their last on the old familiar homestead, on the fields with which all the humble joys of their lives were associated; on the trees whose trembling leaves had so often made sweet music to their ears. Now they are alone, homeless, and friendless, and penniless, on the face of the bleak, cold world. The law of the land, instead of protecting them, cries out to the landlord, "You have done your duty." What? and may this pampered minion trample on God's creatures, and no feeling of resentment spring up in the breast of the outraged victim? Is it no murder for the purse-proud landlord to drive to starvation and death hundreds of his fellow-beings, whose only crime is that they do not labor more than that God has given them power to do? Does he not kill them as effectually as if he severed their throats from ear to ear? And is he to escape the obloquy of mankind and the penalty of the law? The unhappy being whom he has driven from his home goes his way brooding over the wrong — the cruel wrong that has been visited upon himself, and the wife and children of his bosom. The crushed worm will turn on the heel that tramples it. Who can be surprised that the demon of hatred and revenge takes possession of his maddened brain; that he seeks for an instrument of destruction, and wreaks upon the monster who provoked him, "the wild

justice of revenge?" You, who live in peace and plenty, protected by just and beneficent laws, free and independent, do not condemn too rashly or too bitterly the wretch from whose mouth bread has thus been wantonly snatched, and whose innocent children and loving wife have thus been doomed to starve before his eyes, nor blame too severely those who conspire to defraud the law of its revenge on the murderer. The law in Ireland has never been the friend of the people. On the contrary, it has murdered them by thousands and tens of thousands. I speak not of the legal murders committed during the bloody sway of the penal code. I speak of what has happened in our own recollection. In the famine years, when the poor starving peasants were not able to pay their rent, the law permitted the landlords to drive them out of the country, to crowd them on board fever ships, and banish them across the wide Atlantic. The bones of those wretched exiles lie in myriads beneath huge, shapeless mounds on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in Montreal, and Quebec, and on the shores of New Brunswick. This was all done by law. And will any one turn round and say the Irish should respect the law? "Philosophy is a very good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade upon a journey." Put yourself in the place of the Irish peasant, whom his landlord has brought to ruin, and tell me will you have more patience than he? In this country, if a man outrages your wife, and you shoot him dead in the public streets, it will be hard to get a jury that will find you guilty of wilful murder. And which is the less provocative crime? To destroy the character of a woman, or to put to a slow and painful death an unoffending father and his offspring? The Irish peasants, therefore, are no more murderers than the peasantry of any other country; they have committed murders in some districts, under pressure of the most exciting provocation. As a rule, even in the much maligned Tipperary, the Irish peasant possesses every virtue that could adorn mankind, mingled with a softness akin to that for which the gentler sex is distinguished: —

"Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His spirit light as any fairy,
His wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps the hills of Tipperary.

"Lead him to fight for fatherland;
His is no courage cold and wary.
The troops live not on earth could stand
The headlong charge of Tipperary.

"But meet him in his cabin rude,
Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,
You'd swear they knew no other mood
Than mirth and love in Tipperary."

We now come to that feature of the Irish character which has been so seriously commented on all over the world — I mean a passion for intoxicating drinks. And I must confess that here indeed is cause of just complaint against us. I do not admit that the Irish are more addicted to drunkenness than their neighbors; I can produce no statistics on the point. But it cannot be denied that our people are deplorably prone to habits of intoxication, and that, in fact, this vice is the great bar to their prosperity in the world, and to the respect which they would win amongst their fellow-men in foreign countries where they dwell. We must stare the ugly fact in the face. Drunkenness is on the increase in Ireland, it is spreading amongst the women as well as the men. To what extent it exists here you can best judge. But of its sad effects no man can form a just estimate: it debases the dignity of our nature, it paralyzes the intellect, it extinguishes the reason, it unnerves the arm of labor, it brings poverty, disgrace, disease and death, not only on the offender, but on those who depend upon him for life and all its legitimate enjoyments. I do believe that, if the Irish race were only sober, there is no earthly difficulty they could not vanquish, there is no honor they might not attain, no amount of respect they might not conciliate. But as long as this blot exists on the national character, we must be content to be pitied and despised by the more prudent and temperate portion of mankind.

The only other serious weakness of the Irish character that I can discern, and one which, though not so debasing as drunkenness, is yet equally disastrous to our national honor and progress, is that spirit of dissension which exists among Irishmen. This spirit is not of recent growth, it seems to have been at all times inherent in the national character. It is said that every man is born with the seeds of some disease in his system, which slowly germinate, and finally produce his death, unless accident interpose

to effect that object. This malady is said to be his congenital disease. It appears to me that disunion is the congenital disease of Irishmen. Ireland, no doubt, is composed of various and conflicting elements of population; it has its Protestants and Catholics, its Celts and Anglo-Saxons, the dominant and the subjugated races; and it is not unnatural that those conflicting elements should sometimes sound a discordant note. But what is really to be deplored is that spirit of dissension that exists among parties whose interests are identical. On every public occasion where the interests of the country are at stake, we find the popular party always split up among themselves. Hence, the bitterest feelings are aroused, life-long enmities are created, and the national cause remains at the same eternal stand-still. Now, perhaps, what is more extraordinary still is, that those seeds of congenital disease in the national character appear to flourish and develop themselves in a foreign clime even more vigorously than on their native soil, although the class who emigrate are, for the most part, the mass of the people who are Celtic, Catholic, and English-hating to the back-bone. If Irishmen ever united, it surely ought to be in this country, where they have only one great common interest — to establish a Celtic, Christian, free Ireland, which they are debarred from establishing at home. And yet, what is the fact? I learned it with surprise, I perceive it with shame, I denounce it with indignation, — even here, Irishmen have their dislikes, their prejudices, their jealousies, their clannish antipathies, their vocabulary of abuse against each other. I was not long in America when I became aware of the existence of this feeling amongst my fellow-countrymen. I refused to believe it, but I have now travelled, and mixed too much amongst them to hoodwink the fact. It confounds, distresses, and humiliates me. I found that amongst a section of my countrymen who happen to be born in what is called the North, — as if, at this distance, the cardinal points of our little island were a matter of any great importance, — the province, and particularly the county from which I hail, were regarded with contempt. I should like to know what the poor county of Cork has done that it should be regarded with contempt. I believe our accent is remarkably Irish. Would it be more respectable if it were English or Scotch? And is it so great a stigma on an Irishman to have an Irish accent? I wish some-

body would tell me what is the contemptible point of a Corkman's character, that I might honestly grapple with it, and see what it is worth. Have we not produced as many great men as any other Irish county? If I am not mistaken, we have added to the catalogue of Irish greatness the name of Edmund Burke, one of the greatest statesmen, philosophers, and orators the world has ever seen. We claim the nativity of John P. Curran. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was born in the county of Cork. The Sheares, brothers, who perished on the scaffold for the cause of their country, were born in the suburbs of Cork city. The celebrated Arthur O'Leary was a Corkman; so was James Barry, the painter; so was Maclise, one of the greatest painters of modern times. Thomas Davis, the poet, was born in Mallow, in the county of Cork. Father Prout was a native of Cork city. These names occur to me by accident. I could find many more, were I to search, but they are sufficient to show that, in the ranks of intellect, we Corkmen have nothing to be ashamed of. In any popular outburst of patriotism, is Cork behind-hand? What then is wrong with us? Are we not as good-looking as if we were raised in Sligo or Donegal? Do we not spend our money as freely as you do in Antrim or Tyrone? Are we not as well educated? But why do I dwell on this point? To show you that, instead of tweaking your noses at any county, you should be proud of them all, as part of that dear old land which has produced so many great and noble men. I need not tell you that these feelings of mutual antipathy are never dreamt of at home. Let there be an end of them here, for surely they are not the inspiration of the Angel of Peace.

And now I have done. I have pointed out what I consider the good and the weak points of our national character — what should excite our pride, and what should suffuse our cheeks with shame. In this latter part of my analysis, I have acted with a boldness for which I entreat your indulgence. Men do not like to be reminded of their faults, and we Irish have been treated too frequently to unqualified praise. For my part, I love the truth, and I should consider myself the veriest coward and dissembler if I came here to analyze your character, and did not point out your faults. Every day's experience proves to me that you are a great and a noble people; that you are doing more for the promotion of Christianity, and con-

sequent civilization, and for the dignity of manhood, than any nation on the face of the earth : and one of the noblest features of your character, which I have not touched (for I could not touch them all), is the lofty indifference with which you treat the view with which other nationalities regard you — you proceed in the proud consciousness that you are doing what is just and right, and you must triumph in the end. But, if you love the God who made you, and would secure His blessing — if you value the approval of a good conscience — if you prize the esteem of all good men — if you would secure success in the race for the world's legitimate enjoyments, study the virtue of temperance, and, instead of disparaging each other, pull together; union is strength — your enemies will not help you in the road to success — they rather rejoice in your discord as their best ally against you. On yourselves alone you must rely, whether toiling in solitude or mingling in the hum and shock of men : —

"Then flung alone, or hand in hand,
In mirthful hour, or spirit solemn,
In lowly toil, or high command,
In social hall, or charging column;
In tempting wealth and trying woe,
In struggling with a mob's dictation,
In bearing back a foreign foe,
In training up a troubled nation;
Still hold to truth, abound in love,
Refusing every base compliance,
Your praise within, your prize above,
And live and die in self-reliance."

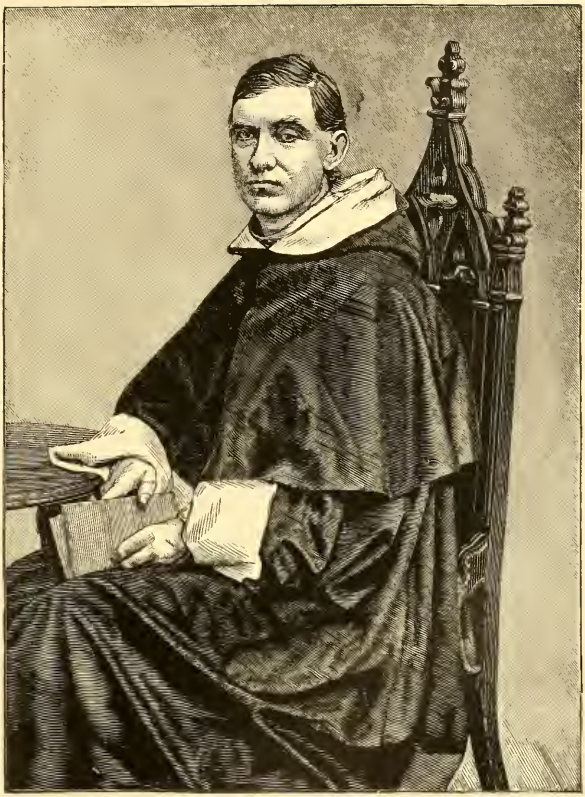
ANSWERS

TO FROUDE, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

BY

REV. THOMAS N. BURKE.

[201]



FATHER BURKE.

First Lecture.

Delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, November 12, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — It is a strange fact that the old battle, which has been raging for seven hundred years, should continue so far away from the old land. The question on which I am come to speak to you this evening is one that has been disputed at many a council board, one that has been disputed in many a parliament, one that has been disputed on many a well-fought field, and is not yet decided — the question between England and Ireland. Amongst the visitors to America who came over this year there was one gentleman distinguished in Europe for his style of writing and for his historical knowledge, the author of several works which have created a profound sensation, at least for their originality. Mr. Froude has frankly stated that he came over to this country to deal with the English and with the Irish question, viewing it from the English standpoint; that, like a true man, he came to America to make the best case that he could for his own country; that he came to state that case to an American public as to a grand jury, and to demand a verdict from them the most extraordinary that was ever yet demanded from any people — namely, the declaration that England was right in the manner in which she has treated my native land for seven hundred years. It seems, according to this learned gentleman, that we Irish have been badly treated; that he confesses, but he put in as a plea *that we only got what we deserved.* It is true, he says, that we have governed them badly; the reason is, because it was impossible to govern them rightly. It is true that we have robbed them; the reason is, because it was a pity to leave them

their own, they made such a bad use of it. It is true we have persecuted them; the reason is, persecution was a fashion of the time and the order of the day. On those pleas there is not a criminal in prison to-day in the United States that should not instantly get his freedom by acknowledging his crime and pleading some extenuating circumstance. Our ideas about Ireland have been all wrong, it seems. Seven hundred years ago the exigencies of the time demanded the foundation of a strong British empire; in order to do this, Ireland had to be conquered, and Ireland was conquered. Since that time the one ruling idea in the English mind has been to do all the good that they could for the Irish. Their legislation and their action has not always been tender, but it has been always beneficent. They sometimes were severe; but they were severe to us for our own good, and the difficulty of England has been the Irish during these long hundreds of years; they never understood their own interests or knew what was for their own good. Now, the American mind is enlightened, and henceforth no Irishman must complain of the past in this new light in which Mr. Froude puts it before us. Now, the amiable gentlemen tells us, what has been our fate in the past he greatly fears we must reconcile ourselves to in the future. He comes to tell us his version of the history of Ireland, and also to solve Ireland's difficulty, and to lead us out of all the miseries that have been our lot for hundreds of years. When he came, many persons questioned what was the motive or the reason of his coming. I have heard people speaking all round me, and assigning to the learned gentleman this motive or that. Some people said he was an emissary of the English government, that they sent him here because they were beginning to be afraid of the rising power of Ireland in this great nation; that they saw here eight millions of Irishmen by birth, and perhaps fourteen millions by descent; and that they knew enough of the Irish to realize that the Almighty God blessed them always with an extraordinary power, not only to preserve themselves, but to spread themselves, until in a few years not fourteen, but fifty millions of descendants of Irish blood and of Irish race will be in this land. According to those who thus surmise, England wants to check the sympathy of the American people for their Irish fellow-citizens; and it was considered that the best way to effect this was to send a learned man with a plausible story to this country, a

man with a singular power of viewing facts in the light which he wishes himself to view them and put them before others, a man with the extraordinary power of so mixing up these facts that many simple-minded people will look upon them as he puts them before them as true, and whose mission it was to alienate the mind of America from Ireland to-day by showing what an impracticable, obstinate, accursed race we are.

Others, again, surmise that the learned gentleman came for another purpose. They said, England is in the hour of her weakness; she is tottering fast and visibly to her ruin; the disruption of that old empire is visibly approaching; she is to-day cast off without an ally in Europe, her army a cipher, her fleet nothing — according to Mr. Reade, a great authority on this question — nothing to be compared to the rival fleet of the great Russian power now growing up. When France was paralyzed by her late defeat, England lost her best ally. The three emperors, in their meeting the other day, contemptuously ignored her, and they settled the affairs of the world without as much as mentioning the name of that kingdom, which was once so powerful. Her resources of coal and iron are failing, her people are discontented, and she is showing every sign of decay. Thus did some people argue that England was anxious for an American alliance; for, they said, "What would be more natural than that the old tottering empire should seek to lean on the strong, mighty, vigorous young arm of America?"

I have heard others say that the gentleman came over to this country on the invitation of a little *clique* of sectarian bigots in this country. Men who, feeling that the night of religious bigotry and sectarian bitterness is fast coming to a close before the increasing light of American intelligence and education, would fain prolong the darkness for an hour or two by whatever help Mr. Froude could lend them.

But I protest to you, gentlemen, here to-night that I have heard all these motives assigned to this learned man without giving them the least attention. I believe Mr. Froude's motives to be simple, straightforward, honorable and patriotic. I am willing to give him credit for the highest motives, and I consider him perfectly incapable of lending himself to any base or sordid proceedings from a base or sordid motive. But as the learned gentleman's motives have been so

freely canvassed and criticised, and, I believe, indeed, in many cases misinterpreted, so my own motives in coming here to-night may be perhaps also misinterpreted and misunderstood, unless I state them clearly and plainly. As he is said to come as an emissary of the English Government, so I may be said, perhaps, to appear as an emissary of rebellion or of revolution. As he is supposed by some to have the sinister motive of alienating the American mind from the Irish citizenship of the States, so I may be suspected of endeavoring to excite religious or political hatred.

Now, I protest these are not my motives; I come here to-night simply to vindicate the honor of Ireland in her history. I come here to-night lest any man should think that in this our day, or in any day, Ireland is to be left without a son, who will speak for the mother that bore him.

And first of all I hold that Mr. Froude is unfit for the task he has undertaken for three great reasons: First, because I find in the writings of this learned gentleman that he solemnly and emphatically declares that he despairs of ever finding a remedy for Ireland, and he gives it up as a bad job. Here are the words, written in one of his essays a few years ago: "The present hope," he says, "is that by assiduous justice" (that is to say, by conceding everything that the Irish please to ask) "we shall disarm that enmity, and convince them of our good will." It may be so; there are persons sanguine enough to hope that the Irish will be so moderate in what they demand, and the English so liberal in what they grant, that at last we shall fling ourselves into each other's arms in tears of mutual forgiveness. I do not share that expectation; it is more likely they will push their importunities until at last we turn upon them and refuse to yield further. And there will be a struggle once more; and either emigration to America will increase in volume until it has carried the entire race beyond our reach, or in some shape or other they will again have to be coerced into submission. "Banish them or coerce them": there is the true English speech. "My only remedy," he emphatically says, "my only hope, my only prospect for the future for Ireland is, let them all go to America; have done with the race; give to them a land at least that we have endeavored to make for seven hundred years a desert and a solitude; or, if they remain at home, they will have to be coerced into submission." I hold that

that man has no right to come to America to tell the American people and the Irish in America that he cannot describe the horoscope of Ireland's future. He ought to be ashamed to attempt it after having uttered such words.

The second reason why I say he is unfit for the task of describing Irish history is because of his contempt for the Irish people. The original sin of the Englishman has ever been his contempt for the Irish. It lies deep, though dormant, in the heart of almost every Englishman. The average Englishman despises the Irishman, looks down upon him as a being almost inferior in nature. Now, I speak not from prejudice, but from an intercourse of years, for I have lived amongst them. I have known Englishmen, amiable and generous themselves, charming characters, who would not for the whole world nourish wilfully a feeling of contempt in their hearts for any one, much less to express it in words; yet I have seen them manifest in a thousand forms that contempt for the Irish which seems to be their very nature. I am sorry to say that I cannot make any exception amongst the Protestants and Catholics of England in this feeling. I mention this not to excite animosity, or to create bad blood or bitter feeling — no, I protest this is not my meaning; but I mention this because I am convinced it lies at the very root of this antipathy and of that hatred between the English and Irish, which seems to be incurable, and I verily believe that until that feeling is destroyed you never can have cordial union between these two countries, and the only way to destroy it is by so raising Ireland through justice and by home legislation that she will attain such a position that she will command and enforce the respect of her English fellow-subjects. Mr. Froude himself, who, I am sure, is incapable of any ungenerous sentiment toward any man or any people, is an actual living example of that feeling of contempt of which I speak. In November, 1856, this learned gentleman addressed a Scottish assembly in Edinburgh. The subject of his address was, "The Effect of the Protestant Reformation upon Scottish Character." According to him, it made the Scotch the finest people on the face of the earth. Originally fine, they never got their last touch that made them, as it were, archangels amongst men, until the holy hand of John Knox touched them. On that occasion the learned gentleman introduced himself to his

Scottish audience in the following words: "I have undertaken," he says, "to speak this evening on the effects of the Reformation in Scotland, and I consider myself a very bold person to have come here on any such undertaking. In the first place, the subject is one with which it is presumptuous for a stranger to meddle. Great national movements can only be understood properly by the people whose disposition they represent. We see ourselves by our own history that Englishmen only can properly comprehend it. It is the same with every considerable nation that works out their own political and spiritual lives through tempers, humors, and passions peculiar to themselves, and the same disposition which produces the result is required to interpret it afterwards." Did the learned gentleman offer any such apology for entering so boldly upon the discussion of Irish affairs? Oh! no; there was no apology necessary; he was only going to speak of the mere Irish. There was no word to express his own fears that, perhaps, he did not understand the Irish character or the subject upon which he was about to treat; there was no apology to the Irish in America — the fourteen millions — if he so boldly was to take up their history, endeavoring to hold them up as a licentious, immoral, irreligious, contemptuous, obstinate, unconquerable race; not at all! It was not necessary; they were only Irish. If they were Scottish, then the learned gentleman would have come with a thousand apologies for his own presumption in venturing to approach such a delicate subject as the delineation of the sweet Scottish character, or anything connected with it. What, on the other hand, is his treatment of the Irish? I have — in this book before me — I have words that came from his pen, and I protest as I read them I feel every drop of my blood boil in my veins when the gentleman said, "The Irish may be good at the voting-booths, but they are no good to handle a rifle." He compares us in this essay to a "pack of hounds." He says: "To deliver Ireland — to give Ireland any meed — would be the same as if a gentleman, addressing his hounds, said, 'I give you your freedom; now, go out to act for yourselves.'" That is, he means to say, that, after worrying all the sheep in the neighborhood, they ended by tearing each other to pieces. I deplore this feeling. The man who is possessed of it can never understand the philosophy of Irish history.

Thirdly, Mr. Froude is utterly unfit for the task of delineating and interpreting the history of the Irish people because of the more than contempt and bitter hatred and detestation in which he holds the Catholic religion and the Catholic Church. In this book before me he speaks of the Catholic Church as an old serpent whose poisonous fangs have been withdrawn from her, and she is now as a Witch of Endor, mumbling curses to-day because she cannot burn at the stake and shed blood as of old. He most invariably charges the Church and makes her responsible for the French massacre of Saint Bartholomew's day; for the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, before those days, that originated from the revolution in the Netherlands against Philip the Second; for every murder that has been committed and fouler butchery. He says, from the virus of a most intense prejudice, that the Catholic Church lies at the bottom of them all, and is responsible for them. The very gentlemen that welcomed and surrounded him when he came to New York gave him plainly to understand where the Catholic religion is involved, where a favorite theory is to be worked out, where a favorite view is to be proved, that they did not consider him a reliable, trustworthy witness or, where his prejudices are concerned, historian. Yet I again declare — not that I believe this gentleman to be capable of lying: I believe he is incapable — but, wherever prejudice comes in such as he has, he distorts the most well-known facts for his own purposes. This gentleman wishes to exalt Queen Elizabeth by blackening Mary, Queen of Scots. In doing this he has been convicted by a citizen of Brooklyn of putting his own words as if they were the words of ancient chronicles and ancient laws, deeds and documents, and the taunt has been flung at him, "*that Mr. Froude has never grasped the meaning of inverted commas.*" Henry the Eighth, of blessed memory, has been painted by this historian as a most estimable man, as chaste and as holy as a monk, bless your soul! A man that never robbed anybody, who every day was burning with zeal for the public good. As to putting away his wife and taking in the young and beautiful Anne Boleyn to his embrace, that was from a chaste anxiety for the public good! All the atrocities of this monster in human form — all — melt away under Mr. Froude's eye, and Henry the Eighth rises before us in such a form that even the Protestants in England, when they heard Mr.

Froude's description of him, said: "Oh! you have mistaken your man, sir."

One fact will show you how this gentleman treats history: When King Henry the Eighth declared war against the Church, and when all England was convulsed by this tyranny — one day hanging a Catholic because he would not deny the supremacy of the Pope, the next day hanging a Protestant because he denied the Real Presence — anybody that differed from Henry was sure to be sent to the scaffold. It was a sure and expeditious way of silencing all argument.

During this time, when the monasteries were beginning to be pillaged, the Catholic clergy of England, especially those who remained faithful to the Pope, were most odious to the tyrant, and such was the slavish acquiescence of the English people that they began to hate their clergy in order to please their king. Well, at this time a certain man, whose name was Hunn, was lodged a prisoner in the Tower and hanged by the neck. There was a coroner's inquest held upon him, and the *twelve blackguards* — I can call them nothing else — in order to express their hatred for the Church and to please the powers which were, found a verdict against the chancellor of the Bishop of London, a most excellent priest, whom everybody knew to be such. When the bishop heard of this verdict, he applied to the Prime Minister to have the verdict quashed. He brought the matter before the House of Lords, in order that the character of his chancellor might be fully vindicated. The king's Attorney-General took cognizance of it by a solemn decree, and the verdict of the coroner's inquest was set aside, and the twelve men declared to be twelve perjurers. Now listen to Mr. Froude's version of that story. He says: "The clergy of the time were reduced to such a dreadful state that actually a coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder against the chancellor of the Bishop of London, and the bishop was obliged to apply to Cardinal Wolsey to have a special jury to try him, because if he took any twelve men in London, they would have found him guilty." Leaving the reader under the impression that this priest, this chancellor, was a monster of iniquity, and the priests of the time were as bad as he — leaving the impression that a man was guilty of the murder who was innocent as Abel, and who, if put for trial before twelve of his country-

men, they would have found him guilty on the evidence — this is the version he puts upon it, he knowing the facts as well as I know them.

Well, now, my friends, I come to consider the subject of his first lecture. Indeed, I must say I never practically experienced the difficulty of hunting a will-o'-the-wisp in a marsh until I came to follow this learned gentleman in his first lecture. I say nothing disrespectful of him at all, but simply say he covered so much ground at such unequal distances that it was impossible to follow him. He began by remarking how General Rufus King wrote such a letter about certain Irishmen, and said that the Catholics of Ireland sympathized with England, while the Protestants of Ireland were breast high for America in the old struggle between this country and Great Britain. All these questions which belong to our day I will leave aside for the close of these lectures. When I come to speak of the men and things of our own day, then I shall have great pleasure in taking up Mr. Froude's assertions. But, coming home to the great question of Ireland, what does this gentleman tell us? For seven hundred years Ireland was invaded by the Anglo-Normans. The first thing, apparently, that he wishes to do is to justify this invasion, and establish this principle, that the Normans were right in coming to Ireland. He began by drawing a terrible picture of the state of Ireland before the invasion. "They were cutting each other's throats, the whole land was covered with bloodshed. There was in Ireland neither religion, morality, nor government; therefore the Pope found it necessary to send the Normans to Ireland, as you would send a policeman in a saloon where the people were killing one another." This is his justification, that in Ireland, seven hundred years ago, just before the Norman invasion, there was neither religion, morality, or government. Let us see if he is right.

The first proof that he gives that there was no government in Ireland is a most insidious statement. He says, "How could there be any government in a country where every family maintained itself according to its own ideas of right and wrong, acknowledging no authority." Now, if this be true in our sense of the word "family," certainly Ireland was in a most deplorable state — every family governing itself according to its notions, and acknowledging no author-

ity. What does he mean by the words "every family"? Speaking to Americans in the nineteenth century, it means every household in the land. We speak of family as composed of father, mother, and three or four children gathered around the domestic hearth. This is our idea of the word family. I freely admit if every family in Ireland were governed by their own ideas, admitting of no authority over them, he has established his case in one thing against Ireland. But what is the meaning of the words "every family?" As every Irishman who hears me to-night knows, it meant the "sept," or the tribe, that had the same name. They owned two or three counties and a large extent of territory. The men of the same name were called the men of the same family. The MacMurraghs of Leinster, the O'Tooles of Wicklow, the O'Byrnes in Kildare, the O'Conors of Connaught, the O'Neils and the O'Donnells of Ulster. The family meant a nation. Two or three counties were governed by one chieftain and represented by one man of the sept. It is quite true that each family governed itself in its own independence, and acknowledged no superior. There were five great families in Ireland. The O'Conors in Connaught, the O'Neils in Ulster, the MacLaughlins in Meath, the O'Brien's in Munster, and the MacMurraghs in Leinster. And under these five great heads there were minor septs and smaller families, each counting from five or six hundred to perhaps a thousand fighting men, but all acknowledging in the different provinces the sovereignty of the five great royal houses. These five houses, again, elected their monarch, or supreme ruler, called the *Ard-righ*, who dwelt in Tara. Now, I ask you, if family meant the whole sept or tribe, or army in the field, defending their families, having their regular constituted authority and head, is it fair to say that the country was in anarchy because every family governed themselves according to their own notions? Is it fair for this gentleman to try to hoodwink and deceive the American jury, to which he has made his appeal, by describing the Irish family, which meant a sept or tribe, as a family of the nineteenth century, which means only the head of the house with the mother and the children?

Again he says: "In this deplorable state the people lived like the New Zealanders of to-day — lived in underground caves." And then he boldly says "that I myself opened up in Ireland one of these underground houses of the Irish people." Now, mark. This gen-

tleman lived in Ireland a few years ago, and he discovered a *rath* in Kerry. In it he found some remains of mussel-shells and bones. At the time of the discovery he had the most learned archæologist in Ireland with him, and they put together their heads about it. Mr. Froude has written in this very book "that what these places were intended for, or the uses they were applied to, baffled all conjecture; no one could tell." Then if it baffled all conjecture, and he did not know what to make of it — if it so puzzled him then that no man could declare what they were for — what right has he to come out to America and say they were the ordinary dwellings of the people?

In order to understand the Norman invasion, I must ask you to consider first, my friends, the ancient Irish constitution which governed the land. Ireland was governed by "septs," or families. The land from time immemorial was in the possession of these families or tribes; each tribe elected its own chieftain, and to him they paid the most devoted obedience and allegiance, so that the fidelity of the Irish *clansman* to his chief was proverbial. The chief, during his life-time, convoked an assembly of the tribe again, and they elected from amongst the princes of his family the best and the strongest man to be his successor, and they called him the *Tanist*. The object of this was that the successors of the king might be known, and at the king's death or the prince's death there might be no riot or bloodshed or contention for the right of succession to him. Was this not a wise law? The elective monarchy has its advantages. The best man comes to the front, because he is the choice of his fellow-men; for when they come to elect a successor to their prince, they choose the best man, not the king's eldest son, who might be a *booby* or a fool. And so they came together and wisely selected the best, the strongest, the bravest, and the wisest man; and he was acknowledged to have the right to the succession. He was the *Tanist*, according to the ancient law of Ireland. Well, these families, as we said, in the various provinces of Ireland owed allegiance and paid it to the king of the provinces. He was one of the five great families called "*The five great families of Ireland*." Each prince had his own judge or *brehon*, who administered justice in the court to the people. These *brehon* judges were learned men. The historians of the time tell us that they could speak Latin as fluently

as they could speak Irish. They had established a code of law, and all their colleges studied that law; and when they had graduated in their studies, came home to their respective septs or tribes, and were established as judges or *brehons* over the people. Nay, more; nowhere in the history of the island do we hear of an instance where a man rebelled or protested against the decision of his *brehon* judge. Then these five monarchs in the provinces elected an *Ard-righ*, or high-king. With him they sat in council on national matters within the halls of imperial Tara.

There Patrick found them in the year 432, minstrel, bard, and *brehon*, prince, crowned monarch and king; there did he find them discussing like lords and true men the affairs of the nation, when he preached to them the faith of Jesus Christ. And while this constitution remained the clansmen paid no rent for their land. The land of the tribe or family was held in common. It was the common property of all, and the *brehon* or judge divided it, and gave to each man what was necessary for him, with free right to pasturage over the whole. They had no idea of slavery or serfdom among them. The Irish clansman was of the same blood with his chieftain. O'Brien, who sat in the saddle at the head of his men, was (?) related to (!) Gallowglass O'Brien that was in the ranks. No such thing as looking down by the chieftains upon their people. No such thing as a cowed abject submission upon the part of the people to a tyrannical chieftain. In the ranks they stood as freemen, freemen perfectly equal one with the other. We are told by Gerald Barry, the lying historian, who sometimes, though rarely, told the truth, that when the English came to Ireland nothing astonished them more than the free and bold manner in which the humblest man spoke to his chieftain, and the condescending kindness and spirit of equality in which the chieftain treated the humblest soldier in his tribe.

This was the ancient Irish constitution, my friends. And, now, does this look anything like anarchy? Can it be said with truth of a land where the laws were so well defined, where everything was in its proper place, that *there* was anarchy? Mr. Froude says, "*There was* anarchy there, because the chieftains were fighting among themselves." So they were, but he also adds, "There was fighting everywhere in Europe after the breaking up of the Roman Empire." Well, Mr. Froude, fighting was going on everywhere, the Saxons

were fighting the Normans around them in England, and what right have you to say that Ireland, beyond all other nations, was given up to anarchy because chieftain drew the sword against chieftain from time to time.

So much for the question of government. Now for the question of religion. The Catholic religion flourished in Ireland for 600 years and more before the Anglo-Normans invaded her coasts. For the first 300 years that religion was the glory of the world and the pride of God's holy Church. Ireland for these 300 years was the island-mother home of saints and of scholars. Men came from every country in the then known world to light the lamps of knowledge and of sanctity at the sacred fire upon the altars of Ireland. Then came the Danes, and for 300 years our people were harrassed by incessant war. The Danes, as Mr. Froude remarks, apparently with a great deal of approval, had no respect for Christ or for religion, and the first thing they did was to set fire to the churches and monasteries. The nuns and holy monks were scattered, and the people left without instruction. Through a time of war men don't have much time to think of religion or things of peace, and for 300 years Ireland was subject to the incursions of the Danes. On Good Friday morning, in the year 1014, Brian Boroihme defeated the Danes at Clontarf; but it was not until the 23d of August, 1103, in the twelfth century, that the Danes were driven out of the land, by the defeat of Magnus, their (?) king, at (?) Lochstransford, in the (?) centre of Ireland. The consequence of these Danish wars was that the Catholic religion, though it remained in all its vital strength, in all the purity of its faith amongst the Irish people, yet it remained sadly shorn of that sanctity which adorned for the first 300 years Irish Christianity. Vices sprung up amongst the people, for they were accustomed to war! *war!* WAR! night and day for three centuries. Where is the people on the face of the earth that would not be utterly demoralized by fifty years of war, much less by 300? The Wars of the Roses in England did not last more than three years, and they left the English people so demoralized that almost without a struggle they changed their religion at the dictates of the bloodthirsty and licentious tyrant, Henry VIII.

No sooner was the Dane gone than the Irish people summoned their bishops and their priests to council, and we find almost every

year after the final expulsion of the Dane a council held. There gathered the bishops, priests, the leaders, and the chieftains of the land, the heads of the great septs or families. There they made those laws by which they endeavored to repair all the evils of the Danish invasion. Strict laws of Christian morality were enforced, and again and again we find these councils assembled to receive a Papal legate — Cardinal Papero in the year 1164, five years before the Norman invasion. They invited the Papal legate to the council, and we find the Irish people every year after the Norman invasion obeying the laws of the council without a murmur. We find the council of Irish bishops assembled, supported by the sword and power of the chieftains, with the Pope's legate, who was received into Ireland with open arms whenever his master sent him, without let or hindrance. When he arrived he was surrounded with all the devotion and chivalrous affection which the Irish have always paid to their representatives of religion in the country.

And, my friends, it is worth our while to see what was the consequence of all these councils, what was the result of this great religious revival which was taking place in Ireland during the few years that elapsed between the last Danish invasion and the invasion of the Normans. We find three Irish saints reigning together in the Church. We find St. Malachi, one of the greatest saints, Primate of Armagh; we find him succeeded by St. Celsus, and again, by Gregorius, whose name is a name high up in the martyrology of the time. We find in Dublin St. Lawrence O'Toole, of glorious memory. We find Felix and Christian, Bishops of Lismore; Catholicus, of Down; Augustin, of Waterford; and every man of them famed, not only in Ireland, but throughout the whole Church of God, for the greatness of their learning and for the brightness of their sanctity. We find at the same time Irish monks famous for their learning as men of their class, and as famous for their sanctity. In the great Irish Benedictine Monastery of Ratisbon we find Lawrence and twelve other Irish monks. We find, moreover, that the very year before the Normans arrived in Ireland, in 1168, a great council was held at Athboy, thirteen thousand Irishmen representing the nation. Thirteen thousand warriors on horseback attended the council, and the bishops and priests with their chiefs, to take the laws they made from them and hear whatever the Church commanded

them to obey. What was the result of all this? Ah! my friends, I am not speaking from any prejudiced point of view. It has been said "that if Mr. Froude gives the history of Ireland from an outside view, of course Father Burke would have to give it from an inside view." Now, I am not giving it from an inside view; I am only quoting English authorities. I find that in this very interval between the Danish and Saxon invasion, Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, writing to O'Brien, King of Munster, congratulates him on the religious spirit of his people. I find St. Anselm, one of the greatest saints that ever lived, and Archbishop of Canterbury under William Rufus, writes to Murtagh, King of Munster: "I give thanks to God," he says, "for the many good things we hear of your highness, and especially for the profound peace which the subjects of your realm enjoy. All good men who hear this give thanks to God and pray that he may grant you length of days." The man who wrote that perhaps was thinking while he was writing of the awful anarchy, impiety, and darkness of the most dense and terrible kind which covered his own land of England in the reign of the Red King William Rufus. And yet we are told, indeed, by Mr. Froude — a good judge he seems to be of religion; for he says in one of his lectures: "Religion is a thing of which one man knows as much as another, and none of us knows anything at all" — he tells us that the Irish were without religion at the very time when the Irish Church was forming itself into the model of sanctity which it was at the time of the Danish invasion, when Roderic O'Conor, King of Connaught, was acknowledged by every prince and chieftain in the land to be the high-king, or *Ard-righ*.

Now, as far as regards what he says — "that Ireland was without morality" — I have but little to say. I will answer that by one fact. A king of Ireland stole another man's wife. His name — accursed! — was Dermot MacMurragh, King of Leinster. Every chieftain in Ireland, every man, rose up and banished him from Irish soil as unworthy to live on it. If these were the immoral people — if these were the bestial, incestuous, depraved race which they are described by leading Norman authorities to be — may I ask you might not King Dermot turn round and say: "Why are you making war upon me: is it not the order of the day? Have I not as good a right to be a blackguard as anybody else?" Now comes Mr. Froude, and

says: "The Normans were sent to Ireland to teach the Ten Commandments to the Irish." In the language of Shakspere, I would say: "Oh! Jew, I thank thee for that word." In these Ten Commandments the three most important are, in their relation to human society, "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

The Normans, even in Mr. Froude's view, had no right or title under heaven to one square inch of the soil of Ireland. They came to take what was not their own, what they had no right or title to; and they came as robbers and thieves to teach the Ten Commandments to the Irish people, amongst them the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

Henry landed in Ireland in 1171. He was after murdering the holy Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Thomas à Becket. They scattered his brains before the foot of the altar, before the Blessed Sacrament at the Vesper hour. The blood of the saint and martyr was upon his hands when he came to Ireland to teach the Irish, "Thou shalt not kill." What was the occasion of their coming? When the adulterer was driven from the sacred soil of Erin as one unworthy to profane it by his tread, he went over to Henry, and procured from him a letter permitting any of his subjects that chose to embark for Ireland to do so, and there to reinstate the adulterous tyrant King Dermot in his kingdom. They came there as protectors and helpers of adultery to teach the Irish people, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

Mr. Froude tells us they were right, that they were the apostles of purity, honesty, and clemency. Mr. Froude "*is an honorable man.*" Ah! but he says, Remember, my good Dominican friend, "that if they came to Ireland, they came because the Pope sent them." Henry, in the year 1174, produced a letter, which he said he received from Pope Adrian IV., which commissioned himself to Ireland, and permitted him there, according to the terms of the letter, to do whatever he thought right and fit to promote the glory of God and the good of the people. The date that was on the letter was 1154, consequently it was twenty years old. During the twenty years nobody ever heard of that letter, except Henry, who had it in his pocket, and an old man, called John of Salisbury, who wrote how he went to Rome and procured the letter in a hugger-mugger

way from the Pope. Now, let us examine this letter. It has been examined by a better authority than me. It has been examined by one who is here to-night, who has brought to bear upon it the acumen of his great knowledge. It was dated, according to Rhymer, the great English authority, 1154. Pope Adrian was elected Pope the 3d of December, 1154. No sooner was the news of his election received in England than John of Salisbury was sent out to congratulate him by King Henry, and to get this letter. It must have been the 3d of January, 1155, before the news reached England; for in those days no news could come to England from Rome in less than a month. John of Salisbury set out, and it must have been another month, the end of February or the beginning of March, 1155, before he arrived in Rome, and the letter *was dated* 1154. This date of Rhymer's was found inconvenient, wherever he got it, and the current date afterwards was 1155. "But there was a copy of it kept in the archives of Rome, and how do you get over that?" The copy had no date at all! Now, this copy, according to Baronius, had no date at all, and, according to the Roman laws, a rescript that has no date is invalid, just so much waste-paper; so that even if Pope Adrian gave it, it is worth nothing. Again, learned authors tell us that the existence of a document in the archives of Rome does not prove the authority of the document. It may be kept there as a mere historical record.

But suppose that Pope Adrian *had* given the letter to Henry, and Henry had kept it so secret because his mother, the Empress Matilda, did not want him to act upon it. Well, when he did act upon it, why did he not produce it? That was the only warrant on which he came to Ireland, invaded the country, and he never breathed a word to a human being about that letter. There is a lie on the face of it! Oh! Mr. Froude reminded me "to remember that Alexander III., his successor, mentions that rescript of Adrian's, and confirms it." I answer, with Dr. Lynch and the learned author, Dr. Moran, of Ossory, and with many Irish scholars and historians, that *Alexander's* letter is a forgery as well as Adrian's,

I grant that there are learned men who admit the Bull of Adrian and Alexander's rescript; but there are equally learned men who deny that Bull, and I have as good reason to believe one as the other, and *I prefer to believe it was a forgery*. Alexander's letter bears

the date 1172. Now, let us see whether it is likely for the Pope Alexander to give Henry such a letter, recommending him to go to Ireland, the beloved son of the Lord, to take care of the Church, etc. Remember it is said that Adrian gave the rescript, and did not know the man he gave it to. But Alexander knew him well! Henry, in 1159 and 1176, supported the Anti-Popes against Alexander, and, according to Matthew of Westminster, King Henry II., obliged every one in England, from the boy of twelve years of age to the old man, to renounce their allegiance to Alexander III., and go over to the Anti-Popes. Now, is it likely that Alexander would give him a rescript telling him to go to Ireland then and settle ecclesiastical matters? Alexander himself wrote to Henry, and said to him: "Instead of remedying the disorders caused by your predecessors, you have added prevarication to prevarication; you have oppressed the Church, and endeavored to destroy the canons of apostolical men."

Such is the man that Alexander sent to Ireland to make them good people. According to Mr. Froude, "the Irish never loved the Pope until the Normans taught them." What is the fact? Until the accursed Norman came to Ireland the Papal legate always came to the land at his pleasure. No king ever obstructed him; no Irish hand was ever raised against a bishop, priest of the land, or Papal legate. After the first legate, Cardinal Vivian, passed over to England, Henry took him by the throat and made him swear that when he went to Ireland he would do nothing against the interests of the king. It was an unheard-of thing that archbishops and cardinals should be persecuted until the Normans taught the world how to do it with their accursed feudal system, concentrating all power in the king.

Ah! bitterly did Lawrence O'Toole feel it, the great heroic saint of Ireland, when he went to England on his last voyage. The moment he arrived in England the king's officers made him prisoner. The king left orders that he was never to set foot in Ireland again.

It was this man that was sent over as an apostle of morality to Ireland; he who was the man accused of violating the betrothed wife of his own son, Richard I.; a man whose crimes will not bear repetition; a man who was believed by Europe to be possessed of the devil; a man of whom it is written "that when he got into a fit of

anger he tore off his clothes and sat naked, chewing straw like a beast." Furthermore, is it likely that a Pope who knew him so well, who suffered so much from him, would have sent him to Ireland — the murderer of bishops, the robber of churches, the destroyer of ecclesiastical liberty, and every form of liberty that came before him. No! I never will believe that the Pope of Rome was so very short-sighted, so unjust, as by a stroke of his pen to abolish and destroy the liberties of the most faithful people who ever bowed down in allegiance to him.

But let us suppose that Pope Adrian gave the Bull. I hold still it was of no account, because it was obtained under false pretences; for he told the Pope, "The Irish are in a state of miserable existence," which did not exist. Secondly, he told a lie, and according to the Roman law, a Papal rescript obtained on a lie was null and void. Again, when Henry told the Pope, when he gave him that rescript and power to go to Ireland, that he would fix everything right, and do everything for the glory of God and the good of the people, he had no intention of doing it, and never did it; consequently the rescript was null and void.

But suppose the rescript was valid. Well, my friends, what power did it give Henry? Did it give him the land of Ireland? Not a bit of it. All it was that the Pope said was, "I give you power to enter Ireland, there to do what is necessary for the glory of God and the good of the people." At most, he said he wished of the Irish chieftains to acknowledge his high sovereignty over the land. Now, you must know that in these early Middle Ages there were two kinds of sovereignty. There was a sovereignty that ruled the people and the land, the king governing these, as the kings and emperors do in Europe to-day. Besides this, there was a sovereignty which required the homage only of the chieftains of the land, but which left them in perfect liberty and in perfect independence. The latter demanded a nominal tribute of their homage and worship, and nothing more. This was all evidently that the Pope of Rome claimed in Ireland, if he permitted so much; and the proof of it here lies, that when Henry II. came to Ireland he did not claim of the Irish kings that they should give up their sovereignty. He left Roderic O'Conor, King of Connaught, acknowledging him as a fellow-king: he acknowledged his royalty, and confirmed him when he demanded

of him the allegiance and the homage of a feudal prince, a feudal sovereign, leaving him in perfect independence.

Again, let us suppose that Henry intended to conquer Ireland and bring it into slavery; did he succeed? Was there a conquest at all? Nothing like it. He came to Ireland, and the kings and princes of the Irish people said to him: "Well, we are willing to acknowledge your high sovereignty; you are the Lord of Ireland, but we are the owners of the land. It is simply acknowledging your title as Lord of Ireland, nothing more." If he intended anything more, he never carried out his intention; he was able to conquer that portion which was held before by the Danes, but not outside. It is a fact that when the Irish had driven the Danes out of Ireland at Clontarf, as they were always straightforward and generous in the hour of their triumph, they permitted the Danes to remain in Dublin, Wexford, Wicklow, and Waterford, and from the Hill of Howth to Waterford. The consequence was that the whole eastern shore of Ireland was in the possession of the Danes. The Normans came over, and were regarded by the Irish as cousins to the Danes, and only took the Danish territory, and nothing more; and they were willing to share with them. Therefore there was no cause now for Mr. Froude's second justification of these most iniquitous acts, that Ireland was a prey to the Danes. He says the Danes came to the land and made the Irish people ferocious, and leaves his hearers to infer that the Danish wars in Ireland were only a succession of individual and ferocious contests between tribe and tribe, and between man and man; whereas they were a magnificent trial of strength between two of the greatest and strongest nations that ever met foot to foot or hand to hand on a battle-field. The Danes were unconquerable.

The Celt for 300 years fought with them, and disputed every inch of the land with them, filled every valley in the land with their dead bodies, and in the end drove them back into the North Sea and freed his native land from their domination. This magnificent contest is represented by this historian as a mere ferocious onslaught, daily renewed, between man and man in Ireland. The Normans arrived, and we have seen how they were received. The Butlers and Fitzgeralds went down into Kildare, the De Berminghams and Burkes went down into Connaught. The people offered them very little opposition, gave them a portion of their lands, and welcomed them

amongst them; they began to love them as if they were their own flesh and blood. But, my friends, these Normans, so haughty in England, who despised the Saxons so bitterly that their name for the Saxon was "villein," or churl, who would not allow a Saxon to sit at the same table with them, who never thought of intermarrying with the Saxons for many long years; the proud Norman, ferocious in his passions, brave as a lion, formed by his Crusades and Saracenic wars the bravest warrior of his times, this steel-clad knight disdained the Saxon. Even one of their followers, Gerald Barry, speaking of the Saxons, says: "I am a Welshman. Who would think of comparing the Welsh with the Saxon boors, the basest race on the face of the earth. They fought one battle, and when the Normans conquered them they consented to be slaves forevermore. Who would compare them with the Welsh, the Celtic race," says this man, "with the brave, intellectual, and magnanimous race of the Celts?" Now, my friends, when these Normans went down into Ireland amongst the Irish people, went out from the Danish portion of the pale, what is the first thing that we see? They threw off their Norman traits, forgot their Norman-French language, and took to the Irish, took Irish wives, and were glad to get them, and adopted Irish customs, until in 200 years after the Norman invasion we find that these proud descendants of William Fitz Adhelm, the Earls of Clanricarde, changed their names to MacWilliam Burkes *oughter* and *eeghter* (or the upper and lower sons of William) in the time of Lionel, Duke of Clarence; and as they called themselves by the name, so they adopted the language and customs of the country. During the four hundred sad years that followed the Norman invasion down to the accession of Henry VIII., Mr. Froude has nothing to say but that Ireland was in a constant state of anarchy and confusion, and it is too true. It is perfectly true. Chieftain against chieftain! It was comparative peace before the invasion, but when the Normans came in they drew them on by craft and cunning. The ancient historian, Strabo, says: "The Gauls always march openly to their end, and they are therefore easily circumvented." So when the Normans came and the Saxons, they sowed dissensions among the people, they stirred them up against each other, and the bold, hot blood of the Celt was always ready to engage in contest and in war. What was the secret of that incessant and desolating war?

There is no history more painful to read than the history of the Irish people from the day that the Norman landed on their coast until the day when the great issue of Protestantism was put before the nation, and when Irishmen rallied in that great day as one man. My friends, the true secret is that early and constant effort of the English to force upon Ireland the feudal system, and consequently to rob the Irish of every inch of their land and to exterminate the Celtic race. I lay this down as the one secret, the one thread, by which you may unravel the tangled skein of our history for the 400 years that followed the Norman invasion. The Normans and the Saxons came with the express purpose and design of taking every foot of land in Ireland and exterminating the Celtic race. It is an awful thing to think of, but we have evidence for it. First of all, Henry II., whilst he made his treaties with the Irish king, secretly divided the whole of Ireland into ten portions, and allowed each of these portions to one of his Norman knights. In a word, he robbed the Irish people and the Irish chieftains of every single foot of land in the Irish territory. It is true they were not able to take possession. It is as if a master robber were to divide the booty before it is taken. It is far easier to assign property not yet stolen than to put the thieves in possession of it. There were Irish hands and Irish battle-blades in the way for many a long year, nor has it been accomplished to this day. In order to root out the Celtic race and to destroy us, mark the measures of legislation which followed.

First of all, my friends, whenever an Englishman was put in possession of an acre of land he got the right to trespass upon his Irish neighbors, and to take their land as far as he could, and they had no action in a court of law to recover their land. If an Irishman brought an action at law against an Englishman for taking half of his field or for trespassing upon his land, according to the law from the very beginning, that Irishman was sent out of court, there was no action, the Englishman was perfectly justified. Worse than this, they made laws declaring that the killing of an Irishman was no felony. Sir John Davis tells us how, upon a certain occasion at the assizes of Waterford, in the 29th of Edward I., a certain Thomas Butler brought an action against Robert de Almay to recover certain goods that Robert had stolen from him. The case was brought into court. Robert acknowledged that he had stolen the goods, that he

was a thief. The defence that he put in was that Thomas, the man he had plundered, was *an Irishman*. The case was tried. Now, my friends, just think of it! The issue that was put before the jury was *whether Thomas, the plaintiff, was an Irishman or an Englishman?* Robert, the thief, was obliged to give back the goods, for the jury found Thomas was an Englishman. But if the jury found that Thomas was an Irishman, he might go without the goods; there was no action against him. We find upon the same authority, Sir John Davis, a description of a certain occasion at Waterford where a man named Robert Welsh killed an Irishman. He was arraigned and tried for manslaughter, and he, without the slightest difficulty, acknowledged it. "Yes, I did kill him; you cannot try me for it, for he was an Irishman." Instantly he was let out of the dock, on condition, as the Irishman was in the service at the time of an English master, he should pay whatever he compelled him to pay for the loss of his services, and the murderer might go scot free. "Not only," says Sir John Davis, "were the Irish considered aliens, but they were considered enemies, insomuch that though an Englishman might settle upon an Irishman's land there was no redress, but if an Irishman wished to buy an acre of land from an Englishman, he could not do it. So they kept the land they had, and they were always adding to it by plunder; they could steal without ever buying any. If any man made a will and left an acre of land to an Irishman, the moment it was proved that he was an Irishman the land was forfeited to the Crown of England, even if it was only left in trust to him, as we have two very striking examples. We read that a certain James Butler left some lands in Meath in trust for charitable purposes, and he left them to his two chaplains. It was proved that the two priests were Irishmen, and that it was left to them in trust for charitable purposes; yet the land was forfeited because the two men were Irishmen. Later, on a certain occasion, Mrs. Catharine Dowdall, a pious woman, made a will, leaving some land, also for charitable purposes, to her chaplain, and the land was forfeited because the priest was an Irishman. In the year 1367, Lionel, third son of Edward III., Duke of Clarence, came to Ireland, held a parliament, and passed certain laws in Kilkenny. You will scarcely believe what I am going to tell you. Some of them were as follows: "If any man speak the Irish language, or keep company with the

Irish, or adopt Irish customs, his lands shall be taken from him and forfeited to the Crown of England." "If any Englishman married an Irishwoman," what do you think was the penalty? He was sentenced to be half hanged, to have his heart cut out before he was dead, and to have his head struck off, and every right to his land passed to the Crown of England. "Thus," says Sir John Davis, "it is evident that the constant design of English legislation in Ireland was to possess the best Irish lands and to extirpate and exterminate the Irish people."

Citizens of America, Mr. Froude came here to appeal to you for your verdict, and he asks you to say, Was not England justified in her treatment of Ireland because the Irish people would not submit? Now, citizens of America, would not the Irish people be the vilest dogs on the face of the earth if they submitted to such treatment as this? Would they be worthy of the name of men if they submitted to be robbed, plundered, and degraded? It is true that in all this legislation we see this same spirit of contempt of which I spoke in the beginning of my lecture. But, remember, it was these Saxon churls that were thus despised, and ask yourselves what race they treated with so much contumely, and attempted in every way to degrade, whilst they were ruining and robbing. Gerald Barry, the liar, speaking of the Irish race, said: "The Irish came from the grandest race that he knew of on this side of the world, and there are no better people under the sun." By the word "better" he meant more valiant and more intellectual. Those who came over from England were called Saxon "hogs," or churls, while the Irish called them *Buddagh Sassenach.* These were the men who showed in the very system by which they were governed that they could not understand the nature of a people who refused to be slaves. They were slaves themselves. Consider the history of the feudal system under which they lived. According to the feudal system of government the king of England was lord of every inch of land in England: every foot of land in England was the king's, and the nobles who had the land held it from the king, and held it under feudal conditions the most degrading that can be imagined. For instance, if a man died and left his heir, a son or daughter, under age, the heir or heiress, together with the estate, went into the hands of the king. He might, perhaps, leave a widow with ten children;

she would have to support all the children herself out of her dower, but the estate and the eldest son or the eldest daughter went into the hands of the king. Then, during their minority, the king could spend the revenues or could sell the castle and sell the estate without being questioned by any one; and when the son or daughter came of age, he then sold them in marriage to the highest bidder. We have Godfrey of Mandeville buying for twenty thousand marks from King John the hand of Isabella, Countess of Gloucester. We have Isabella de Linjera, another heiress, offering two hundred marks to King John — for what? — for liberty to marry whoever she liked, and not to be obliged to marry the man he would give her. If a widow lost her husband, the moment the breath was out of him the lady and the estate were in the possession of the king, and he might squander the estate or do whatever he liked with it, and then he could sell the woman. We have a curious example of this. We have Alice, Countess of Warwick, paying King John one thousand pounds sterling in gold for leave to remain a widow as long as she liked, and then to marry any one she liked. This was the slavery called the feudal system, of which Mr. Froude is so proud, and of which he says, "It lay at the root of all that is noble and good in Europe." The Irish could not understand it, small blame to them! But when the Irish people found that they were to be hunted down like wolves — found their lands were to be taken from them, and that there was no redress — over and over again the Irish people sent up petitions to the King of England to give them the benefit of the English law and they would be amenable to it, but they were denied and told that they should remain as they were — that is to say, England was determined to extirpate them and get every foot of Irish soil. This is the one leading idea or principle which animates England in her treatment of Ireland throughout those four hundred years, and it is the only clue you can find to that turmoil and misery and constant fighting which was going on in Ireland during that time. Sir James Cusick, the English commissioner sent over by Henry VIII., wrote to his majesty these quaint words: "The Irish be of opinion amongst themselves that the English wish to get all their land and to root them out completely." He just struck the nail on the head. Mr. Froude himself acknowledges that the land question lies at the root of the

whole business. Nay more, the feudal system would have handed over every inch of land in Ireland to the Norman king and his Norman nobles, and the O'Briens, the O'Tooles, the O'Donnells, and the O'Conors were of more ancient and better blood than that of William, the bastard Norman.

The Saxon might submit to feudal law and be crushed into a slave, a clod of the earth; the Celt never would. England's great mistake — in my soul I am convinced that the great mistake, of all others the greatest — lay in this, that the English people never realized the fact that in dealing with the Irish they had to deal with the proudest race upon the face of the earth. During these wars the Norman earls, the Ormonds, the Desmonds, the Geraldines, the De Burghs, were at the head and front of every rebellion: the English complained of them, and said they were worse than the Irish rebels, constantly stirring up disorders. Do you know the reason why? Because they as Normans were under the feudal law, and therefore the king's sheriff would come down on them at every turn with fines and forfeitures of the land held from the king; so by keeping the country in disorder they were always able to be sheriffs, and they preferred the Irish freedom to the English feudalism; therefore they fomented and kept up these discords. It was the boast of my kinsmen of Clanricarde that, with the blessing of God, they would never allow a king's writ to run in Connaught. Dealing with this period in our history, Mr. Froude says that the Irish chieftains and their septs, or tribes, were doing this or that, the Geraldines, the Desmonds, and the Ormonds. I say: "Slowly, Mr. Froude! that the Geraldines and the Ormonds were not the Irish people; so don't father their acts upon the Irish; the Irish chieftains have enough to answer for." During these four hundred years I protest to you that, in this most melancholy period of our sad history, I have found but two cases, two instances that cheer me, and both were the actions of Irish chieftains. In one we find that Turlough O'Conor put away his wife; she was one of the O'Briens. Theobald Burke, one of the Earls of Clanricarde, lived with the woman. With the spirit of their heroic ancestors, the Irish chieftains of Connaught came together, deposed him and drove him out of the place. Later on we find another chieftain, Brian McMahon, who induced O'Donnell, chief of the Hebrides, to put away his lawful wife and marry a daughter of his own. The

following year they fell out, and McMahon drowned his own son-in-law. The chiefs, O'Donnell and O'Neill, came together with their forces and deposed McMahon in the cause of virtue, honor, and womanhood. I have looked in vain through these four hundred years for one single trait of generosity or of the assertion of virtue amongst the Anglo-Norman chiefs, and the dark picture is only relieved by these two gleams of Irish patriotism and Irish zeal in the cause of virtue, honor, and purity.

Now, my friends, Mr. Froude opened another question in his first lecture. He said that all this time, while the English monarchs were engaged in trying to subjugate Scotland and subdue their French provinces, the Irish were rapidly gaining ground, coming in and entering the pale year by year; the English power in Ireland was in danger of annihilation, and the only thing that saved it was the love of the Irish for their own independent way of fighting, which, though favorable to freedom, was hostile to national unity. He says, speaking of that time, "Would it not have been better to have allowed the Irish chieftains to govern their own people? Freedom to whom? Freedom to the bad, to the violent — it is no freedom." I deny that the Irish chieftains, with all their faults, were, as a class, bad men or violent. I deny that they were engaged, as Mr. Froude says, in cutting their people's throats, that they were a people who would never be satisfied. Mr. Froude tells us emphatically and significantly that the "Irish people were satisfied with their chieftains;" but the people are not satisfied under a system where their throats are being cut. The Irish chieftains were the bane of Ireland by their divisions; the Irish chieftains were the ruin of their country by their want of union and want of generous acquiescence to some great and noble head that would save them by uniting them; the Irish chieftains, even in the days of the heroic Edward Bruce, did not rally around him as they ought. In their divisions is the secret of Ireland's slavery and ruin through those years. But, with all that, history attests that they were still magnanimous enough to be the fathers of their people, and to be the natural leaders, as God intended them to be, of their septs, families and namesakes. And they struck whatever blow they did strike in what they imagined to be the cause of right, justice and principle, and the only blow that

came in the cause of outraged honor and purity came from the hand of the Irish chiefs in those dark and dreadful years.

I will endeavor to follow this learned gentleman in his subsequent lectures. Now a darker cloud than that of mere invasion is lowering over Ireland; now comes the demon of religious discord, the sword of religious persecution waving over the distracted and exhausted land. And we shall see whether this historian has entered into the spirit of the great contest that followed, and that in our day has ended in a glorious victory for Ireland's Church and Ireland's nationality, and which will be followed as assuredly by a still more glorious future.

MASSACRE AT DROGHEDA.

Second Lecture.

Delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, November 14, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — We come now to consider the second lecture of the eminent English historian who has come among us. It covers one of the most interesting and terrible passages in our history, and takes in three reigns — the reign of Henry VIII., the reign of Elizabeth, and the reign of James I. I scarcely consider the reign of Edward VI., or of Philip and Mary, worth counting. Mr. Froude began his second lecture with a rather startling paradox. He asserted that Henry VIII. was a hater of disorder. Now, my friends, every man in this world has his hero; and, consciously or unconsciously, every man selects some character out of history that he admires, until at length, by continually dwelling on the virtues and excellences of his hero, he comes to almost worship him. From among the grand historic names written in the world's annals every man is free to select whom he likes best, and using this privilege, Mr. Froude has made the most singular selection of which you or I ever heard. His hero is Henry VIII. It speaks volumes for the integrity of Mr. Froude's own mind. It is a strong argument that he possesses a charity most sublime that he is enabled to discover virtues in the historical character of one of the greatest monsters that ever cursed the earth. But he has succeeded in this, to us, apparent impossibility, and discovered, among other shining virtues, in the character of the English Nero a great love for order and hatred of disorder. Well, we must stop at the very first sentence of the learned gentlemen and enquire how much truth there is in it, and how much only a figment of imagina-

tion. All order in the state is based on three grand principles, my friends: first, the supremacy of the law; second, respect for liberty of conscience; and, third, a tender regard for that which lies at the foundation of all human society — namely, the sanctity of the marriage tie.

The first element of order in every state is the supremacy of the law, for in this lies the very quintessence of human freedom and of order. The law is supposed to be, according to the definition of Aquinas, "the judgment pronounced by profound reason and intellect, thinking and legislating for the public good." The law is therefore the expression of reason — reason backed by authority, reason influenced by the noble motive of the public good. This being the nature of law, the very first thing that is demanded for the law is that every man shall bow down to it and obey it. No man in any community has any right to claim exemption from obedience to the law, least of all the man at the head of the community, because he is supposed to represent the nation and nation's spirit, and to give to the people an example of virtue and of obedience to the law. Was Henry VIII. an upholder of the law? was he obedient to England's law? I deny it, and I have the evidence of history to back me in that denial, and to prove that Henry VIII. was one of the greatest enemies of freedom and law that ever lived in this world, and consequently one of the greatest tyrants. I shall only give one example out of ten thousand which might be taken from the history of the time. When Henry VIII. broke with the Pope, he called upon his subjects to acknowledge him (bless the mark!) as the spiritual head of the Church. There were three abbots of three Charter-houses in London — the Abbot of London, the Abbot of Asciolum, and the Abbot Belaval. These three abbots refused to acknowledge Henry as the supreme spiritual head of the Church. They were arrested and held for trial, and a jury of twelve citizens was impanelled to try them. The first principle of English law, the grand palladium of English legislation and freedom, is the perfect liberty of a jury. A jury must be free, not only from coercion, but from prejudice and prejudgment. A jury must be impartial, and free to record the verdict at which their impartial judgment has arrived. Those twelve men refused to convict the three abbots of high treason. Their decision was grounded on this, it has never

been known in England that it was high treason to deny the spiritual supremacy of the king. Henry sent word to the jury that if they did not find the accused guilty he would visit upon the jury the penalties which he had intended for the abbots. Thus did he defy the rights guaranteed to the English people in the charter of England's liberties, the Magna Charta, and trample upon the first grand element of English jurisprudence — the liberty of the jury. Citizens of America, would any of you like to be tried for treason by twelve men of whom the President of the United States had said that they must find you guilty or the penalties of treason would be visited to them. Where would be the liberty and law with which you are fortunately blessed, if your trials by jury were conducted after the pattern of Mr. Froude's lover of order and hater of disorder, Henry VIII? When Henry prohibited the Catholic religion among his subjects, what did he give them instead? Certainly not Protestantism, for to the last day of his life if he could have laid hands on Luther, he would have made a toast of him. *He heard Mass up to his death, and after his death a solemn High Mass was celebrated over his inflated corpse, that the Lord might have mercy on his soul.* Ah! my friends, some other poor soul, I suppose, got the benefit of that Mass.

The second grand element is respect for conscience. The conscience of man, and consequently of a nation, is supposed to be the great guide in all the relations that individuals or the people bear to God. Conscience is so free that Almighty God himself respects it. It is a theological axiom that if a man does wrong when he thinks he is doing right, the wrong will not be attributed to him by Almighty God. Was this man Henry a respecter of conscience? Out of ten thousand instances of his contempt for liberty of conscience — let me select one. He ordered the people of England to change their religion, and to give up that grand system of dogmatic teaching which is in the Catholic Church, where every man knows what to believe, what to do, and what to avoid. And what religion did Henry offer to the people of England? He simply said to them: Every man in the land must agree with me in whatever I decide in religion. More than this, his Parliament — a slavish Parliament — every man afraid of his life — passed a law not only making it high treason to disagree with the king in anything that he believed, but

that no man should dispute anything which the king should even believe at any future time. No man was allowed to have a conscience. "I am your conscience," he said to the nation; "I am your infallible guide in what you have to believe and what you have to do, and any man who disputes my infallibility is guilty of high treason, and I will stain my hands in his heart's blood."

The third great element of order is the great keystone of the arch of society — the sanctity of the marriage vow. Whatever else is interfered with, that must not be touched, for the Lord says, "Whom God joins together let no man put asunder." No power in heaven or in earth, much less in hell, can dissolve the tie of marriage. But the hero, this "lover of order and hater of disorder," had so little respect for the sanctity of marriage that he put away from him, brutally, his lawful wife, and took in her stead, while she was yet living, a woman supposed to be his own daughter. He married six wives. Two he repudiated, divorced; two he beheaded; one died in childbirth; the sixth and the last, Catherine Parr, found her name among the list of destined victims in Henry's book, and would have had her head cut off had the monster lived a few days longer. I ask you if it is not too much in face of these facts, taken from history, for Mr. Froude to come before an enlightened and intelligent American public and ask them to believe the absurd paradox that Henry VIII. was an admirer of order and a hater of disorder.

But Mr. Froude may say this is not fair; I said in my lecture that I would have nothing to do with Henry VIII.'s matrimonial transactions. Ah! Mr. Froude, you were wise. But at least Mr. Froude says, In his relations to Ireland "I claim that he was a hater of disorder," and the proofs he gives are as follows:

First, he says that one of the curses of Ireland is absentee landlords, and he is right. Henry VIII., he says, put an end to that absenteeism in the simplest way imaginable. He took the estates from the absentees and gave them to other people who were willing to live on them. That sounds very plausible. Let us analyze it. During the Wars of the Roses between Lancaster and York, which preceded the Reformation in England, many old Anglo-Norman families settled in Ireland crossed over to England and joined in the fight. It was an English question and an English war, and the consequence was that many English settlers in Ireland abandoned their

estates to take part in it. Others again left Ireland because they had large English properties, and preferred to reside in England. When Henry VIII. ascended the throne, the English pale consisted of about one-half of the counties of Louth, Meath, Wicklow, Dublin, and Wexford. According to Mr. Froude, Henry did a great act of justice in taking the estates of the English absentees and parcelling them out among his own favorites and friends. It is a historic fact that the Irish people, as soon as the English settlers retired, came in and repossessed themselves of these estates, which were their own property. And mark, my friends, that even had the Irish people no title to that property as their ancient and God-given inheritance, they had the right which is everywhere recognized, *Bona derelicta sunt primi capientis* — which, in plain English, means that things abandoned belong to the man who is first to get hold of them. But much more just was the title of the Irish to the lands abandoned by the English. The lands were their own. They had been unjustly dispossessed of them, and they had the right to regain them. They therefore had two titles. The land was theirs because they found it untenanted, theirs because they had once owned it and never lost the right of it. But Henry, being a lover of order, dispossessed the absentees of their estates and turned the property over to other Englishmen, men who would live in Ireland and on the land, and Mr. Froude claims that in so doing he acted well for the Irish people. But the doing of this involved the driving of the Irish people a second time from their own property. Suppose that the President of the United States should seize your property and give it to a friend of his, and say to you, "Now, my friend and fellow-citizen, remember I am a lover of order; I have given you a resident landlord." Such was the benefit which Henry conferred on Ireland in turning out the Irish owners to give place to English resident landlords.

In 1520 Henry sent the Earl of Surrey to Ireland. Surrey was a brave soldier, a stern, rigorous man. Henry thought that by sending him over and backing him with an army he would be able to reduce to order the disorderly elements of the Irish nation. That disorder reigned in Ireland I readily admit. But in tracing that disorder to its cause I claim that the cause is not to be found in any inherent restlessness of the Irish character, though they are fond of

a fight, I grant that; but the main cause was the unjust and inhuman legislation of English rulers for four hundred years, and the presence in Ireland of the Anglo-Norman chieftains, who were anxious to foment disturbance in order that they might escape the payment of their dues to the king. Surrey came over and found — brave, accomplished general as he was — that the Irish were too much for him. He said to Henry, "The only way to subdue this people is to conquer them utterly; to go in with fire and sword." This, Surrey felt, could not be done, for the country was too extensive, the situation too unfavorable, and the population too determined to be subjected. Then Henry took up a policy of conciliation. Mr. Froude gives the English monarch great credit for trying to conciliate the Irish. He did it because he could not help it. There is a passage, my friends, in the correspondence between Surrey and Henry which speaks volumes. The earl says that when he arrived in Ireland he found the people in the midst of war and confusion; but the people who were really the source of the confusion he declared to be not so much the Irish as the Anglo-Norman lords in Ireland. Here is the passage:

"The two Irish chieftains, McConnal Oge and McCarty Ruah, or Red McCarty, are more favorable to order than some Englishmen here."

In the letter of one of Ireland's bitter enemies is found the answer to Mr. Froude's repeated assertion that the Irish are so disorderly and so averse to good government that to reduce them to order you have to sweep them away altogether. The next feature of Surrey's policy was to set chieftain against chieftain. He writes:

"I am endeavoring to perpetuate the animosity between O'Donnell and O'Niall in Ulster. It would be dangerful to have both agree and join together."

Well may Mr. Froude say that when the Irish are a unit they will be invincible, and no power on earth can keep us slaves. Surrey says:

"It would be dangerful if both should agree and join together. The longer they continue in war the better it shall be for your gracious majesty's poor subjects here."

Mark the spirit of that letter, showing as it does the whole policy of England's treatment of Ireland. He does not speak of the Irish

as subjects of the King of England. There is not the slightest consideration for the unfortunate Irish who are being baited against each other. Let them contend the longer in war, the more will be swept away, and "the better it will be for your gracious majesty's poor subjects here." The whole object of Henry's policy and Henry's legislation was to protect the settlers and exterminate the Irish.

Sir John Davidson, Attorney-General to James I., writing of English legislation, said that for hundreds of years it had been merciless to Ireland.

Then the Earl of Surrey having failed to reduce the Irish, Henry, according to Mr. Froude, tried home rule in Ireland. Here Mr. Froude tries to make a point for his hero. Irishmen, he says, admire this man who tried the experiment of home rule in your country, and finding you were not able to govern yourselves, he had to take a whip and drive you. One would imagine that home rule means that Irishmen should have the management of their own affairs and make their own laws. For home rule means this or nothing. Home rule must be a delusion and a snare, or it means that the Irish people have a right to assemble in parliament, govern themselves, and make their own laws. But Henry's rule meant first this: the appointment of the Earl of Kildare to be Lord Lieutenant and Deputy. Henry did not say to the Irish nation, "Send your representatives to national parliament and make your own laws;" he did not call on the Irish chieftains to govern the country, on O'Brien, O'Neill, McCarty, or O'Donnell, on the men who had the right by inheritance and lineage to govern Ireland. He said to the Anglo-Norman lords, the most quarrelsome, unnatural, and restless class that I have ever read of in history, "Take the government in your own hands." And see the consequences. The Norman lords are no sooner left to govern than they make war on Ireland. The first thing that Kildare does is to summon an army and lay waste the territories of his Irish fellow-chieftains around him, and after a time the Anglo-Normans fell out among themselves. The great Anglo-Norman family of the Butlers were jealous of Kildare, who was a Fitzgerald. They procured his imprisonment for treason, and in truth Kildare did carry on a treasonable correspondence with Francis I. of France and Charles V. of Germany. When Kildare was lodged in the Tower of London, his son, Silken Thomas, re-

volted, because he believed that his father was about to be put to death. King Henry declared war against him, and Thomas against the king. The consequence of the war was that the whole province of Munster and a part of Leinster were ravaged, people destroyed and villages burned, until there was nothing left to feed man or beast; and this was the result of Henry's "home rule." Kildare's appointment as Lord Deputy led to the almost utter ruin of the Irish people.

Perhaps you will ask me, Did the Irish people take part in that war so as to justify Henry VIII.? I will answer by saying they took no part, for it was an English business from the beginning to the end. The Irish chieftains took no interest in that war. We read that only O'Carroll, and O'Moore of Ossory, and another — that these were the only Irish chieftains that took part in the matter at all. These three chieftains of whom I speak were of very small importance, and by no means represented the Irish people of Munster or any other Irish province. And yet from this very fact we are made to believe that the Irish people joined and agreed with the party of whom Henry VIII. was the head.

Mr. Froude goes on to say, "The Irish people got to like Henry VIII." If they did, I do not admire their taste. "He pleased (he might have said blessed) them," said Mr. Froude, "and they got fond of him." Then he goes on to show the reason why it was that "Henry never showed any disposition to dispossess the Irish people of their lands or to exterminate them." Honest Henry! I take him up on that point. Is that true, or is it not? Fortunately for the Irish historian, the state papers are open to us as well as to Mr. Froude. What do the state papers of the reign of Henry VIII. tell us? They tell us that a project was formed during the reign of this monarch to bring the whole Irish nation into Connaught, which meant dispossession, or, in other words, extermination. Of this fact there is no question. Henry VIII. had a proclamation issued to that effect. The Council governing Ireland sanctioned it, and the people of England desired it so much that the paper on this subject ends with these words:

"In consequence of certain promises brought to pass, there shall no Irish be on this side of the waters of Shannon unprosecuted, unsubdued, and unexiled. Then shall the English pale be well two hundred miles in length and more."

More than this, we have the evidence of the state papers of the time of Henry VIII., meditating and contemplating the utter extirpation, the utter sweeping away and destroying, of the whole Irish race; for we find the Lord Deputy of the Council of Dublin writing to his majesty, and here are his words:

"They tell him that his project is impracticable. The land is very large, by estimation as large as England; so that to inhabit the whole with new inhabitants the numbers would be so great that there is no prince in Christendom that would conscientiously allow so many subjects to depart out of his realms."

Not enough of English subjects to fill up the place of the Irish. Humanity indeed! Extirpate the whole race! was the cry. But this could not be done, considering the great difficulty the new inhabitants would have to contend with. But then the document goes on to say:

"This is a difficult process (this extermination) considering the misery those Irishmen can endure — viz., both hunger, cold, and thirst, and these a great deal more than the inhabitants of any other land."

They sought utterly to banish from Ireland the people of that land. Great God! This (Henry VIII.) is the man that Mr. Froude tells us is the friend of Ireland. This is the man who is "the great admirer of order and the hater of disorder." Certainly he was about to create a magnificent order of things, for his idea was, if the people are troublesome and you want to reduce them to quiet, "kill them all." Just look at it. It is just like those nurses who do the baby farming in England — on the principle of farming out children. When the child is a little cross or disagreeably unmanageable, they give him a dose of poison and it quiets him. Do you know the reason why Henry VIII. pleased them? for there is no doubt about it they were greatly pleased with this great English monarch. While he made an outward show of conciliating them, he was meditating the utter ruin and destruction of the Irish race, and he had the good sense to keep it to himself, and it only comes out in his state papers. He treated the Irish with a certain amount of courtesy and politeness. Henry was a man of learning, accomplished, and of very elegant manners. A man with a bland smile, who could give you a cordial shake hands. It is true the next day he might

have your head cut off, but still he had the manners of a gentleman. It is a strange fact that the two most gentlemanly kings of England were the two greatest scoundrels that ever lived on the earth — namely, Henry VIII. and George IV. Accordingly, he dealt with the Irish people with a certain amount of civility and courtesy. He did not go on, like all his predecessors before him, saying: "You are the king's enemies; you are to be all put to death; you are without the pale of the law; you are barbarians and savages and I will have nothing to say to you." Henry said: "Let us see. Can't we arrange all difficulties and live in peace and quietness?" And the Irish people were charmed with his kind manner. Ah! my friends, it is true there was a black heart beneath that smiling face, and it is also true that the very fact that Mr. Froude acknowledges, that Henry VIII. had a certain amount of popularity in the beginning among the Irish people, proves that if England only knew how to treat Ireland with respect and courtesy and kindness, it would long since have gained possession of the fidelity of that unhappy country, instead of embittering it by the injustice, the tyranny, and the cruelty of her laws. And that is what I meant when on last Tuesday evening I said that the English contempt for Irishmen is a real evil that lies at the root of all the bad spirit that exists between the two nations, for the simple reason that the Irish people are too intellectual, too pure, too noble, too heroic to allow themselves to be humbled and enchained, and their pride to be despised.

And now, my friends, Mr. Froude went on to give us a proof of the great love the Irish people have for Harry the Eighth. He says they were so fond of this king that actually, at the king's request, Ireland threw the Pope overboard. Why was it that they threw the Pope overboard? We will see. Now, Mr. Froude, fond as we were of our glorious Harry the Eighth, we were not so enamored of him as you think. We had not fallen so deeply in love with him as to give up the Pope for him. What are the facts of the case? Henry about the year 1530, got into difficulties with the Pope. He commenced by asserting his own authority as head of the Catholic Church, and picked out an apostate monk, who had neither a character for conscientiousness nor virtue, and had him consecrated the first Archbishop of Dublin — George Brown. He sent Brown to Dublin with a commission to get the Irish nation to follow in the

wake of the English, and to throw the Pope overboard and acknowledge Henry's supremacy. Brown arrived in Dublin. He called the bishops together and said: "I think you must change your allegiance. You must give up the Pope and take Henry, King of England, in his stead." Cramer, the Archbishop, said, "What blasphemy is this that I hear? Ireland will never change her faith, renounce her Catholicity; and she would have to renounce it by renouncing the head of the Catholic Church." And the bishops of all Ireland followed the Primate, all the pastors of Ireland followed the Primate, and George Brown wrote the most lugubrious letter to Thomas Cromwell, and in it he said, among other things, "I would return to England, only I am afraid the king would have my head taken off. I am afraid to return to England." Three years later, however, Brown and the Lord Deputy summoned a parliament, and it was at this parliament of 1537, according to Mr. Froude, that Ireland threw the Pope overboard. Now, what are the facts? A parliament was assembled, and from time immemorial in Ireland whenever a parliament was assembled there were three delegates, called proctors, from every district in Ireland, who sat in the House by virtue of their office. When the parliament was called, the first thing they did was to banish the three proctors and deprive them of their seats in the House. Without the slightest justice, without the slightest show or pretence of either right, or law, or justice, the proctors were excluded, and so the ecclesiastical element of Ireland was precluded from the parliament of 1537. Then, partly by bribes and threats, the Irish little boroughs that surrounded Dublin took an oath that Henry was head of the Church, and Mr. Froude calls this the apostasy of the Irish nation. With that strange want of knowledge, for I can call it nothing else, he imagines that the Irish remained Catholics, even though he asserts they gave up the Pope. They took, he says, the oath — bishops and all — and thereby acknowledged Henry VIII.'s supremacy. But, nevertheless, they did not become Protestants, they still remained Catholic; and the reason why they didn't take to Elizabeth was because she wanted to entail on them the Protestant religion as well as the oath of supremacy. The Catholic Church and its doctrines they abided by, and they believed then, as they do now, that there is no man a Catholic who is not in communion with the Pope of Rome. Henry VIII.,

who was a learned man, had too much logic and too much theology, and too much sense to become what is called a Protestant. He never embraced the doctrines of Luther, but held on to every idea of Catholic doctrine to the very last day of his life, except that he refused to acknowledge the Pope, and on the day that Henry VIII. refused to acknowledge the Pope he refused to be a Catholic. To pretend that the Irish people were so ignorant as to imagine that they could throw the Pope overboard and still remain Catholic is to offer to the genius and intelligence of Ireland a gratuitous insult. It is true that some of the bishops apostatized. They took the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII. Their names will ever be held in contempt by the Irish people.

Five bishops only apostatized. The rest of Ireland's episcopacy remained faithful. George Brown, the apostate Archbishop of Dublin, acknowledged that of all the priests in the diocese of Dublin he could only induce three to take the oath of spiritual allegiance to Henry VIII. There was a priest in Connaught, Dominic Tirrell, and he took the oath of allegiance simply because he was offered the diocese of Cork. Alexander Devereaux, Abbot of Dunbardy, was given the diocese of Ferns, in the County of Wexford, in order to induce him to swear allegiance to the English king. These are all the names that represent the national apostasy of Ireland. Out of so many hundreds eight were found wanting, and still Mr. Froude tells us the Irish bishops and priests threw the Pope overboard. He (Mr. Froude) makes another assertion, and I regret he made it. I refer to it because there is much in the learned gentleman to admire and esteem. He asserts that the bishops of Ireland in those days were immoral men; that they had families; that they were not like the venerable men we see in the episcopacy of to-day. Now, I assert there is not a shred of testimony to bear up Mr. Froude in this wild assertion. I have read the history of Ireland — national, civil, ecclesiastical — as far as I could, and nowhere have I seen even an allegation which lays a proof of immorality against the Irish clergy or their bishops at the time of the Reformation. But perhaps when Mr. Froude said this he meant the apostate bishops. If so, I am willing to grant him whatever he charges against them, and the heavier it is the more pleased I am to see it going against them.

The next passage in the relation of Henry VIII. to Ireland, goes

to prove that Ireland did not throw the Pope overboard. My friends, in the year 1541 a Parliament assembled in Dublin and declared that Henry VIII. was King of Ireland. They had been four hundred years and more fighting for the title, and at length it is conferred by the Irish Parliament upon the English monarch. Two years later, in gratitude to the Irish Parliament, Henry called the Irish chieftains together at Greenwich to a grand assembly, and on the first day of July, 1543, he gave the Irish chieftains their English titles. O'Neill of Ulster got the title of Earl of Tyrone; the glorious O'Donnell the title of Earl of Tyrconnel; Ulric McWilliams Burke, Earl of Clanricarde; Fitzpatrick received the name of Baron of Ossory, and they returned to Ireland with their new titles. Henry, however, open-handed, poor generous fellow—and he was really very generous—gave those chieftains not only the titles, but a vast amount of property — only it happened to be stolen from the Catholic Church. He was an exceedingly generous man with other people's goods. He had a good deal of that spirit of which Artemus Ward makes mention. He (Artemus Ward) says he was "quite contented to see his wife's first cousin go to the war." In order to effect the reformation in question in Ireland, Henry gave to these worthy earls with their English titles all the abbey lands and convents and churches within their possessions. The consequence was he enriched them, and to the eternal shame of the O'Neill and O'Donnell, McWilliams Burke, and the Fitzpatrick of Ossory, they had the cowardliness and weakness to accept those things at his hands. They came home with the spoil of the monasteries, but the Irish people were as true as they were before the day when the Irish chieftains proved false to their country. Nowhere in the previous history of Ireland do we find the clans rising against their chieftain. Nowhere do we hear of the O'Neill or O'Donnell dispossessed by his own people. But on this occasion when they came home mark what followed. O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, when he arrived in Munster, found half his dominions in rebellion against him. With reference to McWilliams Burke, Earl of Clanricarde, when his people heard that their leader had accepted the abbey lands, the first thing they did was to set up against him another man, with the title of McWilliam Ulric de Burgh. O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, was taken when he came home by his own son, and put into confinement and died there, all his people abandoning him.

O'Donnell of Tyrconnel came home, and his own son and all his people rose against him and drove him out from the midst of them. Now, I say in the face of all this Mr. Froude is not right in saying that Ireland threw the Pope overboard. These people came home not Protestants but schismatics, and very bad Catholics, and Ireland would not stand it.

Henry died in 1547, and I really believe that with all the badness of his heart, had he lived a few years longer his life would not have been a curse but a blessing to Ireland, for the reason that those who came after him were worse than himself. He was succeeded by his infant son, Edward VI., who was under the care or guardianship of the Duke of Somerset. He was a thoroughgoing Protestant. Somerset didn't believe in the people's supremacy, and was opposed to anything that favored the Catholic Church. He sent over his orders to put his laws in force against the Church. Consequently the churches were pillaged, the Catholic priests were driven out, and, as Mr. Froude puts it, "the implements of superstition were put down." The implements of superstition, as Mr. Froude calls them, were "Jesus Christ crucified," the statues of his Blessed Mother, and his saints. All these things were pulled down and destroyed. The ancient statue of Our Lady at Trim (County Meath) was broken. The churches were burned, and torn down, and, as Mr. Froude puts it, "Ireland was taught that she must yield to the new order of things or stand by the Pope." "Her national ideas become for evermore inseparably linked with the Catholic religion." Glory to you, Mr. Froude! He has not forgotten to mention the fact that from that time to the present hour Ireland's independence and Ireland's religion became inseparably and irrevocably one. If the learned gentleman were present, I have no doubt that he would rise up and bow his thanks to you for the hearty manner in which you have received his sentiments. And I am sure that, as he is not here, he will not take it ill of me when I thank you in his name. Bloody Mary was a Catholic, without a doubt. She persecuted her Protestant subjects. Speaking of her in his lecture, Mr. Froude says: "There was no persecution of Protestants in Ireland, because there were no Protestants to be persecuted." And he goes on to say: "Those who were in Ireland when Mary came to the throne fled." I must take the learned historian to task on this. The insinuation is, that if the

Protestants had been in Ireland the Irish would have persecuted them. The impression he desires to leave on the mind is that we Catholics would be only too glad to stain our hands in the blood of our fellow-citizens on the question of religion. But what are the facts? The facts are that during the reign of Edward VI., and during all the years of his father's apostacy from the Catholic Church, there were sent over to Ireland as bishops men whom even English historians have convicted and condemned of almost every crime. As soon as Mary came to the throne these gentlemen did not wait to be ordered out; they went out of their own accord. They thought it was the best of their play to clear out at once. But so far as regards the Irish people, I claim for my native land that she never persecuted on account of religion. I am proud, in addressing an American audience, to be able to lay this high claim for Ireland. The genius of the Irish people is not a persecuting genius. There is not a people on the face of the earth so attached to the Christian religion as the Irish race. There is not a people on the face of the earth so unwilling to persecute or shed blood in the cause of religion as the Irish. And here are my proofs: Mr. Froude says that the Protestants made off as soon as Queen Mary came to the throne, but Sir James Ware in his annals tells us that the Protestants were being persecuted in England under Mary, and that they actually fled over to Ireland for protection He gives even the names of some of them. He tells us that John Harvey, Abel Ellis, Joseph Edmunds, and Henry Hall, natives of Cheshire, in England, came over to Ireland to avoid persecution in England, and they brought with them a Welsh Protestant minister named Thomas Jones. These four gentlemen were received so cordially, were welcomed so hospitably, that they actually founded a highly respectable mercantile family in Dublin. But we have another magnificent proof that the Irish are not a persecuting race. When James II. assembled his Catholic Parliament in Ireland in 1689, after they had been robbed and plundered, imprisoned and put to death for their adherence to the Catholic faith, at last the wheel gave a turn, and in 1689 the Catholics were up and the Protestants were down. That Parliament assembled to the number of 228 members. The Celtic or Catholic element had a sweeping majority. What was the first

law that they made? The very first law that the Catholic parliament passed was as follows:

"We hereby declare that it is the law of this land of Ireland that neither now nor ever again shall any man be persecuted for his religion."

That was the retaliation we took on them. Was it not magnificent? Was it not a grand, a magnificent specimen of that spirit of Christianity, that spirit of forgiveness and charity without which, if it be not in a man, all the dogmatic truths that ever were revealed won't save him? Now, coming to Good Queen Bess, as she is called. I must say that Mr. Froude bears very heavily upon her, and speaks of her really in language as terrific in its severity as any that I could use, and far more, for I have not the learning nor the eloquence of Mr. Froude. He says one little thing of her, however, that is worthy of remark:

"Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword, but when she did draw it she never sheathed it until the star of freedom was fixed upon her banner, never to pale."

That is a very eloquent passage; but the soul of eloquence is truth. Is it true strictly that Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword? Answer it, ye Irish annals. Answer it, O history of Ireland! Elizabeth came to reign in 1558. The following year, in 1559, there was a Parliament assembled by her order in Dublin. What do you think of the laws of that Parliament? It was not a Catholic Parliament, nor an Irish Parliament. It consisted of 76 members. Generally speaking, parliaments in Ireland used to have from 220 to 230 members. This Parliament of Elizabeth consisted of 76 picked men. The laws that that Parliament made were, first:

Any clergyman not using the Book of Common Prayer [the Protestant Prayer-Book], or using any other form, either in public or in private, the first time that he is discovered, shall be deprived of his benefice for one year, and suffer imprisonment in jail for six months; for the second offence he shall be put in jail at the queen's pleasure — to be let out whenever she thought proper. For the third offence he was to be put in close confinement for life. This is the lady that was unwilling to draw the sword, and this was the very year she was crowned queen — the very year. She scarcely waited

a year. This was the woman reluctant to draw the sword. So much for the priests; now for the laymen.

If a layman was discovered using any other prayer-book except Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book, he was to be put in jail for one year; and if he was caught doing it a second time, he was to be put in prison for the rest of his life. Every Sunday the people were obliged to go to the Protestant church, and if any one refused to go, for every time that he refused he was fined twelve pence — that would be about twelve shillings of our present money — and besides the fine he was to endure the censures of the church. "The star of freedom," says Mr. Froude, "was never to pale. The queen drew the sword in the cause of the star of freedom!" But, my friends, freedom meant whatever was in Elizabeth's mind. Freedom meant slavery tenfold increased, with the addition of religious persecution to the unfortunate Irish. If this be Mr. Froude's ideal of the star of freedom, all I can say is, the sooner such stars fall from the canopy of heaven and of the world's history the better. The condition of the Irish Church: in what state was the Irish Church? Upon that subject we have the authority of the Protestant historian, Leland. There were 220 parish churches in Meath, and after a few years' time there were only 105 of them left with the roofs on. "All over the kingdom," says Leland, "the people were left without any religious worship, and under the pretence of obeying the orders of the state they seized all the most valuable furniture of the churches, which was actually exposed to sale without decency or reserve." A number of hungry adventurers were let loose upon the Irish churches and upon the Irish people by Elizabeth. They not only robbed them and plundered their churches, but they shed the blood of the bishops and priests and of the people of Ireland in torrents, as Mr. Froude himself acknowledges. He tells us that after the second rebellion of the Geraldines, such was the state to which the fair province of Munster was reduced that you might go through the land from the farmost point of Kerry until you came into the eastern plains of Tipperary, and you would not as much as hear the whistle of a ploughboy or behold the face of a living man. But the trenches and ditches were filled with the corpses of the people, and the country was reduced to a desolate wilderness. The poet Spenser describes it most emphatically. Even he, case-hardened as he was, — for he was one of the plunderers and

persecutors himself, — acknowledged that the state of Munster was such that no man could look upon it with a dry eye. Sir Henry Sidney, one of Elizabeth's deputies, speaks of the condition of the country as follows:

"Such horrible spectacles are to be beheld as the burning of villages, the ruin of towns, yea, the view of the bones and skulls of the dead, who, partly by murder and partly by famine, have died in the fields. It is such that hardly any Christian can behold with a dry eye."

Her own minister — I take his testimony of the state to which this terrible woman reduced unhappy Ireland, Stratford, another English authority, says:

"I knew it was bad, and very bad, in Ireland, but that it was so terrible I did not believe."

In the midst of all this persecution, what was still the reigning idea in the mind of the English Government? To root out and to extirpate the Irish from their own land, added to which was now the element of religious discord and persecution. It is evident that this was still in the minds of the English people. Elizabeth, who, Mr. Froude says, never dispossessed any Irishman of an acre of land, during the war which she waged in the latter days of her reign against O'Neill threw out such hints as these:

"The more slaughter there is the better it will be for my English subjects, the more land they will get."

This is the woman whom Mr. Froude tells us never confiscated and never listened to the idea of confiscation of property. This woman, when the Geraldines were destroyed, took the whole of the vast estates of the Earl of Desmond and gave them to her English settlers. She confiscated millions of acres. And in the face of strict truths, recorded and stamped by history, I cannot see how any man can come forward and say of this atrocious woman that whatever she did she intended it for the good of Ireland.

In 1602 she died, after reigning forty-one years, leaving Ireland at the hour of her death one vast slaughter-house. Munster was reduced to the state described by Spenser. Connaught was made a wilderness after the rebellion of the Clanricardes, or the Burke family. Ulster, through the agency of Lord Mountjoy, was left the very picture of desolation. The glorious Red Hugh O'Donnell and the

magnificent Hugh O'Neill were crushed and defeated after fifteen years of war, and the consequence was that when James I. succeeded Elizabeth he found Ireland almost a wilderness.

Mr. Froude, in his rapid historical sketch, says that all this fruit brought revenge, and he tells us that in 1641 the Irish rose in rebellion. So they did. Now, he makes one statement, and with the refutation of that statement I will close this lecture. Mr. Froude tells us that in the rising under Sir Phelim O'Neill in 1642 there were 38,000 Protestants massacred by the Irish. This is a grave charge, and if it be true, all I can say is that I blush for my fathers. But if it be not true, why repeat it? Why not wipe it out from the records? It is true that Ireland rose under Sir Phelim O'Neill. At that time there was a Protestant parson in Ireland who called himself a minister of the Word of God. He gives his account of the whole transaction in a letter to the people of England, begging of them to help their fellow-Protestants of Ireland. Here are his words:

"It was the intention of the Irish to massacre all the English. On Saturday they were to disarm them, on Sunday to seize all their cattle and goods, and on Monday they were to cut all the English throats. The former they executed; the third — that is, the massacre — they failed in."

Pettit, another English authority, tells us that there were 30,000 Protestants massacred at that time. A man of the name of May foots it up at 200,000. I suppose he thought, in for a penny in for a pound. But there was an honest Protestant clergyman in Ireland who examined minutely into the details of the whole conspiracy, and of all the evils that came from it. What does he tell us? "I have discovered," he said — and he gives proofs, state papers and authentic records — "that the Irish Catholics in that rising massacred 2,100 Protestants; that other Protestants said that there were 1,600 more; and that some Irish authorities themselves say there were 3,000, making altogether 4,600."

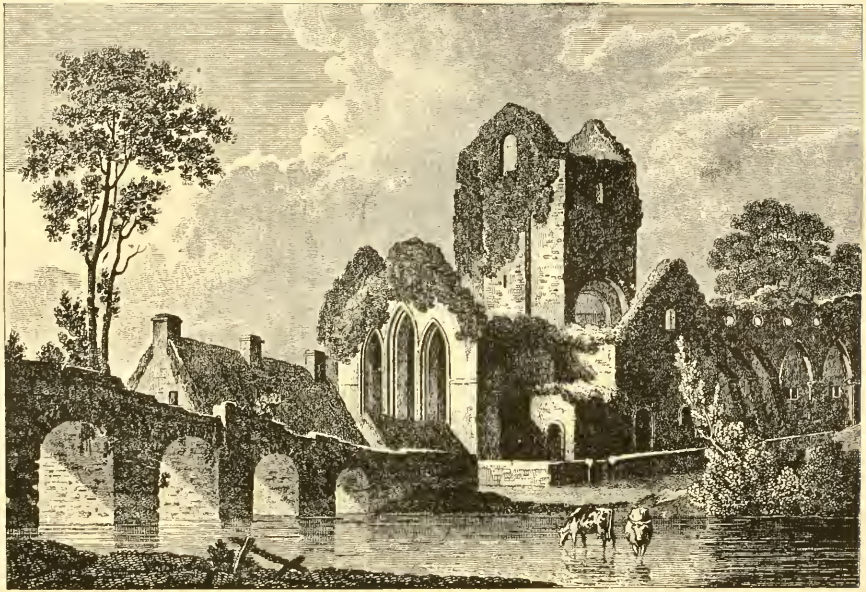
This is the massacre Mr. Froude speaks of. He tosses off so calmly, 38,000 Protestants were massacred; that is to say, he multiplies the original number by ten; whereas Mr. Warner, the authority in question, says that there were 2,100, and I am unwilling to believe in the additional numbers that have been sent in.

After all the sufferings and persecutions which Ireland had endured

at the hands of English Protestants, I ask you to set these two authorities before your mind. Contrast them and give me a fair verdict.

Is there anything recorded in history more terrible than the persistent, undying resolution, so clearly manifested, of the English Government to root out, to extirpate, and destroy the people of Ireland? Is there anything recorded in history more unjust than this systematic constitutional robbery of a people whom the Almighty God created in that island, to whom he gave that island, and who had the aboriginal right to every inch of Irish soil? On the other hand, can history bring forth a more magnificent spectacle than the calm, firm, united resolution with which Ireland stood in defence of her religion, and gave up all things rather than sacrifice what she conceived to be the cause of truth? Mr. Froude does not believe that it is the cause of truth. I do not blame him; every man has a right to his religious opinions. But Ireland believed that it was the cause of truth, and Ireland stood for it like one man.

I speak of all these things only historically. I do not believe in animosity. I am no believer in bad blood. I do not believe with Mr. Froude that the question of Ireland's difficulties must remain without a solution; I do not give it up in despair; but this I do say, that he has no right, nor has any other man the right, to come before the audience of America that has never persecuted in the cause of religion — of America, that respects the rights even of the meanest citizen upon her soil — and to ask that American people to sanction by their verdict the robberies and persecutions of which England is guilty!



BOYLE ABBEY, COUNTY OF ROSCOMMON.

Third Lecture.

Delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, November 19, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I now approach, in answering Mr. Froude, some of the most awful periods of our history, and I confess that I approach this terrible ground with hesitancy, and with an extreme regret that Mr. Froude should have opened up questions which oblige an Irishman to undergo the pain of heart and anguish of spirit which a revision of those periods of our history must occasion. The learned gentleman began his third lecture by reminding his audience that he had closed his second lecture with a reference to the rise, progress, and collapse of a great rebellion which took place in Ireland in 1641 — that is to say, somewhat more than two hundred years ago. He made but a passing allusion to that great event in our history, and in that allusion — if he has been reported correctly — he said simply that the Irish rebelled in 1641. This was his first statement, that it was a rebellion; secondly, that this rebellion began in massacre and ended in ruin; thirdly, that for nine years the Irish leaders had the destinies of their country in their hands; and, fourthly, that those nine years were years of anarchy and mutual slaughter. Nothing, therefore, can be imagined more melancholy than the picture drawn by that learned gentleman of these nine sad years. And yet I will venture to say, and I hope I shall be able to prove, that each of these four statements is without sufficient historical foundation. My first position is that the movement of 1641 was not a rebellion; second, that it did not begin with massacre, although it ended in ruin; thirdly, that the Irish leaders had not the destiny of their country in their

hands during these years; and, fourth, whether they had or not, that these years were not a period of anarchy and mutual slaughter. They were but the opening to a far more terrific period. We must discuss these questions, my friends, calmly and historically. We must look upon them rather like the antiquarian prying into the past than with the living, warm feelings of men whose blood boils up with the burnings of so much injustice and so much bloodshed.

In order to understand this question fully and fairly, it is necessary for us to go back to the historical events of the time. I find, then, that James I., the man who planted Ulster — that is to say, confiscated utterly and entirely six of the finest counties in Ireland, an entire province, rooting out the aboriginal Irish and Catholic inhabitants, even to a man, giving the whole country to Scotch and English settlers of the Protestant religion, under the condition that they were not to employ even as much as an Irish laborer on their grounds, that they were to banish them all — this man died in 1625 and was succeeded by his unfortunate son, Charles I. When Charles came to the throne, bred up as he was in the traditions of a monarchy which Henry VIII. had rendered almost absolute, as we know — whose absolute power was still continued in Elizabeth under forms the most tyrannical, whose absolute power was continued by his own father, James I. — Charles came to the throne with the most exaggerated ideas of royal privileges and supremacy. But during the days of his father a new spirit had grown up in Scotland and in England. The form which Protestantism took in Scotland was the hard, uncompromising, and highly cruel form of Calvinism in its most repellant aspect. The men who rose in Scotland in defence of their Presbyterian religion rose not against Catholic people, but against the Episcopalian Protestants of England. They defended what they called the kirk or covenant. They fought bravely, I acknowledge, for it, and they ended in establishing it as the religion of Scotland.

Now, Charles I. was an Episcopalian Protestant of the most sincere and devoted kind. The Parliament of England, in the very first years of Charles, admitted persons who were strongly tinged with Scottish Calvinism. The king demanded of them certain subsidies and they refused him; he asserted certain sovereign rights and they denied them. While this was going on in England from 1630 to

1641, what was the condition of affairs in Ireland? One fertile province of the land had been confiscated by James I. Charles I. was in need of money for his own purposes, and his Parliament refused to grant any. Then the poor, oppressed, and down-trodden Catholics of Ireland imagined, naturally enough, that the king, being in difficulties, would turn to them and extend a little countenance and favor if they proclaimed their loyalty and stood by him. Accordingly, the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Falkland, desiring sincerely to aid his royal master, hinted to the Catholics, who had been enduring the most terrible penal laws from the days of Elizabeth and James I., that perhaps, if they should now petition the king, certain graces or concessions might be granted them. These concessions simply involved permission of riding over English land and to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. They sought for nothing more, and nothing more was promised them. When their petition was laid before the king, his royal majesty issued a proclamation in which he declared that it was his intention, and that he had plighted his word, to grant to the Catholics and people of Ireland certain concessions and indulgences, which he named "graces." No sooner does the newly-founded Puritan element in England and the Parliament that were in rebellion against their king — no sooner did they hear that the slightest relaxation of the penal law was to be granted to the Catholics of Ireland than they instantly rose and protested that it should not be; and Charles, to his eternal disgrace, broke his word with the Catholics of Ireland after they had sent him £120,000 in acknowledgment of his promise. More than that, it was suspected that Lord Falkland was too mild a man, too just a man, to be allowed to remain as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and he was recalled, and after a short lapse Wentworth, who was Earl of Strafford, was sent there as Lord Lieutenant. Wentworth on his arrival summoned a Parliament, and they met in the year 1634. He told them the difficulties that the king was in; he told them how the Parliament in England was rebelling against him, and how he looked to his Irish subjects as loyal. He perhaps told them that amongst Catholics loyalty was not a mere sentiment, that it was an unshaken principle, resting on conscience and religion. And then he assured them that Charles, the King of England, still intended to keep his word, and to grant them their concessions. Next came the usual

demand for money, and the Irish Parliament granted six subsidies of £50,000 each. Strafford wrote to the king congratulating his majesty that he had got so much money out of the Irish, for he said: "You and I remember that your majesty expected only £30,000, and they have granted £50,000." More than this, the Irish Parliament voted the king 8,000 infantry and 1,000 horse to fight his rebellious enemies. The Parliament met the following year, 1635, and what do you think was the fulfilment of the royal promise to the Catholics of Ireland? Strafford had got the money. He did not wish to compromise his master the king, and he took upon himself to fix upon his memory the indelible shame and disgrace of breaking his word, which he had plighted, and disappoint the Catholics of Ireland. Then, in 1635, the real character of this man came out, and what do you think was the measure he proposed? He instituted a commission for the express purpose of confiscating, in addition to Ulster — that was already gone — the whole province of Connaught, so as not to leave an Irishman or Catholic one square inch of ground in that land. This he called the Commission of Defective Titles. The members of the commission were to enquire into the title of property, and to find a flaw in it if they could, in order that the land might be confiscated to the Crown of England. Remember how much of Ireland had already been seized, my friends. The whole of Ulster had been confiscated by James I. The same king had taken the County of Longford from the O'Farrels, who had owned it from time immemorial; Wexford from the O'Tooles, and several other counties from the Irish families who were the rightful proprietors of the soil. And now, with the whole of Ulster and the better part of Leinster in his hand, this minister instituted a commission for the purpose of obtaining the whole of the province of Connaught and of rooting out the native Irish! He expelled every man that owned a rod of land in the province and reduced them to beggary, starvation, and to death. Here is the description of his plan as given by Leland, a historian who was hostile to Ireland's faith and Ireland's nationality. Leland thus describes this project: "It was nothing less than to set aside the title of every estate in every part of Connaught, a project which when proposed in the late reign was received with horror and amazement, and which suited the undismayed and enterprising genius of Lord Wentworth.

Accordingly he began in the County of Roscommon." He passed thence to Sligo, thence to Mayo, and then to Galway. The only way in which a title could be upset was to have a jury of twelve men, and according to their verdict the title was valid or not. Strafford began by picking his jury and packing them, the old policy that has been continued down to our own time — the policy of packing and the prejudging of a jury. He told the jury before the trials began that he expected them to find a verdict for the king, and finally, by bribing and overawing, he got juries to go for him, until he came into my own county, Galway. And, to the honor of old Galway be it said, as soon as the commission arrived in that county they could not find twelve jurors there base enough or wicked enough to confiscate the lands of their fellow-subjects. What was the result? The County Galway jurors were called to Dublin before the Castle Chamber. Every man of them was fined £4,000, and put in prison to be kept until the fine was paid. Every square inch of their property was taken from them, and the high sheriff of Galway, being a man of moderate means, and having been fined £1,000, died in jail because he was not able to pay the unjust imposition. More than this, not content with threatening the juries and coercing them, my Lord Strafford went to the justices and told them that they were to get four shillings on the pound for the value of every single piece of property that they confiscated, and he boasted publicly that he had made the chief baron and the judges attend to this business *as if it were their own private concern!* This is the kind of rule the English historian comes to America to ask the honest and upright citizens of this free country to endorse by their verdict, and thereby to make themselves accomplices of English robbery. In the same way this Strafford instituted another tribunal in Ireland which he called the Court of Wards, and do you know what this was? It was found that the Irish people, gentle and simple, failed to become Protestants. I have not a harsh word to say to any of the Protestants, but I do say that every high-minded Protestant in the world must admire the strength and fidelity with which Ireland, because of her conscience, clings to her ancient faith, believing it true. This tribunal was instituted in order to get the heirs of Catholic gentry and to bring them up in the Protestant religion, and it was to this court of awards that was owing the sig-

nificant fact that some of the most ancient and best names in Ireland — the names of men whose ancestors fought for faith and fatherland — are now Protestants and the enemies of their Catholic fellow-subjects. It was by this, and such means as this, that the men of my name became Protestants. There was no drop of Protestant blood in the Red Earl or the Dun Earl of Clanricarde. There was no drop of such blood in the heroic Burkes who fought in the long 500 years before this time.

There was no Protestant blood in the O'Briens of Munster or in the glorious O'Donnells and O'Neills of Ulster; yet they are Protestants to-day. Let no Protestant American citizen imagine that I speak with disdain of his religion, but as a historian it is my duty to point out the means, which every high-minded man must brand as nefarious, by which the aristocracy of Ireland were led to change their religion. The Irish meantime waited, and waited in vain, for the fulfilment of the king's promise and the concession of "the graces," as they were called. At length matters grew desperate between Charles and his Parliament, and in the year 1640 he again gave his promise to the Irish people, and he called a Parliament which gave him four subsidies, 8,000 men and 1,000 horse, to fight against the Scotch, who had rebelled against him. Strafford rejoiced that he had got those subsidies and this body of men, but no sooner did he arrive in England than the Parliament, now in rebellion, took him, and in the same year, 1640, Strafford's head was cut off, and he would be a strange Irishman that would regret it.

Meantime the people of Scotland rose in armed rebellion against their king. They marched into England, and what do you think they made by the movement? They secured full enjoyment of their religion, which was not Protestant, but Presbyterian. They got £300,000, and got for several months £850 a day to support their army. Then they retired into their own country, after achieving the purpose for which they revolted. Meantime the loyal Catholics of Ireland were being ground in the very dust. What wonder, I ask you, was it that they counselled together and said: "The king is afraid of the Parliament, though personally inclined to grant graces which he has plighted his royal word to grant. The evidence is that if free he would grant these concessions he has promised. But the king is not free," said the Irish, "for his Parliament has rebelled

against him. Let us rise in the king's name and assert our rights." They rose in 1641 like one man — every Irishman and Catholic in Ireland rose. On the 23d of October, 1641, they all rose, with the exception of the Catholic lords of the pale. I will give you the reason of their rising, as recorded in the "Memoirs of Lord Castlehaven," a lord by no means prejudiced in favor of Ireland;

"The Irish rose for six reasons; first, because they are generally looked down to as a conquered nation, seldom or never trusted after the manner of free-born subjects."

Here, dear friends, is the first reason given by this English lord, that the Irish people rose after the English people treated them contemptuously. When will England learn to treat her subjects or friends with common respect? When will those proud, stubborn Anglo-Saxons condescend to form and cherish an acquaintance with those around them? I said it in my first, repeated it in my second lecture, and say it in this, that it was the contempt as much as the hatred of Englishmen for Irishmen that lies at the root of the bitter spirit and antagonism that exists between those two nations. The second reason given by my Lord Castlehaven is that the Irish saw that six whole counties in Ulster were escheated to the crown and never restored to the natives, but bestowed by James I. on his countrymen, the Scotch. The third reason was that in Strafford's time the crown laid claim to Roscommon and Galway, and to some parts of Tipperary, Wicklow and other portions of the land. The fourth reason was that, according to the English accounts of the day, war was declared against the Roman Catholics, a fact which to a people so fond of their religion as the Irish was no small matter, no small inducement to make them sober and quiet, for as a race the Irish people are very fond of standing by their religious tenets and adhering to their religious opinions. The fifth reason was that they saw how the Scots, by making a show of pretended grievances and taking up arms against their oppressors, in order to procure the rights to which they were justly entitled, procured the rights which they sought, secured the privileges and amenities due to a nation anxious to assert its own cause, its own independence; they secured £500,000 by their visit to England. And the last reason, that they saw such a misunderstanding exist between the king and the Parliament, and they consequently believed that the king would grant them

anything that they could in reason demand, or at least as much as they could expect. I ask you were not those sufficient grounds for any claim which the Irish might have made at the time? I appeal to the people of America. I speak to a generous people, who know what civil and religious liberty means. I appeal here from this platform to-night for a people whose spirit was never broken and never will be. I appeal here to-night for a people not inferior to the Saxon, or to any other race on the face of the earth, either in gifts of intellect or bodily energy. I appeal here to-night and I address myself to the enlightened instincts of this great land for a people who have been downtrodden and persecuted as our forefathers were, and I think it my duty, not as a minister, but as a historian, to stand up and state my reasons, believing that I have sufficient justification to do so, and considering the fact of the accumulated wrongs that have been heaped upon Ireland, I don't think I would be doing justice to myself or to my country if I didn't take advantage of this opportunity to reply to the wrongs that have been heaped upon her. An English Protestant writer of the times, of that very year 1641, says that they had sundry grievances and grounds of complaint touching their estates and consciences, which they pretended to be far greater than those of the Scots, for they thought that if the Scotch acted thus to save a new religion, it was a reason that they should not be punished for the exercise of the old.

There was another reason for the revolt, my friends, and a very potent one. It was this: Charles had the weakness and the folly — I cannot call it anything else — to leave at the head of the Irish Government two lord justices, Sir John Bernoe and Sir William Parsons. These were both ardent Puritans and partisans of the Parliament. They thought that he would be embarrassed with the fight in the Parliament and by the men in Ireland, so these men lent themselves to promote the resistance. Six months before this revolt broke out Charles sent them word that he had received notice that the Irish were going to rise. They took no notice of the king's advertisement. The lords of the pale, who refused to join the Irish in the uprising, betook themselves to the justices in Dublin for protection, and it was refused them. They were refused permission to go into the city and escape the Irish rebellion, and the moment the Irish chieftains came near the settlers of the English king their castles were

declared forfeited as well as their estates, and so the Lords of Gormanstown and Trimbleton and others were forced to join hands with the Irish, and draw their swords in the glorious cause they so applauded and maintained. They were forced to this. Moreover, the Irish knew that their friends and fellow-countrymen were earning distinction and honor and glory upon all the battle-fields of Europe, in the service of Spain, France and Austria, and they held, not without reason, that these their countrymen would help them in the hour of their need. Accordingly, on the 23d of October, 1641, they arose. What was the first thing they did, according to Mr. Froude? The first thing was to massacre all the Protestants they could lay hands on. Well, my friends, this, as I will endeavor to show, is not the fact. The very first thing that their leader, Sir Phelim O'Neill, did was to issue a proclamation, on the very day of the rising, in which he declares:

"We rise in the name of our lord the king; we rise to assert the power and prerogative of the king; we declare we do not wish to make war on the king or any one of his subjects; we declare, moreover, that we do not intend to shed blood except in legitimate warfare, and that any man of our tribes that robs, plunders or sheds blood shall be severely punished." Did they keep this declaration of theirs? Most inviolably. I assert in the name of history that there was no massacre of the Protestants, and I will prove it of Protestant authority. We find a despatch from the Irish Government to the Government in England, dated 25th of that same month, in which they give an account of the rising of the Irish people. There was complaint as to how the Irish dealt with their Protestant fellow-citizens. They took their cattle, horses and property, but not one single word or complaint about one drop of blood shed. And if they took their cattle, horses and property, you must remember that they were taking back what was their own. A very short time afterwards the massacre began, but who began it? The Protestant Ulster settlers fled from the Irish. They brought their lives with them at least, and they entered the town of Carrickfergus, where they found a garrison of Scotch Puritans. Now, in their terror the common people fled to Carrickfergus, and upon a little island near by they took refuge. They congregated there for purposes of safety to the number of more than three thousand. The very first thing this garri-

son did, they sailed out of Carrickfergus in the night-time and fell in among these innocent and unarmed people, and they slew man, woman and child, until they left three thousand dead bodies. And we have the authority of Leland, the Protestant historian, that this was the first massacre committed in Ireland on either side. This was the first massacre! How, in the name of Heaven, can any man be so learned as Mr. Froude and make such untruthful assertions as he has advanced? How can he, in the name of history, assert that these (the Irish people) began by massacring thirty-eight thousand of his fellow-countrymen, his fellow-religionists, when we have in the month of December, four months after, a commission issued to the Dean of Kilmore and seven other Protestant clergymen to make sedulous enquiry about those who were murdered? Here are the words of Castlehaven:

"The Catholics were urged into rebellion, and the lord justices were often heard to say that the more in rebellion the more lands would be derived (or pilfered) from them."

It was the old story, the old adage of James I: "Root out the Catholics, root out the Irish, and give Ireland to English Protestants and Puritans, and you will regenerate the land." But from such regeneration of my own or any other land good Lord deliver us. "This rebellion," says Mr. Froude, "began in massacre and ended in ruin." It ended in ruin the most terrible, and if it began in massacre, Mr. Froude, you must acknowledge as a historical truth that the massacre was on the part of your countrymen and your chief justices. Thus the war began. It was a war between the Puritan Protestants of Ulster and other parts of Ireland, aided by constant supplies that came over to them from England. It was a war that continued for eleven years, and it was a war in which the Irish chieftains had *not* the destinies of the nation in their own hands, but were obliged to fight, and fight like men, in order to try to achieve a better destiny and a better future for their people. Who can say that the Irish chieftains did hold the destinies of Ireland in their hands during those nine years or more, when they had to fight against hostile forces, one after the other, that came successively against them inflamed with religious bigotry, hatred and enmity that the world has scarcely ever seen the like of? Then Mr. Froude adds that these were years of anarchy and slaughter. Let us see

what evidence history has of the facts. No sooner had the English lords of the pale — who were all Catholics — joined the Irish than they turned to the Catholic bishops in the land. They called them together in a synod, and on the 10th of May, 1642, the bishops of Ireland, the lords of Ireland, and the gentry and commoners and estated gentlemen of Ireland met together and founded what was called the Confederation of Kilkenny. Amongst other members, they selected for the Supreme Council three archbishops, two bishops, four lords and fifteen commoners. These men were to meet and remain in permanent session, watching over the country, making laws, watching over the army, and, above all, preventing cruelty and murder. A regular Government was formed. They actually established a mint and coined their money for the Irish nation. They established an army under Lord Mountcashel, under Preston, and under the glorious Owen Roe O'Neill. During the first month they gained some successes. Most of the principal cities of Ireland opened their gates to them. The garrisons were carefully saved from slaughter, and the moment they laid down their arms their lives were as sacred as any man's in the ranks of the Irish armies. Not a drop of unnecessary blood was shed by the Irish. In reference to that Supreme Council I defy any man to prove that there was a single act of that Supreme Council for the purpose of promoting bloodshed or slaughter. Now, after a few months success the armies of the confederation experienced some reverses. The English armies came upon them, and the command was given to Sir Charles Coote, and I want to read some of that gentleman's exploits for you. Sir Charles Coote's exploits in Ireland are described by Clarendon in these words: "Sir Charles, besides plundering and burning the town of Clontarf at that time, did massacre sixteen of the towns-people, men and women, besides suckling infants, and in that very same week fifty-six men, women and children in the village of Bullock, being frightened at what was done at Clontarf, went to sea to shun the fury of a party of soldiers who came out from Dublin under command of Col. Clifford. Being pursued by the soldiers in boats, they were overtaken and thrown overboard." An order given out by the authorities then in power commanded to kill, slay and destroy all belonging to the said rebels, their adherents and relatives, and to destroy the towns and houses where the rebels had

been harbored. This order was given out at the Castle of Dublin, the 23d of February, and signed by six precious names. The Irish were not only pursued on the land, but on the sea; and there was a law passed that if any Irishmen were found on the sea, the officers of his majesty's cruisers were ordered to tie them back to back and throw them into the sea, and the king, however much he might wish to do so, had no power to interfere without being charged with favoring the rebels of Ireland.

The captains that committed these acts of cruelty at sea, instead of being punished for it, were actually rewarded, and in 1634 a Captain Swanley was called into the English House of Commons, and a vote of thanks was given him and a chain of gold worth £200 was presented to him. Another one, a Captain Smith, got one worth £100. In fact, I am ashamed and afraid to mention all the atrocities inflicted upon the Irish people at this time. Infants were taken from their dead mothers' bosoms and impaled upon the bayonets of the soldiers, and Sir Charles Coote saw one of his soldiers playing with a child, throwing it into the air and then spitting it upon his bayonet as it fell, and he laughed and said he enjoyed such frolic. They brought children into the world before their time by the Cæsarian operation of the sword, and the children thus brought forth in misery they sacrificed in the most cruel manner. Yes, such are the facts, my friends. I am afraid — I say again I am afraid — to tell you the hundredth part of the cruelties of those terrible men, put by them upon our race. Now, I ask you to compare this with the manner in which the Irish troops and Irish people behaved. A garrison of seven hundred English surrendered at Naas, and the Irish commandant surrendered them up unharmed and uninjured, on condition that under the like circumstances the English would do the same with him. An Irish party capitulated a few days afterward. The governor of the town and all the party were arrested and put to death. Sir Charles Coote, coming down into Munster, slaughtered every man, woman, and child he met on his march, and among others was Philip Ryan, whom he put to death without the slightest hesitation. This occurs in Cart's "Life of Ormond." Great numbers of the English, miraculously preserved in those days through the instrumentality of the Irish, were suffered to go into the County of Cork by the courtesy and kindness of the inhabitants of Cashel.

In 1649 Cardinal Renocini was sent over by the Pope to preside over the Supreme Council of the Confederation of Kilkenny, and about the same time news came to Ireland that the illustrious Owen Roe O'Neill had landed in Ireland on the coast of Ulster. This man was one of the most distinguished officers of the Spanish service, and he landed with an army with which he met the English general and engaged in a battle which raged from the early morning until the sunset, and the evening saw England's army flying in confusion, and thousands of her best soldiers were stretched upon the field, while the Irish chieftain stood victorious on the field which his genius and valor had won. Shortly after this, partly through the treachery of the Irish Protestants and partly through the agency of the English lords, the confederation began to experience the most disastrous defeats, and the cause of Ireland again was all but lost.

In the year 1640 Oliver Cromwell arrived in Ireland. Mr. Froude says, and truly, that he did not come to make war with rose-water, but with the thick, warm blood of the Irish people. And Mr. Froude prefaces the introduction of Oliver Cromwell in Ireland by telling us that the Lord Protector was a great friend of Ireland, that he was a liberal-minded man and intended to interfere with no man's liberty of conscience; and he adds that if Cromwell's policy had been carried out in full, probably I would not be here speaking to you of our difficulties with Ireland to-day. He adds, moreover, that Cromwell had formed a design for the pacification of Ireland which would have made future troubles there impossible. What was this design? Lord Macaulay tells us what this design was. Cromwell's avowed purpose was to end all difficulties in Ireland, whether they arose from the land question or from the religious question, by putting a total and entire end to the Irish race, by extirpating them off the face of the earth. This was an admirable policy for the pacification of Ireland and the creation of peace; for the best way and the simplest way to keep any man quiet is to cut his throat. The dead do not speak; the dead do not move; the dead do not trouble any one; and Cromwell came to destroy the Irish race and the Irish Catholic faith, and so put an end at once to all claims for land and to all disturbances arising out of religious persecutions. But, I ask this learned gentleman, does he imagine that the people of America are either so ignorant or wicked as to accept the monstrous proposition that a man

who came into Ireland with such a purpose as this can be declared a friend of the real interests of the Irish people? Does he imagine that there is no intelligence in America, that there is no manhood in America, that there is no love of freedom in America, or love of religion and of life in America? And the man must be an enemy of freedom, of religion, and of life itself, before such a man can sympathize with the blood-stained Oliver Cromwell. These words of the historian I regret, for they sound like bitter mockery in the ears of the people whose fathers Cromwell came to destroy. But he says the Lord Protector did not interfere with any man's conscience. The Irish demanded liberty of conscience. "I interfere with no man's conscience, but if you Catholics mean having priests and the Mass, you cannot have this, and you never will have it as long as the English Parliament has power to prevent it." What did these words mean? Grant Catholics liberty of conscience, their conscience telling them that their first and great duty is to hear the Mass; grant them liberty of conscience, and then deny them priests to say Mass for them. But Mr. Froude says, "You must go easy. I acknowledge that the Mass is a very beautiful rite, but you must remember that Cromwell thought it to mean a system that was shedding blood all over Europe, a system of a Church that never knew mercy, that slaughtered people everywhere, and therefore he was resolved to have none of it." Oh! my friends, if the Mass was a symbol of slaughter, Oliver Cromwell would have had more sympathy with the Mass. And so the historian seeks to justify cruelty in Ireland against the Catholics by alleging cruelty on the part of Catholics against their Protestant fellow-subjects in other lands Now, this he has repeated over and over again in many of his writings, and at other times and in other places, and I may as well at once put an end to this. Mr. Froude says: "I hold the Catholic Church accountable for all the blood that the Duke of Alva shed in the Netherlands." But Alva fought in the Netherlands against an uprising against the authority of the state, and the Catholic Church had nothing to do with Alva shedding the blood of the rebels. If they happened to be Protestants, that is no reason to father their blood upon the Catholic Church.

Mr. Froude says that the Catholic Church is responsible for the blood that was shed in the massacre of St. Bartholemew by Mary de

Medicis in France. I deny it. The woman that gave that order had no sympathy with the Catholic Church; she saw France divided into factions, and by intrigue and villany she endeavored to stifle opposition among the people. Tidings were sent to Rome that the king's life was in terrible danger and that that life had been preserved by Heaven, and Rome sang a "Te Deum" for the safety of the king and not for the blood of the Huguenots. Amongst the Huguenots there were Catholics that were slain because they were of the opposite faction, and that alone proves that the Catholic Church was not answerable for the shedding of that blood. The blood that was shed in Ireland at this particular time was shed exclusively on account of religion; for when, in 1643, Charles made a treaty or a cessation of hostilities with the Irish through the Confederation of Kilkenny, the English Parliament, as soon as they heard that the king had ceased hostilities for a time with his Irish Catholic subjects, at once came in and said that the war must go on; we won't allow hostilities to cease; we must root out these Irish Papists, or else we will incur danger to our Protestant friends. The men of 1643, the members of the Puritan Houses of Parliament in England, have fastened upon the Protestant religion even to this day the formal argument and reason why Irish blood should flow in torrents — lest the Protestant religion might suffer. In these days of ours, when we are endeavoring to put away all sectarian bigotry, we deplore the faults committed by our fathers on both sides. Mr. Froude deplores that blood that was shed as well as I do; but, my friends, it is a historical question, arising upon historic facts and evidences, and I am bound to appeal to history as well as my learned antagonist, and to discriminate and put back the word which he puts out — that "toleration is the genius of Protestantism." All this I say with regret. I am not only a Catholic, but a priest; not only a priest, but a monk; not only a monk, but a Dominican monk, and from out the depths of my soul I repel and repudiate the principle of religious persecution of any kind in any land.

Speaking of the Mass, Mr. Froude says that the Catholic Church has learned to borrow one beautiful gem from the crown of her adversary — she has learned to respect the rights of others. I wish that the learned gentleman's statement would be more proved by history, and I much desire that in speaking those words he had spoken

historic truths; but I ask him, and I ask every Protestant, in what land has Protestantism ever been in the ascendant without persecuting Catholics who were around them. I say it not in bitterness, but I say it simply as a historic truth. I cannot find any record of history, any time during these ages up to a few years ago — any time when the Protestants in England, in Ireland, in Sweden, in Germany, or anywhere else, gave the slightest toleration, or even permission to live where they could take it from their Catholic fellow-subjects. Even to-day where is the strongest spirit of religious persecution? Is it not in Protestant Sweden, Protestant Denmark? And who to-day are persecuting? I ask, Is it Catholics? No, but Protestant Bismarck in Germany. Oliver Cromwell, the apostle of blessings in Ireland, landed in 1649, and besieged Drogheda, defended by Sir Arthur Aston and a brave garrison. Finding that their position was no longer tenable, they asked in the military language for the honors of war if they surrendered. Cromwell promised to grant them quarter if they would lay down their arms. They did so, and the promise was kept until the town was taken. When the town was in his hands, Oliver Cromwell gave orders to his army for the indiscriminate massacre of the garrison and every man, woman, and child in that large city. The people, when they saw the soldiers slaying around them on every side, when they saw the streets of Drogheda flowing with blood for five days, flocked to the number of one thousand aged men, women, and children, and took refuge in the great church of St. Peter's in Drogheda. Oliver Cromwell drew his soldiers around that church, and out of that church he never let one of those thousand innocent people escape alive. He then proceeded to Wexford, where a certain commander named Stratford delivered the city over to him. He massacred the people there also. Three hundred of the women of Wexford with their children gathered around the great market cross in the public square of the city. They thought in their hearts, cruel as he was, he would respect the sign of man's redemption and spare those who were collected around it. How vain the thought! Three hundred poor, defenceless women, screaming for mercy under the cross of Jesus Christ, Cromwell and his barbarous demons slaughtered without permitting one to escape, until they were ankle-deep in the blood of the women of Wexford.

Cromwell retired from Ireland after he had glutted himself with

the blood of the people, winding up his work by taking 80,000, and some say 100,000, of the men of Ireland and driving them down to the south ports of Munster, where he shipped them — 80,000 at the lowest calculation — to the sugar plantations of the Barbadoes, there to work as slaves; and in six years from that time, such was the treatment that they received, out of 80,000 there were only twenty men left. He also collected six thousand Irish boys, fair and beautiful stripling youths, put them on board ships and sent them off also to the Barbadoes, there to languish and die before they came to manhood. Great God! is this the man that has an apologist in the learned, the frank, the courteous, and gentlemanly historian who comes in oily words to tell the American people that Cromwell was one of the bravest men that ever lived, and one of the best friends to Ireland?

Father Burke then reviewed at length the campaign conducted by William of Orange in Ireland against his father-in-law, James the Second. When William arrived in England with 15,000 men, James fled. Mr. Froude asserts that he abdicated. I challenge him to prove it. There is no historical evidence to show that King James ever relinquished his title to the crown of England. But the English people proved false to him, and he came to Ireland, where the people rose to advocate his rights — fools that they were to espouse again the cause of a Stuart king! The opposing armies met at the battle of the Boyne. Mr. Froude asserts that the Irish troops made no stand there. I regret that he has so far forgotten truth and candor as to say that the Irish race ever showed a taint of cowardice. What are the facts? We have full and definite historical testimony to prove that William's army at the Boyne mustered 51,000 veteran troops, perfect in discipline, well equipped and well clothed, with fifty pieces of artillery, besides mortars. The Irish army that opposed them was composed of 23,000 raw Irish levies, hastily organized, imperfectly drilled, badly armed, and having only six pieces of ordnance altogether. The English army was commanded by a lion, William of Orange, who led them on in person. The Irish army was commanded by a stag, *Shemus*, with the historic name, who stood on a hill two miles away from the scene of conflict, with a guard of picked soldiers around him! Mr. Froude says that the Irish troops made no stand on that occasion. We have the testi-

mony of an English general who participated in the conflict, and he tells us that these raw Irish troops charged down *ten distinct times* on the overwhelming force that met them. Ten distinct times did they rush with fiery valor upon the ranks of the bravest soldiers in Europe. And when compelled to retreat, they did so in good order, commanded by their officers, and not like men who fled before they had struck a blow.

Father Burke then went on to paint a vivid picture of the sieges of Limerick and Athlone, describing the heroism of Sarsfield and his companions in arms; the memorable destruction of the bridges over the Shannon, twice torn down in the face of the artillery fire of all the English batteries; the famous defence of "the Breach" at Limerick, where the women fought beside their husbands, sons and fathers, and he paid a noble tribute to the high honor of Sarsfield, who kept his plighted word in the treaty as inviolably as became an Irishman, while the English tore the same treaty to shreds ere it was forty-eight hours signed. After presenting one more instance of Protestant toleration in the person of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who on the Sunday succeeding the capitulation of Limerick preached that historic sermon "On the sin and sinfulness of keeping an oath plighted to Catholics."

I feel, my friends, that I have detained you too long upon a subject so dreary, and so desolate a ground to travel over. I, for my part, never would have invited you, citizens of America, or my fellow-countrymen, to enter upon such a desolate waste, to renew in my heart and in yours this terrible story, if Mr. Froude had not compelled me to lift the veil and to show you the treatment that our fathers received at the hands of the English. I do it not at all to excite national animosity, and not at all to excite bad blood. I am one of the first who would say "Let bygones be bygones," "Let the dead bury the dead;" but if any man, I care not who he be, how great his reputation, how grand his name in any walk of learning — if any man dares to come, as long as I live, to say that England's treatment of the Irish was just, was necessary, was such as can receive the verdict of the honest people of any land, or dares to say that either at home or abroad Irishmen have ever shown the white feather — if I were on my death-bed, I would rise to contradict him.

Fourth Lecture.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I have perceived in the public newspapers that Mr. Froude seems to be somewhat irritated by the remarks made as to his accuracy as a historian. Lest any word of mine might hurt in the least degree the just susceptibilities of an honorable man, I beg beforehand to say that nothing is further from my thoughts than the slightest word either of personality or disrespect for one who has won for himself so high a name as the English historian. Therefore I merely hope that it is not any word which may have fallen from me, even in the heat of our amicable controversy, that has given the least offence to that gentleman. Just as I would expect to receive from him, or from any other learned and educated man, the treatment which one gentleman is supposed to show to another, so do I also wish to give him that treatment.

Now, my friends, we come to the matter in hand. The last thing I did was to traverse a great portion of our previous history in reviewing the statements of the English historian, and one portion I was obliged to leave almost untouched. One portion of that sad history is included in the reign of Queen Anne, that estimable lady of whom history records the unwomanly vice of an overfondness for eating. Anne ascended the English throne in 1702, after the demise of William of Orange, and she sat upon that throne until 1711. As I before remarked, there was, perhaps, sufficient reason that the Roman Catholics of Ireland, trodden as they were in the very dust, should expect some quarter from the daughter of the man for whom they had shed their blood, and the granddaughter of the other Stuart king for whose cause they had fought with so much bravery in 1649. But the Irish Catholics got from this good Lady

Anne a return quite of another kind from what they might with reason have expected. Not content with the breach of the articles of Limerick of which her royal brother-in-law, William, had been guilty — not content with the atrocious penal laws which kept the Catholics of Ireland in grovelling misery, Anne went further. She appointed a new Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Ormond, and no sooner did he assume his powers than the Irish Protestants fell on their knees before him and begged him to save them from their foes, the desperate Catholics. Great God! A people who had been robbed, persecuted, decimated, until there was hardly a miserable remnant left, without a vote in the election of the humblest board, without a voice in the transaction of the humblest business, without power, influence, or recognized existence — and of this people the strong Protestant body in Ireland complained as being dangerous. And so well were these complaints heard, my friends, that we find edict after edict coming out, declaring that no Papist shall be allowed to inherit land or possess land, or even have it under a lease; declaring that if a Catholic child wished to become a Protestant, that moment that child became the owner and the master of his father's estate, and his father remained only a pensioner or tenant for life upon the bounty of his own apostate son; declaring that if a child, however young, even an infant, became a Protestant, that moment that child was to be removed from the guardianship and custody of the father, and was to be handed over to some Protestant relation. Every enactment that the misguided ingenuity of the tyrannical mind of man could suggest was put in force. "One might be inclined," says Mr. Mitchell, "to suppose that Popery had already been sufficiently discouraged, seeing that the clergy had been banished, the Catholics were excluded by law from all honorable and lucrative employments, carefully disarmed and plundered of almost every acre of their ancient inheritance. But enough was not already done to make the Protestant interest feel secure. Consequently laws were sanctioned by Her Majesty Queen Anne that no Catholic could go near a walled town, especially Limerick or Galway. In order that they might be sure not to go near a walled town, they were to remain several miles away, as if they were lepers whose presence would contaminate their select and pampered Protestant fellow-citizens."

All through Queen Anne's reign police and magistrates were hounded on to persecute, and informers were tempted with ample bribes. A price was paid for executing these atrocious laws, and the Catholic people of Ireland were followed up as if they were ferocious and untamable wolves. But, my friends, Mr. Froude pretends to justify this persecution, and on two grounds. I may not hope to change Mr. Froude's opinion, but I hope to convince the people of this country that there was no excuse for the shedding of the Irish people's blood by unjust persecution, upheld by legal enactment. Not a word of sympathy has he for the people thus treated — not a word of manly protest against the shedding of that people's blood — by unjust persecution and by the robbery of legal enactment; but he says there were two reasons for the ferocious action of the British Government. The first is, he says, that after all these were only retaliation for the terrible persecution that was suffered by the Protestant Huguenots in France. He says: "The Protestants of Ireland were only following the example of Louis XIV., who revoked the Edict of Nantes." Let me explain this somewhat to you. The Edict of Nantes was a law that gave religious liberty to the French Protestants as well as the French Catholics. It was a law founded in justice; it was a law founded in the sacred rights that belong to man; but this law was revoked, and consequently the Protestants of France were laid open to persecution. But there is this difference between the French Protestants and the Catholics of Ireland — the former had not their liberty guaranteed to them by treaty; the Irish Catholics had their liberty guaranteed them by the Treaty of Limerick, a treaty which they won by their own brave hands and swords. The Edict of Nantes was unjustly revoked, but that revocation was no breach of any royal word plighted to them. The Treaty of Limerick was broken to the Catholics of Ireland, and in the breach of it the King of England, the Parliament of England, the aristocracy of England, as well as the miserable Irish Protestant faction at home, became perjurers in the history of the world. Here are the words of the celebrated Edmund Burke on the subject of the revocation of this very edict: "This act of injustice," says the great Irish statesman, "which let loose on the monarchy of Louis XIV. such a torrent of invective and reproach, and which threw a dark cloud over the splendor of a

most illustrious reign, falls far short of the case of Ireland." Remember that he is an English statesman, of Irish birth, and a Protestant, who speaks. But, my friends, the privileges which the Protestants of France enjoyed and lost by the revocation were of a far wider character than the Irish Catholics ever pretended to aspire to. The Edict of Nantes condemned those who returned to Protestantism having once renounced it. Its revocation did not subject the Protestants to any such persecution as that visited on the Irish Catholics. The estates of Protestants were only subject to confiscation when they quitted the kingdom. There was none of the complicated machinery I have referred to in my description of the Irish persecution. Then it should be remembered that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes did not by any means affect as large a body of people as the penal laws in Ireland, when one portion of the population was living on the spoils of a much more numerous portion. Side by side with the Protestants of France compare the Irish people, ruined, beggared, and hunted to the death; and the English historian says: "We have only served you as your coreligionists in France served us." The other reason he gives to justify this persecution was that the Irish Catholics were in favor of the Pretender. Now, to that statement I can give and do give a most emphatic denial. The Irish Catholics had had quite enough shedding of their own blood. They had no interest whatever in the succession, nor cared they one iota whether the Elector of Hanover or the son of James II. succeeded to the throne of England, for they knew whether it was a Hanoverian or a Stuart that ruled in England the prejudice of the English people would make him, whoever he was, a tyrant over them and over their nation.

Thus the persecution went on, law after law being passed to make perfect beggary and ruin of the Irish people, until at length Ireland was reduced to such a state of misery that the very name of an Irishman was a reproach, and until at length a small number of the glorious race had the weakness to change their faith and to deny the religion of their fathers. The name of an Irishman was a reproach. My friends, Dean Swift was born in Ireland, and he is looked upon as a patriotic Irishman, yet he said: "I no more consider myself an Irishman because I happened to be born in Ireland than an Englishman chancing to be born in Calcutta would consider himself a

Hindoo." He went so far as to say that he would no more think of taking the Irish into account than he would think of consulting swine. Macaulay gloats over the state of the Catholics in Ireland, and even Mr. Froude views not without some complacency their misery. Macaulay calls them "Pariahs." He said they had no existence, no liberty, even to breathe in the land, and that land their own! and that even the Lord Chancellor in an English court and in an Irish court, laying down the law of the kingdom coolly and calmly, said that *in the eye of the law no Catholic was supposed to exist in Ireland.* Chief Justice Robinson made a similar declaration: "It appears plain that the law does not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic;" and yet at that very time we find that Irishmen proclaimed their loyalty, and said: "Look at the Catholics of Ireland, how loyal they are!" Yet, according to Mr. Froude, we were all at this very time for the Pretender. We find at this very time an Irishman of the name of Phelim O'Neill, one of the glorious old line of Tyrone, changed his religion and became a Protestant, but at the same time, seeing the strangeness that any O'Neill should be a Protestant, changed his name also and called himself Mr. Felix Neill. A good deal has been said and written about names and their sounds. Felix made his name rhyme with "slippery eel," and an old friar wrote some famous Latin verses about him, calling him "Infelix Felix, who had forgotten the ship, the salmon, and blood-red Hand, and blushed when called O'Neill in his own land!" But, my friends, the English or Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, seeing how that they had got every penal law they could ask for, seeing that the only thing that remained for them was utterly to exterminate the Irish race — and they had nearly accomplished it, and would have killed them all, only that the work was too much, and that there was a certain something in the old blood and in the old race that still terrified them when they approached it — and seeing that there were so few Catholics, they thought that now at least their hands were free, and nothing remained for them but to make Ireland, as Mr. Froude said, a "garden." They set to work and had their own Parliament, and a Catholic could not go near them. But they were greatly surprised to find that, now that the Catholics were crushed into the very earth, England began to regard the very Cromwellians themselves as objects of

hatred. What! they, the sons of the Puritans; they, the brave men who had slaughtered so many of the Catholic religion; is their trade, commerce, and Parliament to be interfered with? Ah! now indeed Mr. Froude finds tears and weeps them over the injustice and folly of England, because England interfered with the commerce and trade of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. These Protestants were first-class woollen manufacturers, because the wool of the Irish sheep was so fine. The English Parliament made laws that the English traders were not to make any more cloth to go into foreign markets to rival their English fellow-workmen. Mr. Froude attributes these laws, in his lecture, to the "*accident*" that England at that time happened to be under the dominion of a slavish set of money-jobbers, and paltry, pitiful merchants — a mere accident according to him — an action, he says (and with some truth), which so discontented the Protestant faction in Ireland that many of them emigrated to America, and there they carried their hatred with them, which was one day to break up the British Empire.

I have another theory on this great question. I hold that it was no accident of the hour at all that made England place her restrictive laws upon the Irish woollen trade. I hold that it was the settled policy of England. These men who were now in the ascendancy in Ireland, imagined that because they had ruined and beggared the ancient race that they would, therefore, be regarded as friends by England. I hold that it was at that time, and in a great measure is to-day, the fixed policy of England to keep Ireland poor, to keep Ireland down, to be hostile to Ireland, no matter who lives in it, whether Protestant, whether Norman, Cromwellian, or Celt. The law restricting the trade on woollens was passed. The planters and the sons of planters were beggared, simply because they had a part in Ireland and an interest in the welfare of the country. The inimitable Swift, speaking on this very subject, quoted the fable of Pallas and Arachne. Pallas heard that a certain young virgin named Arachne could spin well. Pallas met her in a trial of skill, and finding herself surpassed, changed her to a spider, and sentenced her to spin for ever from her own bowels and in a small compass. "I always pitied poor Arachne," said Swift, "and could never love the goddess for this cruel and unjust sentence. Ireland has been treated worse than Arachne. She had permission to spin from her

own bowels, which we have not." This sentence was fully executed upon us by England, but with greater severity. They left us no chance for spinning and weaving. The Irish wool was famous. The English were outbid for it by the French. So a law was passed forbidding its exportation; they took it themselves and paid their own price for it. The dean goes on to say that oppression makes a wise man mad, and that the reason why the men in Ireland are not mad is that they are not wise. But oppression, in time, might teach a little wisdom to even these. We call Swift a patriot. How little did he think of the oppression that beggared and ruined our people, that drove them from their lands, from every pleasure of life and from their country, and all because they had Irish names and blood, and would not give up the faith that their conscience told them was right! Now, my friends, Mr. Froude in his lecture comes at once to consider the consequences of that Protestant emigration from Ireland. He says the Protestant manufacturers of Ireland and the workmen were discontented and came to America, and then he begins to enlist the sympathies of America upon the side of the Protestant men who came over from Ireland. If he stopped here, I would not have a word to say to the learned historian. When the Englishman claims the sympathy of this or any other land for men of his blood and of his religion, if they are deserving of that sympathy, I, an Irishman, am always the first to grant it to them with all my heart. And therefore I do not find the slightest fault with this learned Englishmen when he challenges the sympathy of America for the Orangemen of Ireland who came over here. If these men deserve the sympathy of America, why not let them have it? But Mr. Froude went on to say that while he claimed sympathy for the Protestant emigrants from Ireland, as lovers of American liberty, the Catholics, on the other hand, were crawling to the foot of the throne and telling King George III. that they would be only too happy to go out at his command and shed American blood in his cause. Is that statement true or not? This learned historian quoted a petition that was presented to the king in the year 1775 by Lord Fingal and other noblemen. In that petition he states Lord Fingal and several other Catholic noblemen spoke in the name of the Irish people, pronouncing the American Revolution an unnatural rebellion, and expressing a willingness to go out for the suppression of American

liberty. First I ask at what time were Lord Fingal, Lord Hope, Lord Kenmare, and the other Catholic lords of the pale authorized to speak in the name of the Irish people? Their presence in Ireland, although they kept the faith, was a cross, a hindrance, and a stumbling-block to the Irish nation, and the Irish people know it well. I do not doubt Mr. Froude's word, but being only anxious to satisfy myself by strict research, I have looked for this petition. I find a petition in Currey's collection signed by Lord Fingal and a number of Catholic noblemen, and in which they protest their loyalty in terms of the most slavish adulation. But I am not able to discover a single word about the American Revolution, or expressing any desire to destroy the liberation of America. *Not one word.* I have sought, and my friends have sought, in every document that was at our hands for this petition. I could not find it. There is a mistake somewhere. It is strange that a petition of so much importance should not have been published among the documents of the time. The learned historian's resources are far more ample than mine; resources of time, talent, and opportunity. No doubt he will be able to explain this. This petition must have passed through Sir John Blackier's hands, then to the Lord Lieutenant, from him to the Prime Minister, and from him to the king. We have an old proverb which shows how we manage these things in Ireland: "Speak to the maid to speak to the mistress to speak to the master."

Now we come to the year 1775. The Catholics of Ireland had no voice in the government; they could not so much as vote for a parish beadle, much less for a member of Parliament. And does Mr. Froude tell the American people that these unfortunate people would not have welcomed the cry that came from across the Atlantic? It was the cry of a people who proclaimed the truest liberty of men and of nations; who proclaimed that no people upon the earth should be taxed without representation, and who gave the first blow, right across the face, to English tyranny that that tyrant had received for many years — a blow before which England reeled, and which brought her to her knees. Does he mean to tell you, citizens of America, that such an event as this would be distasteful to the poor Irish Catholics in Ireland? It is true that they had crushed them as far as they could, but they had not taken the manhood out of them. Now, here are the facts of this. Lord Howe, the English general,

in that very year of 1775, writes home to his Government from America, and says: "Send out German troops from England," which, in other words, meant Hessians. I don't make use of this feeling with the slightest tincture of disrespect. I have the greatest respect for the German element in this country. Certain it is, however, that in those days Hesse Cassel and Hesse Darmstadt — the people of those States — were hired out by every other country to fight their varied battles. "Send me out German troops," said Lord Howe, "for in a war against America and the American people I cannot depend on the Irish people, because a subjugated but unsubdued race are too much in unison — they have too much sympathy for the people of America. The Irish," said he, "*are not to be depended upon.*" They sent out four thousand troops from Ireland. But listen, my friends, to this — but listen to this: Arthur Lee, the agent of America in Europe, writes home to his Government in 1777, and says that "the resources of our enemy are annihilated in Germany, and their last resort is to the Catholics of Ireland. They have already experienced their unwillingness to go. Every man of a regiment raised there last year obliged them to ship him tied and bound." Honor to the Irish Catholic soldiers' hearts that when they were to be sent to America to cut the throats of and scalp the American people they swore they would not do it, and they had to tie them and carry them on board. But Lee goes on to say, "And more certainly they will desert more than any other troops." Lowder tells us that the war against America was not over popular, even in England. But in Ireland he says the people assumed the cause of America from sympathy. Let us leave Ireland and come to America. Let us see how the great man who was building up a magnificent dynasty in this country regarded the Irish people. I refer, my friends, to the immortal patriot and Father of his Country, George Washington. In 1790 George Washington received an address from the Catholics of America, signed by Bishop Carroll, of Maryland, and a great many others. In reply to that address, the response this magnificent man (Washington) makes, is in these words: "I hope to see America free and ranked among the foremost nations of the earth in examples of justice and liberality, and I presume that you, fellow-citizens, will not forget the patriotic part which you Irish took in the accomplishment of our rebellion and the

establishment of our Government, and in the valuable assistance which we received from a nation professing the Catholic religion." In the month of December, 1781, the friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Philadelphia elected Washington a member of their society. These men were great friends of the great American Father of his Country. When his army lay at Valley Forge, twenty-seven members of this society subscribed between them, in 1780, 103,500 pounds sterling of Pennsylvania currency for the American troops. George Washington accepted the affiliation with their society. "I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so friendly a society as that of the Sons of St. Patrick, a society distinguished for the firmest adherence to our cause." During that time what greater honor could be bestowed by Washington than he bestowed upon the Irish?

When Arnold, whose name is handed down for eternal execration, proved a traitor, Washington was obliged to choose the very best soldiers in the army to send to West Point. From his whole army they selected the celebrated Pennsylvania Line, as they were called, and these troops were mainly made up of Irishmen. Nay, more; not merely of Protestant Irishmen, or of those who in that day were called Scotch Irish, which designated Mr. Froude's friends who emigrated from Ulster. Look over the muster-roll of this regiment, and we find such names as Duffy, McGuire, and O'Brien. These are names, not of Palatines, or the Scotch planters in Ireland, but of thoroughbred Irishmen. They fought and bled for Washington, and he loved them.

And now, my friends, I want to give you a little incident in the history of that celebrated corps (the Pennsylvania Line), to let you see how their hearts and hands were in relation to America. During the American Revolution, as Mr. Carey informs us, these Irish-American soldiers, who were avenging at the same time the wrongs of the country of their birth and those of the country of their adoption, became disheartened at what they conceived to be the neglect of the Government towards them. Everywhere around they saw the people in wealth, and comfort and affluence, while they themselves were spilling their blood for the country which would relieve neither their nakedness nor their hunger. On the frozen roads they marked their march with the blood that trickled from their

shoeless feet, and they were half naked in the midst of winter. They petitioned; they appealed to Congress; they remonstrated; and at last, stung beyond endurance by their suffering, they mutinied. When the English commander heard this, he was overjoyed, and he wrote home to England, saying that the rebellion (as he called it) would soon be crushed. Lord Howe sent his agents to confer with the mutinous Pennsylvania Line, giving them a free card to make any terms whatever that could induce the starving Irish soldiers to go over to the British side. The Pennsylvania Line seized and bound the agents of the British general and sent them to the tent of Washington!

There was no Judas, no Arnold among them. They defied the tempters while they trampled on their shining gold, and these miserable wretches, the English spies, paid the forfeit of their lives for attempting to seduce these illustrious heroes. About Irishmen and Irish patriotism there was no falsehood.

Mr. Froude seems to think that the American people look upon the Irish nation with a certain amount of disrespect and disesteem. On this question, and in reference to our people, take the testimony of George W. Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington. He says: "The Irishmen at that time and before, even though they were themselves struggling for emancipation, lent all their support to this country." This is what the great American gentleman says of them in reference to an appeal which they made for aid: "And why is this imposing appeal from poor Ireland, whose generous sons in the days of our infancy, and during our struggle for independence, shared in our glory and shared in our misfortunes, and shared in our successes. They shared in all the storms of political strife that beset this once unhappy but now happy land. Yes, the Irish people, in the ferveney of their enthusiasm, have always in their heart cherished one great idea of respect for this country, and in the magnificent outpouring of their hearts, their lips have never ceased to utter in time of need the musical ejaculation, 'God save America!' This is true, because we have always received from Ireland more help and needed assistance than we ever received from any European nation." Again he says:

"To-day the grass has grown green over the grave of many a poor Irishman who died for America before any one here assembled

was born. In the war of the Revolution in this country, Ireland furnished one hundred men to any single man furnished by any foreign nation."

The same high authority, the adopted son of Washington, ever entertained the heartiest sympathy and admiration for the veteran Irish soldiers of the revolution. He was accustomed to welcome them into his own house, there to treat them with kindness and esteem; and he tells us of one aged survivor whom he invited in, and who, while holding the hospitable glass offered to him, said: "Let me drink to General Washington, who is a saint in heaven this day." On another memorable occasion the same eminent American pays the following tribute to Ireland:

"Recall to your minds the recollections of the heroic times when Irishmen were our friends, and when they were throughout the whole world, no matter where scattered, the friends of our interest, the supporters of our independence. Look to the period that tried the souls of men on this soil, and you will find that the sons of Erin rushed to our ranks, and amongst the clash of steel there was many a John Byrne who was not idle." He does not say Gibbs, or Spragg, or any Cromwellian name of the kind. Let me tell you who this John Byrne was. A certain Irish prisoner was put on board of a ship and there left in chains in the bow of a ship, pestilence being on board; he was more than half starved, and was scarcely alive when summoned on deck to have sentence pronounced, in consequence of the cruelty inflicted on him. And then the English commander offered him plenty of money and liberty if he would give up the cause which he had espoused, which cause was the American cause, and join the British army. With a hand scarcely able to lift up he opened his mouth and uttered vehemently with all the force he could command, "Hurrah for America!" In the presence of such facts as these, testified to by no less eminent men than George Washington and his son, Mr. Froude might as well speak to the hurricane above his head as to try to erase from the Irish people the sympathy of America! Dr. McNeven, in the year 1809, speaking of the war with England, says in relation to this circumstance:

"One of the matters charged on the Irish, and one of the many pretexts for refusing redress to the Catholics of Ireland was that

16,000 of them fought on the side of America. Many more thousands are ready to maintain the Declaration of American Independence."

Now, my friends, there are other testimonies to justify our race. We have the testimony of American literary gentlemen, such for instance as that of Mr. Paulding, and here are his words:

"The history of Ireland exhibits from first to last a detail of the most persevering, galling, grinding, insulting, and systematic oppression found anywhere except among the helots of Sparta. There is not a national feeling that has not been insulted, and not a national right that has not been trodden under foot. As Christians the people of Ireland have been denied the exercise of the Catholic religion, venerable for its antiquity, admirable for its unity, and the chord by which the people are bound together in harmony. As men the Irish people have been deprived of the common rights of British subjects, under the pretext that they were incapable of enjoying them, which pretext had no other foundation except their resistance to oppression. England has denied them the means of improvement, and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism."

Another distinguished American — Mr. Johnson, for instance — says he has never observed such severity as that exercised over the Catholics of Ireland. This is a gentleman whose name stands high in the literary record of America. Take again the unanimous address of the Legislature of Maryland. Those American legislators say: "A dependency of Great Britain, Ireland, is lying languishing under an oppression reprobated by humanity and discountenanced by just policy. It would argue ignorance of human rights to submit patiently to this oppression. The Senators have witnessed the struggle of Ireland, but with only poor success. Rebellions and insurrections have gone on with but little instances of tranquility. America has opened her arms to the oppressed of all nations. No people have availed themselves of the asylum with more alacrity or in greater numbers than the Irish. High is the meed of praise which the Irish feel for the gratitude of America. As heroes and statesmen they honor their adopted country." Until such glorious words as these are wiped out of the record of American history, until the generous sentiments that have inspired them

have ceased to be a portion of the American nature, then and not before then, will Mr. Froude get the verdict which he seeks from America. I have looked through the American archives, and I find that the foundation of that sympathy lies in the simple fact that the Catholics of Ireland were heart and soul with you in that glorious struggle. I find a letter from Ireland in September, 1775, to a friend in New York, in which the gentleman writing says: "Most of the people here wish well to the cause in which you are engaged. They are receiving recruits throughout this kingdom, but the men are told that they are only going to Edinburgh to learn military discipline and are then to return." They had to tell them a lie first, well knowing that if they told them the truth they would never enter the ranks of the British army to fight against Americans. In 1775 the Duke of Richmond makes this statement: "Attempts have been made to enlist Irish Roman Catholics, but the Ministry know well that these attempts have been unsuccessful." A certain Major Roche was sent down to Cork to recruit, and he made a speech to them beginning, "The glorious nationality to which they belonged, the splendid monarchy that governed them;" in fact, almost the very words that Mr. Froude alleges to have been used by Lord Fingall were used by Major Roche to these poor men, and he then held the golden guinea and the pound before them, but none could be induced to fight against their American brothers. Writing to the House of Commons in the year 1779, Mr. Johnson says: "I maintain that the sons of the best and wisest men in this country are on the side of the American people, and that in Ireland there was a large majority on the side of the Americans." In the House of Lords, in the same year, the Duke of Richmond says: "Attempts have been made to enlist the Irish Roman Catholics. These attempts have proved unsuccessful." We find again the American Congress, in the memorable year 1775, taking action in the matter. Congress sent over the Atlantic waves assistance to the down-trodden Catholic Irish.

I now come to another honored name and find the testimony of Verplanck. When the Catholic Emancipation was passed there was a banquet in New York City to celebrate the event, and this distinguished American proposed a toast: "The Penal Laws: *requiescat*

in pace — may they rest in peace. And now that they are gone, I have a good word to say for them." What was that good word? Here it is: "Both in that glorious struggle for independence and in our more recent contest for American rights those laws gave to America the support of hundreds and thousands of brave hearts and strong arms." Two of America's greatest statesmen, Henry Clay and William H. Seward, have given substantial proof of their sympathy for Ireland, and have shown that Ireland always deserved it of America. I now come to another important question in this discussion — the volunteers of 1782. The cause of the formation of the volunteers was the determination of the English Government to send over to Ireland regiments of Hessians to take the place of the soldiers that had been sent from there to America, and the Protestant Irish said that they would have none of them, and from this sprang the volunteers of 1782. Mr. Froude had had little to say of them, and consequently in answering him he would restrict himself also in that regard. In 1776 Ireland began to arm, but the movement was altogether Protestant. But we find that the Catholics of Ireland, ground as they were to the dust, no sooner did they hear that their Protestant oppressors were anxious to do something for the old land than they came to them and said: "We forgive everything you ever did to us; we leave you the land, our country, and our wealth and our commerce; all we ask of you is put a gun into our hands for one hour of our lives." This they were refused, and, my friends, when the Catholic Irish — when they found that they would not be allowed to enter the ranks of the volunteers, they had the generosity out of their poverty to collect money and hand it over to clothe and feed the army of their Protestant fellow-citizens. Anything for Ireland. Anything for the man that would lift his hand for Ireland, no matter of what religion he was. The old generous spirit was there, the love that never could be extinguished was there, self-sacrificing, ample love for any man, no matter who he was, that was a friend to their native land. But after a time our Protestant friends and volunteers began to think that these Catholics were capital fellows; somehow centuries of persecution could not knock the manhood out of them, and accordingly we find in 1780 there were 50,000 Catholics amongst the volunteers, every man of them with arms in his hand.

Mr. Froude says that Grattan — the immortal Grattan, whilst he

wished well for Ireland, whilst he was irreproachable in every way, public or private, at this time was guilty of a great mistake; that England had long ruled Ireland badly, but she had been taught a lesson by America, and she was now anxious to govern Ireland well, and no sooner was an abuse pointed out than it was immediately remedied; and the mistake Grattan made was, instead of insisting on just legislation from England, he insisted on the independence of Ireland, and that the Irish people should make their own laws; that the energies of the nation, which were wasted in political faction, could have been husbanded, and England would have been induced to grant just and fair laws; but he goes on the assumption, my dear American friends — the gentleman goes on the assumption that England was willing to redress grievances, to repeal the bad laws and make good ones, and he makes this assertion by saying that she struck off the wrists of the Irish merchants the chains of their commercial slavery and restored to Ireland her trade. You remember that this trade was taken away from them. Now, I wish for the honor of England that she was as generous, or even as just, as Mr. Froude represents her, and as he no doubt would wish her to be; but we have the fact before us that in 1779, when a motion was made to repeal the laws restricting the commerce of Ireland, the English Parliament, the English king and the English Lord Lieutenant of Ireland opposed it to the very death. They would not have it; not a fetter would they strike off even of the chains of the Protestants and planters of Ireland; and it was only when Grattan rose up in the Irish Parliament and insisted that Ireland should get back her trade, it was only then that England consented to listen, because there were 50,000 volunteers armed outside. The policy of trade interference still continued, and serious as it was, it was but an iota of the wrongs inflicted. No Irishmen were recognized but Protestant Irishmen. All others were men excluded from the bench, the bank, the exchange, the university, the College of Physicians, and so on. When, then, the English king and Parliament and aristocracy were bound to have this thing go on, it was a righteous act for Grattan to rise in the Senate and swear before heaven that it should cease. As firmly was the oath that it should not cease retorted, and while Grattan worked within he had 50,000 volunteers drawn up in the streets of Dublin to give weight to his arguments. Bitter then was

the sorrow of the English when a member whose position should have taught him better — Hussey de Burgh — seconded Grattan's motion, and Ireland's commercial and legislative freedom were asserted. Protestant bigotry, the many-headed monster, had now begun to think it would be proper to reform the state, but Henry Grattan said: "I never will claim this while thousands of my countrymen are in chains; give them the power to return members to Parliament, and put an end to the nomination boroughs; let the members represent the people, and you will have reformed your Parliament and have established the liberties which the volunteers have won." The English would not hear of reform, because they wanted to have a venal and corrupt Government.

It was to this fact and not to any misstatement that we owe the collapse of that magnificent resurrection in the movement of 1800. When William Pitt came to office his first step was to put an end to this difficulty and unite the two Parliaments into one. This being the programme, how was it to be worked out? Mr. Froude stated that the rebellion of 1798 was one of those outbursts of Irish ungovernable passion and of Irish inconstancy. Mr. Froude said that rebellion rose out of the disturbance of men's minds created by the French revolution, which set all the world ablaze, and the flames spread no doubt to Ireland, and that the Irish Government was so hampered by the free Parliament their hands were bound. The rising of 1798 took place on the 23d of May, and on that day the United Irishmen arose. As early as 1797 the country was beginning to be disturbed, and during the months of February and March Lord Moira said in the House of Lords:

"I have seen in Ireland the most absurd and disgusting tyranny that any nation ever groaned under. I have myself seen it practised and unchecked, and the effects that resulted were such as I have stated to your lordship. I have seen in that country a marked distinction between the English and the Irish. I have seen troops full of this prejudice, and every inhabitant of that is, and is a rebel to the British Government."

Their treatment of the Irish was cruel in the extreme. They persecuted them until Irish blood could stand no more, until Irishmen would have been poltroons and servile cowards to have yielded without a determined and forcible assertion of their rights. (The

lecturer continued his description of the outrages encouraged by English tyranny and practised by the troops, and closed that portion of the narrative with the remark, which brought great outcries of enthusiasm from the audience): And all this occurred before the rising actually took place, and this course was pursued with the view of provoking the great rebellion which followed. I ask you, in all this goading of a people into rebellion, if the infamous Government which then ruled Ireland was not to blame? Were the Irish responsible when the myrmidons of England were let loose upon them, violating every principle of honor and decency? Did they not goad them into the rebellion of 1798? Mr. Froude says several hot-headed priests put themselves at the head of the people. There was Father John Murphy, who came home from his duties one day and found his house burned, his chapel destroyed, and his unfortunate parishioners huddled about the blackened walls of the chapel. "Where are we to fly?" they cried. Father John Murphy got some pikes, put them in their hands, and himself at their head. Here you see, Mr. Froude, there are two sides to every story. I have endeavored to give you some portions of the Irish side of this story, resting and bearing my testimony upon the records of Protestant and English writers, and upon the testimony which I have been proud to put before you of the noble and generous American people. I have to apologize for the dryness of the subject and the imperfect manner in which I have treated it, and also for the unconscionable length of time which I have tried your patience. On next Tuesday evening we shall be approaching ticklish ground — Ireland since the Union, Ireland to-day, and Ireland as my heart and brain tells me that she will be in some future time.

Fifth Lecture.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — On this day a paragraph in a a newspaper, the "New York Tribune," was brought under my notice, and the reading of it caused me much pain and anguish of mind. It recorded an act of discourtesy to my learned antagonist, Mr. Froude, supposed to have been offered by Irishmen in Boston. In the name of the Irishmen in America I tender to the learned gentlemen my best apologies. I beg to assure him for my Irish fellow-countrymen in this country that we are only too happy to offer to him the courtesy and hospitality which Ireland has never refused, even to her enemies. Mr. Froude does not come amongst us as an enemy of Ireland, but he professes that he loves the Irish people, and I believe him. When I read in the report of his last lecture, which I am about to answer to-night, that he would yield to no man in his love for the Irish people, I was reminded of what O'Connell said to Lord Derby on a similar occasion. When the noble lord stated in the House of Lords that he would yield to no man in his great love for Ireland, the "Tribune" arose and said: "Any man that loves Ireland cannot be my enemy; let our hearts shake hands." I am sure, therefore, that I speak the sentiments of every true Irishman in America when I assure this learned English gentleman that as long as he is in this country he will receive from the hands of the Irish citizens of America nothing but the same courtesy, the same polite hospitality and attention which he boasts he has received from the Irish people in their native land. We Irishmen in America know well that it is not by discourtesy, or anything approaching to rudeness or violence, that we expect to make our appeal to this great nation. If ever the reign of intellect and of mind was practically established in this world, it is in glorious America.

Every man who seeks the truth, every man who preaches the truth, whether it be a religious or a historical truth, will find an audience in America; and I hope that he never will find an Irishman to stand up and offer him discourtesy or violence because he speaks what he imagines to be the truth.

So much being said in reference to the paragraph to which I have alluded, I come to the last of Mr. Froude's lectures and to the last of my own. First, the learned gentleman, in his fourth lecture, told the people of America his views of the rebellion of 1782 and the subsequent Irish rebellion of '98. According to Mr. Froude, the Irish made a great mistake in 1782 by asserting the independence of the Irish Parliament. "They abandoned," says this learned gentleman, "the paths of political reform, and they clamored for political agitation." Now, political agitation is one thing and political reform is another. Political reform, my friends, means the correction of great abuses, the repealing of bad laws, and the passing of good measures for the welfare and well-being of a people. According to this learned gentlemen, the English were taught by their bitter American experience that coercion would not answer with the people, and that it was impossible to thrust unjust laws upon a people or nation. According to Mr. Froude, England was only too willing, too happy, in the year 1780 to repeal all the bad laws that had been passed in the blindness and bigotry of bygone ages, and to grant to Ireland real redress of all her grievances. "But the Irish people," says Mr. Froude, "instead of demanding from England a redress for their grievances, insisted upon their national and parliamentary independence. And they were fools in this," he says, "for that very independence led to internal contention, from contention to conspiracy, from conspiracy to rebellion, and from rebellion to tyranny." Now, I am as great an enemy of political agitation as Mr. Froude or any other man. I hold, and I hold it by experience, that political agitation distracts men's minds from more serious and more necessary avocations of life; that political agitation distracts men's minds away from their business and from the safer pursuits of industry, while it creates animosity and bad blood between citizens; that it affords an easy and profitable employment to worthless demagogues, and that it brings very often to the surface the vilest and meanest element of society. All this I grant. But at the same time

I hold that political agitation is the only resource left to a people who are endeavoring to exact good laws from an unwilling and tyrannical government. May I ask the learned historian what were the wars of the seventeenth century in France, in Germany, and in the Netherlands — the wars Mr. Froude admires so much, and for which he expresses so much sympathy? What were they but political agitations, taking the form of armed rebellion, in order to extort from the government of the time what the people believed to be just measures of toleration and liberties of conscience? With these wars that were waged by the people in armed rebellion against France, Spain, and in the Netherlands, against the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Mr. Froude has the deepest sympathy, *because they were wars made by Protestants against Catholic Governments.* The men who made these wars were innovators, and they were revolutionists in every sense of the word. They wanted to overthrow and overturn not only the altar, but the established form of government. But when the Irish, who alone stood in defence of their ancient religion, their altars, their lives, their property — not their freedom, because that was long gone — though the Irish did this, the learned gentleman has not a word to say, except those which express the greatest disdain and disapprobation. And now, my friends, we come to consider whether Mr. Froude is right when he says "that the Irish only clamored for political agitation."

Now mark! In 1780 the Irish people, and more especially the Protestant portion of the Irish people, demanded of the English Government the repeal of certain laws that restricted and almost annihilated the trade and commerce of Ireland. These laws had been passed under William III.; they were levelled at the Irish woollen trade; they forbid the exportation of manufactured cloth from Ireland, except under a duty that was equivalent to a prohibition tariff. They went so far as to prohibit the Irish people from selling the very fleece — their wool — selling it to any foreign power except England. England then fixed her price, and as Mr. Froude himself said, "although the French might be offering for Irish wool, the Irish merchant could not sell to them, but he was obliged to sell to the English merchant at his own price." When the Irish people demanded this just measure, I ask was England willing to grant it? Was England, as Mr. Froude says, only anxious to

discover unjust laws in order to repeal them, and to discover grievances in order to redress them? I answer, No! England nailed her colors to the mast. She said, "I never will grant a repeal of restriction duties on Irish trade. Ireland is down, and I will keep her down."

The proof lies here, that the English Government resisted Grattan's demand for the emancipation of Irish industry until Henry Grattan brought 50,000 volunteers, and the very day he rose in the Irish Parliament to proclaim that she demanded her rights and no more, the volunteers in College Green and Stephen's Green, in Dublin, planted their cannon right before the English House of Commons, and had written over the mouths of their cannon, "Free trade for Ireland, or ——" If England was so willing to redress every Irish grievance — if the Irish people had only to say, "Look here, there is this law in existence; take it away, for it is strangling and destroying the industry of the country" — if England was willing to take away the thing — and this Mr. Froude says she was — if she was willing to hear a defect only to remedy it, why, in the name of God — why, in that day of 1780 — why did she hold out until at the cannon's mouth she was compelled to yield the commercial independence of Ireland? Is it any wonder that the Irish people thought, with Henry Grattan, that if every measure of reform was to be fought for, the country would be kept in a perfect state of revolution? If the Irish people would have to say, "Whatever we are to get, we must be ready with our torches lighted and cannons loaded," is it any wonder that they should have said, "It is far better for us to leave our Parliament free and independent to take up the making of our own laws, and consulting our interests, and in peace, quietness, and harmony, to take thought for the needs of Ireland and legislate for them. And this is what Mr. Froude calls clamoring for political agitation. Thus we see, my friends — and remember this evening, fellow-countrymen, that I am moved to especially appeal to America, for I expect my verdict this evening as Mr. Froude got his, and it is not from Dr. Hitchcock. It is not the puny crow of a barn-door fowl, but it is the scream of the American eagle that I expect to hear. Thus we see that the action of 1782, by which Grattan obtained and achieved the independence of the Irish Parliament, did not show any innate love of Irishmen for po-

litical agitation; but in the action of the British Government, that forced them on, they gave them only two alternatives: remain subject to my Parliament and I will never grant you anything except at the cannon's mouth; or take your own liberty and legislate for yourselves. Oh, Henry Grattan, you were not a Catholic, and yet I, a Catholic priest, here to-night call down ten thousand blessings on your name. It is true that that emancipated Parliament of 1782 failed to realize the hopes of the Irish nation. Perfectly true. The Parliament of 1782 was a failure, I grant it. Mr. Froude says that that Parliament was a failure because the Irish are incapable of self-legislation. It is a serious charge to make now against any people, my friends. I who am not supposed to be a philosopher, and because of the habit that I wear am supposed not to be a man of very large mind — I stand up here to-night and I assert my conviction that there is not a nation or a race under the sun that is not capable of self-legislation, and that has not a right to the inheritance of freedom. But if the learned gentleman wishes to know what was the real cause of that failure, I will tell him. The emancipated Parliament of 1782, although it enclosed within its walls such honored names as Grattan and Flood, yet did not represent the Irish nation. There were nearly three millions and a half of Irishmen in Ireland at that day. Three millions were Catholics and half a million Protestants, and the Parliament of 1782 only represented the half-million. Nay, more; examine the constitution of that Parliament and see who they were, see how they were elected, and you will find that not even the half-million of Protestants were fairly represented in that Parliament.

For the House of Commons held three hundred members, and of these three hundred there were only seventy-two elected by the people; the rest were nominees of certain great lords and certain large landed proprietors. A man happened to have an estate the size of a county, and each town sent a man to Parliament. The landlord said, You elect such and such a man, naming him. These places were called rotten boroughs, nomination boroughs, pocket boroughs, because my lord had them in his pocket. Have any of you Irishmen here present ever travelled from Dublin to Drogheda? There is a miserable village, a half a dozen wretched huts, the dirtiest, filthiest place I ever saw — and that miserable village returned a member for the Irish

Parliament. Did that Parliament of 1782 represent the Irish people? The 3,000,000 of Catholics had not so much as a vote. The best, the most intellectual Catholic in Ireland had not even a vote for a member of Parliament. Had the Parliament represented the Irish nation, they would have solved the problem of Home Rule in a sense favorable to Ireland and very unfavorable to the theories of Mr. Froude.

The Irish people knew this well, and the moment that the Parliament of 1782 was declared independent of the Parliament of England, was declared to have the power of originating its own acts of legislation, and to be responsible to no one but the king, that moment the Irish clamored for reform. They said: "Reform yourselves." Let the people represent them fairly, and you will make a great success of our independence. The volunteers, to their honor, cried out for reform. In their first meeting at Dungarvan, where they were 95,000 strong, the only thing they demanded was reform. The United Irishmen — who, in the beginning, were not a secret society or a treasonable society, but open, free, loyal men, embracing the first names and the first characters in Ireland — the United Irishmen originated as a society embracing the first intellect in Ireland for the purpose of forcing reform on the Parliament. It may be interesting to the citizens of America who have honored me with their presence this evening, it may be interesting to my Irish fellow-countrymen, to know what were the three precepts on which the United Irishmen were founded. Here they are: The first resolution of that society was that "the weight of English influence in the government of this country is so great as to require cordial union among all the people of Ireland to maintain that balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties and to the extension of our commerce."

Resolution No. 2: "That the only constitutional means by which this influence of England can be opposed is by complete, cordial, and radical reform of the representation of the people in Parliament." Resolution No. 3: "That no reform is just which does not include every Irishman of every religious persuasion." There you have the whole programme of the formidable Society of United Irishmen. I ask the people of America if there is anything treasonable, anything reprehensible, anything deserving

imprisonment, punishment, or death, in such resolution? But England opposed and hindered the reform. England said the Parliament must remain representatives of a faction and not of the nation — the corrupt and venal representatives of only a small portion of the Protestant faction. On the 29th of November, 1793, Flood introduced into the Irish Parliament a bill of reform. The moment it was read a member rose to oppose it. That member was Barry Yelverton, afterward Lord Avonmore, the Attorney-General of Ireland, who gave to the bill an official and Government opposition. The bill was defeated by 159 to 77. Every one of the 159 voted with the bribe in their pockets. Then Attorney-General Yelverton rose and made a motion that it be declared that this House maintain its just rights and privileges against all encroachments whatsoever, the just rights and privileges being the representation of five-sixths of the Irish people. But, says Mr. Froude, from confusion grew conspiracy, and from conspiracy grew rebellion. By conspiracy he means the Society of United Irishmen and by rebellion the rising of '98. In my last lecture I showed by the evidence of such illustrious men as Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, that the rising of '98 was caused by the British Government, which goaded the Irish into rebellion. I think I have to-night shown that the Society of United Irishmen was not a conspiracy, but a union of the best intellects and best men in Ireland for a splendid and patriotic purpose, which they aimed to attain by loyal and legitimate means. But the United Irishmen were formed to effect a union among all Irishmen, and this was enough to excite the suspicions of England, whose policy for centuries has been to maintain divisions in Ireland. Well did Mr. Froude say that on the day when Irishmen were united they will be invincible. The Prime Minister of England, William Pitt, resolved on three things: First, to disarm the volunteers; second, to drive the United Irishmen into conspiracy; and third, to force Ireland into a rebellion and have it at his feet. I am reviewing this historically, calmly, and without expression of feeling. But I think a philosopher is the last man in the world who ought to write history. Mr. Froude ought not to write history. A historian's duty is to detail dry facts, and the less he has to do with theories the better. I believe the learned gentle-

man is too much of a philosopher to be a good historian, and too much of a historian to be a good philosopher. The first of Pitt's three designs was accomplished in 1785. His next move was to send to Ireland a standing army of 15,000 men, and to obtain from the Irish Parliament a grant of £20,000 to enable him to organize a regular militia. Between the army and the militia he caught the volunteers in the centre and disarmed them. On the day when the last volunteer laid down his arms the hopes of Ireland were for the time laid down with him. In 1793 the Parliament passed two bills, the Gunpowder Bill and the Committee Bill. A public meeting of United Irishmen was held in Dublin to protest against the outrageous course pursued by certain agents of the Government in entering houses, and penetrating into private chambers, under pretence of searching for gunpowder, alleged to be concealed there. The Hon. Simon Butler, president, and Oliver Bond, secretary, of the meeting, were imprisoned five months and fined £300 for their part in the demonstration. The United Irishmen were obliged to seek refuge from persecution in secresy, and were thus forced to become conspirators.

But the first really treasonable project in which they took part was in 1794, when the Rev. William Jackson, a Protestant clergyman, came over to Ireland, commissioned by the French Convention. Mr. Jackson was a true man, but he was accompanied by a certain John Cocquaine, an English lawyer of London, and the agent of Pitt, Prime Minister of England. Thus did the Society of United Irishmen become the seat of conspiracy, and this was the action of the English Government. Before that it was perfectly legitimate and constitutional. Ah! but it had an object which was far more formidable to the English Government than any action of treason. The English Government is not afraid of Irish treason, but the English Government trembles with fear at the idea of Irish union. The United Irishmen were founded to promote union among Irishmen of every religion, and the Englishman has said in his own mind, "Treason is better than union;" it will force them to become treasonable conspirators in their projects, and union will be broken up. It is well that you should hear, my American friends, what was the oath that was demanded of the United Irishman. Let us suppose I was going to be sworn in: "I, Thomas Burke, in the presence of

God, do pledge myself to my country that I will use all my abilities and influence in the attainment of an imperial and adequate representation of the Irish nation in Parliament; and as a most absolute and immediate necessity for the attainment of this chief good of Ireland, I will endeavor as much as lies in my ability to forward and perpetuate the identity of interests, the union of rights, and the union of power among Irishmen of all religious persuasions." I protest before high Heaven to-night that, priest as I am, if I were asked in 1779 to take that oath, I would have taken it and tried to keep it. Remember, my friends, that it was no secret oath; remember that it was an oath that no man could refuse to take unless he was a dishonorable man and a traitor to his country. The founder of this society was Theobald Wolfe Tone. I admit that Mr. Tone was imbued with French revolutionary ideas, but he certainly never endeavored to impress these views upon the society until Mr. William Pitt's, the Prime Minister, influence forced that society to become a secret organization. The third object of the Premier of the Government, namely, to create an Irish rebellion — was accomplished by the cruelties and abominations of the soldiers, who were quartered upon the people and destroyed them. They violated the sanctity of Irish maidenhood and womanhood, burned their villages, plundered their farms, demolished their houses, until they made life even more intolerable than death itself, and compelled the people to rise in the rebellion of 1798. Now, you may ask what advantage was this to William Pitt, the Premier, to have conspiracy and rebellion in Ireland? I answer you that William Pitt was a great English statesman, and that meant in those days a great enemy of Ireland. He saw Ireland with her Parliament, free and independent, making her own laws, consulting her own interests, and he said to himself: "Ah! this will never do. This country will grow happy and prosperous; this country will be powerful, and that won't subserve my purposes, my imperial designs. What do I care for Ireland? I care for the British Empire." And he made up his mind to destroy the Irish Parliament and to carry the Act of Union. He knew well as long as Ireland was happy, peaceful, and prosperous he never could effect that. He knew well that it was only through the humiliation and destruction of Ireland that he could do it; and, cruel man as he was, he resolved to plunge the kingdom into rebellion

and bloodshed in order to carry out his infernal English state policy. And yet, dear friends, especially my American friends, my grand jury — for I feel as if I were a lawyer pleading the case of a poor defendant, that has been defendant in many a court for many a long century; the plaintiff is a great, rich, powerful woman; the poor defendant has nothing to commend her but a heart that has never yet despaired, a spirit that never yet was broken, and a loyalty to God and to man that never yet was violated by any act of treason — I ask you, O grand jury of America! to consider how easy it was to conciliate this poor mother Ireland of mine, and to make her peaceful and happy. Pitt himself had a proof of it in that very year of 1794.

Suddenly the imperious and magnificent Premier seemed to have changed his mind and to have adopted a policy of conciliation. He recalled the Irish Lord Lieutenant Westmoreland, and he sent to Ireland Earl Fitzwilliam, who arrived on the 4th of January, 1795. Lord Fitzwilliam was a gentleman of liberal mind, and a most estimable character. He felt kindly to the Irish people, and before he left England he made an express compact with William Pitt that if he were made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he would govern the country with principles of conciliation and kindness. He came. He found in Dublin Castle a certain Secretary Cooke, a petty tyrant, and he found the great family of Beresfords, who for years and years had monopolized all the public offices and emoluments, and held uncontrolled sway over the destinies of Ireland. He dismissed them all, sent them all to the right about, and he surrounded himself with men of liberal minds and large, statesman-like views. He began by telling the Catholics of Ireland that he would labor for their emancipation. A sudden peace and joy spread throughout the nation. Every vestige of insubordination and rebellion seemed to vanish out of the Irish mind; the people were content to wait; every law was observed; peace, happiness, and joy was for the time being the portion of the Irish people. How long did it last? In an evil hour Pitt returned to his old designs; Earl Fitzwilliam was recalled on the 25th of March, and Ireland enjoyed her hopes only for two short months. When it was ascertained that Lord Fitzwilliam was about to be recalled, there was scarcely a parish in Ireland that did not send in petitions, resolutions, and prayers to

the English Government to leave them their Lord Lieutenant. All to no purpose; the policy was changed; Pitt had made up his mind to carry the Union. On the day that Lord Fitzwilliam left Dublin the principal citizens of Dublin took the horses from his carriage, and they drew the carriage themselves down to the water's side. All Ireland was in tears. "The scene," says an historian of the time, "was heartrending; the whole country was in mourning." How easy it was, my American friends, to conciliate these people whom two short months of kindness could so have changed. Oh! if only the English Government, the English Parliament, the English people — if they could only realize this for ever so short a time, the mine of affection, the glorious heart, the splendid gratitude that lies there in Ireland, but to which they have never appealed and never touched! They have turned the very honey of human nature into the gall and bitterness of hate. The rebellion broke out, and it was defeated, and, as Mr. Froude truly says, "the victors took away all the old privileges and made the yoke heavier." By the old privileges, people of America, Mr. Froude means the Irish Parliament, which was taken away. I hope, citizens of America, that this English gentleman who has come here to get a verdict from you will be taught by that verdict that the right of human legislation is not a privilege, but the right of every nation on earth. Then, in the course of his lecture, going back to strengthen his argument, he says: "You must not blame England for being so hard on you Irishmen. She took away your Parliament, and inflicted on you a heavier yoke than you before bore. She could not help it, it was your own fault; what made you rebel?"

This is the argument which the learned gentleman uses. He says the penal laws never would have been carried out only for the revolution in Ireland in 1600. Now, the revolution of 1600 meant the war that Hugh O'Neill made in Ulster against Queen Elizabeth. According to this learned historian, the penal laws were the result, effect, and consequence of that revolution. Remember he fixes the date himself, 1600. Now, my friends, what is the record of history? The penal laws began to operate in Ireland in 1534. In 1537 the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, who was an Englishman, was put into jail, and left there for denying the supremacy of Harry VIII. over the Church of Rome. Passing over the succeeding

years of Harry VIII., passing over the enactments of Somerset, we come to Elizabeth's reign. And we find that she assembled a Parliament in 1560, forty years before Mr. Froude's revolution. Here is one of the laws of the Parliament: "All officers and ministers ecclesiastical" (that took *us* in) "were bound to take the oath of supremacy, and bound to swear that Queen Elizabeth was Popess; that she was the head of the Church; that she was the successor of the Apostles; that she was the representative of St. Peter, and through him of the Eternal Son of God." Queen Elizabeth! My friends, all were obliged to take this oath under pain of forfeiture and total incapacity. Any one who maintained the spiritual supremacy of the Pope was to forfeit for the first offence all his estates, real and personal; and if he had no estate, and if he was not worth twenty pounds, he was to be put for one year in jail. For the second offence he was liable to the penalty of premunire, and for the third offence guilty of high treason and put to death. These laws were made, and commissioners appointed to enforce them. Mr. Froude says they were not enforced. But we actually have the acts of Elizabeth's Parliament, appointing magistrates and officers to go out and enforce these laws. And these were made forty years before the revolution which Mr. Froude alludes to as the revolution of 1600. How, then, can the gentleman ask us to regard the penal laws as the effects of the revolution? In my philosophy, and I believe in that of the citizens of America, the effect generally follows the cause. But the English philosophical historian puts the effects forty years ahead of the cause, or, as we say in Ireland, he put "the car before the horse." But, my friends, Mr. Froude tells us, if you remember, in his second lecture, that the penal laws of Elizabeth were occasioned by the political necessity of her situation. Here is his argument, as he gives it. He says: "Elizabeth could not afford to let Ireland be Catholic, because if Ireland were Catholic, Ireland must be hostile to Elizabeth." I may tell you now, and I hope the ladies here will pardon me for mentioning it, that Queen Elizabeth was not a legitimate child. Her name in common parlance is too vile for me to utter, or for the ladies here to hear. Suffice it to say that Elizabeth's mother was not Elizabeth's father's wife. The Queen of England knew the ancient abhorrence that Ireland had for such a vice. He knew that abhorrence grew out of Ireland's Catholicity, and there-

fore she could not allow Ireland to remain Catholic, because Ireland would be hostile to her if Ireland remained Catholic. The only way the amiable queen could root out Catholics in Ireland was by penal laws — making it a felony for any Irishman to remain in Ireland a Catholic. Therefore the English historian says that she passed these laws because she could not help herself, and that she was coerced by the necessity of her situation. Now, I ask you, if Elizabeth, as he states in his second lecture, was obliged to pass these penal laws whether she would or not, why does he say that those penal laws were the effects of Hugh O'Neill's revolution? If they were the result of Elizabeth's necessity, then they were not the result of the immortal Hugh O'Neill's brave efforts.

His next assertion is that after the American war England was only too well disposed to do justice to Ireland; and the proof lies here: He says that "the laws against the Catholics were almost all repealed before 1798." Very well; now I ask you, dear friends, to reflect upon what these large measures of indulgence to the Catholics were of which Mr. Froude speaks. Here they are: In the year 1771 Parliament passed an act to enable Catholics to take a long lease on fifty acres of bog. My American friends, you may not understand this word bog. We in Ireland do. It means a marsh; it is almost irreclaimable; it means a marsh which you may be draining until doomsday, still it will remain the original marsh. You may sink a fortune in it in arterial drainage, in top dressing, as we call it in Ireland. Let it alone for a couple of years, then come back and look at it, and it has asserted itself and it is a bog once more. However, the Parliament was kinder than you imagine. For while they granted to the Catholic the power to take a long lease of fifty acres of bog, they also stipulated that if the bog was too deep for a foundation, he might take half an acre of arable land and build a house. Half an acre! Not more than a half an acre. This holding, such as it was, should not be within a mile of any city or town. Oh! no; and mark this: if half the bog was not reclaimed, that is five and twenty acres, within twenty-one years, the lease was forfeited! Dear friends, the Scriptures tell us that King Pharaoh of Egypt was very cruel to the Hebrews because he ordered them to make bricks without straw. But here is a law that ordered unfortunate Irishmen to reclaim twenty-five acres of bog in twenty-one years, or else lose

his land. Beggarly as this concession was, you will be astonished to hear that the very Parliament that passed it was so much afraid of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland that, in order to conciliate them for this slight concession, they passed another bill granting £10 additional to £30 already offered for every Papist priest duly converted to the Protestant religion. In October, 1777, the news reached England that General Burgoyne had surrendered to General Gates. The moment that the news reached Lord North, who was Prime Minister of England, he immediately expressed an ardent desire to relax the penal laws on Catholics. In January, the following year, 1778, the independence of America was acknowledged by glorious France. And the moment that piece of news reached England the English Parliament passed a bill for the relaxation of the laws on Catholics. In May of the same year the Irish Parliament passed a bill — now mark! — to enable Catholics to lease land — to take a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. So it seems we were to get out of the bog at last.

They also in that year repealed the unnatural penal law which altered the succession in favor of the child who became a Protestant and gave him the father's property. They also repealed the law for the persecution of priests and the imprisonment of Popish schoolmasters. In the year 1793 they gave back to the Catholics the power to elect a member of Parliament, to vote, and they also gave them the right to certain commissions in army. That is, positively, all that we got. And this is what Mr. Froude calls "almost a total repeal of the laws against Catholics." We could not go into Parliament; we could not go on the bench; we could not be magistrates; we were still the hewers of wood and drawers of water. And this loyal and benign Englishman comes and says: "Why, you fools, you were almost free!" Well, people of America, if these be Mr. Froude's notions of civil and religious freedom, I appeal to you for Ireland not to give him the verdict. "The insurrection of 1798," continues the learned gentleman, "threw Ireland back into confusion and misery, from which she was partially delivered by the Act of Union." The first part of that proposition I admit; the second I emphatically deny. I admit that the unsuccessful rebellion of 1798 threw Ireland back into a state of misery. Unsuccessful rebellion is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a nation, and the

sooner Irishmen and Irish patriots understand this the better it will be for them and their country. I emphatically deny that by the Act of Union there was any remedy for these miseries: that it had any healing remedy whatever for the wrongs of Ireland; that it had anything in the shape of a benefit or blessing. I assert that the Union of 1800, by which Ireland lost her Parliament, was a pure curse for Ireland from that day, and nothing else, and it is an evil that must be remedied if the grievances of Ireland are ever to be redressed. I need not dwell upon the wholesale bribery and corruption by which the infernal Castlereagh, that political apostate, carried that detestable Act of Union. Mr. Froude has had the good sense to pass by that dirty subject without touching him, and I can do nothing better. He says: "It was expected that whatever grievances Ireland complained of would be removed by legislation after the Act of Union." It was expected, it is quite true. Even Catholics expected something. They were promised in writing by Lord Cornwallis that Catholic emancipation would be given them if they only accepted the Union. Pitt himself assured them that he would not administer the Government unless Catholic emancipation was made a Cabinet measure. The honor of Pitt, the honor of England, was engaged; the honor of the brave though unfortunate Lord Cornwallis was engaged; but the Irish were left to meditate in bitterness of spirit upon the nature of English faith. Now let me introduce an honored name that I shall return to by and by. At that time the Parliament of Ireland was bribed with money and titles, and the Catholic people of Ireland were bribed by the promises of emancipation if they would consent to the Union. Then it was that a young man appeared in Dublin and spoke for the first time against the Union and in the name of the Catholics of Ireland, and that man was the glorious Daniel O'Connell. Two or three of the bishops gave a kind of tacit negative consent to the measure, in the hope of getting Catholic emancipation. I need hardly tell you, my friends, that the Catholic lords of the pale were only too willing to pass any measure the English Government would require. O'Connell appeared before the Catholic Committee of Dublin. Here are his words: Remember they are the words of the Catholics of Ireland:

"Sir, — It is my sentiment, and I am satisfied it is the sentiment not only of every gentleman that hears me, but of the Catholic people

of Ireland, that if our opposition to this injurious, insulting and hated measure of Union were to draw upon us the renewal of the penal laws, we would sooner boldly meet the persecution and oppression, which would be testimony of our virtue, and throw ourselves once more under the mercy of our Protestant brethren, than give our assent to the political murder of our country. I do know that although exclusive advantages may be ambiguously held forth to the Irish Catholic to seduce him from the sacred duty which he owes to his country, I know that the Catholics of Ireland still remember that they have a country, and that they will never accept of any advantage as a sect which would debase and destroy them as a people."

Shade of the great departed, you never uttered truer words! Shade of the great O'Connell, every true Irishman, priest and layman, subscribes to these glorious sentiments, wherever that Irishman is this night!

Now, Mr. Froude goes on in an innocent sort of a way: "It is a strange thing after the Union was passed that the people of Ireland were still grumbling and complaining. They were not treated unjustly hard." These are his words. Good God! People of America, what idea can this gentleman have of justice? What loss did this Union, which he admired so much -- what loss did it inflict on Ireland? He seems to think that it did absolutely nothing, and I ask you to consider two or three of the losses. First of all you remember, my dear friends, that Ireland before the Union had her own national debt, as she had her own military. She was a nation, And the national debt of Ireland in the year 1793 did not amount to three millions of money. In the year 1800, the year of the Union, the national debt of Ireland amounted to twenty-eight millions of money. They increased it ninefold in six years. How? I will tell you. England had in Ireland, for her own purpose, at the time of the Union 126,500 soldiers.

Pretty tough business that of keeping Ireland down in those days! She didn't pay a penny of her own money for them. In order to carry the Union, England spent enormous sums of money on spies, informers, members of Parliament, etc. She took every penny of this out of the Irish treasury. There were eighty-four rotten boroughs disfranchised at the time of the Union, and England paid to

those who owned those boroughs — who had the nomination of them — one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling. O'Connell, speaking on this subject, says it was really strange that Ireland was not asked to pay for the knife with which, twenty-two years later, Castlereagh cut his throat. If the debt of Ireland was swollen in these few years from three million to twenty-six million, I ask you to consider what followed. In January, 1801, the year of the Union, four hundred and fifty and one-half million was the debt of England, and to pay the interest on that it required seventeen million seven hundred and eight thousand and eight hundred pounds. They had to raise eighteen millions to pay the interest on four hundred and fifty millions in that year. Such was the condition of England.

In the year 1817, sixteen years after, the same debt of England had risen from four hundred and fifty millions to seven hundred and thirty-five millions, nearly double, and they had an annual debt of twenty-eight millions. You see they doubled their national debt in sixteen years, during which Pitt waged war with Napoleon, for they had to pay Germans, Hessians, and all sorts of people to fight against France. At one time William Pitt was supporting the whole Austrian army. The Austrians had men, but no money. In Ireland the debt in 1801 was twenty-eight and one-half millions; consequently the annual taxation was one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. That was in 1801. In 1817 the same Irish debt, which sixteen years before was only twenty-eight millions, had risen to one hundred and twelve millions seven hundred and four thousand pounds, and the taxation amounted to four millions one hundred and five thousand pounds sterling. In other words, in sixteen years the debt of England was doubled, but the debt of Ireland was made four times as much as it was in the year that the Union passed. You will ask me how did that happen. It happened from the fact that being united to England, having lost our Parliament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer took and kept the money, and the Irishmen kept the bogs. Ireland lost the privilege of keeping her money and accounts, and that is the way the debt accumulated against us in sixteen years. Ireland was so little burdened with debt at the time of the Union, compared with England, that the English had the presumption to ask us to take share and share alike of the taxation.

We owed only twenty millions, and they owed four hundred and fifty millions. Why should we be asked to pay the interest of that debt? They were rich and could bear the taxation. Ireland was poor and she could not bear it. It is easier to pay interest on twenty pounds than on four hundred. Castlereagh, in the British Parliament, said that Ireland should pay one-seventh of the taxes of England. "We will," he said, "tax them share and share alike, so as to bring this (Irish) debt within one-seventh of the English debt." We Irish were obliged to pay interest on the four hundred and fifty millions that they had incurred before the Union had taken place. "But," says Mr. Froude, "consider the advantages to the nation of having this Union; you have the same commercial privileges that the English had." To this I answer in the words of the illustrious, of the honest, of the high-minded John Mitchell: "It is true that the laws regulating trade are the same in the two islands. Ireland may export flax and woollen clothing to England; she may import her own tea from China and sugar from Barbadoes; the laws which make these penal offences no longer exist: and why? Because they are no longer needed. England, by the operation of these old laws, has secured Ireland's ruin in this respect. England has a commercial marine; Ireland has it to create. England has manufacturing skill, which in Ireland has been destroyed. To create or recover at this day these great industrial and commercial resources, and that in the face of wealthy rivals, is manifestly impossible without one or the other of these conditions—an immense command of capital, or effective duties by Government. Capital has been drained to England from Ireland, and she is deprived of the power to impose protective duties." It was these things the Union imposed on Ireland. "Don't unite with us, sir," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, when addressed upon the subject in his day; "we shall rob you."

In the very first year this Union was fixed Mr. Forster stated in the English house of Parliament there was a falling off of 5,000,000 yards in the export of linen. The same gentleman, three years later, said that, in 1800, the net produce of the Irish revenue was £2,000,800, while the debt was £25,000,000. Three years later, after three years' experience of the condition of things, the debt had increased to £53,000,000, while the revenue had diminished by

£11,000. Ireland was deserted; that absenteeism which was the curse of Ireland in the days of Swift had so increased by that time that Dublin had the appearance of a deserted city, and all the cities of Ireland became as places in a wilderness. At this very day, in Dublin, the Duke of Leinster's city palace is turned into a museum of Irish industry. Another large palace has become a draper's shop. Tyrone House is a school-house, and the house of the Earl of Bective was pulled down there a few years ago, and was rebuilt as a Scotch Presbyterian house for the people, and six months ago, when I made a visit to the place, I was surprised to see the marvellous change in contrasting the present condition of the city with her former state. Her fashion and trade, her commercial activity and intellect, her enterprise and political superiority over England, are gone, and Ireland may fold her hands and sigh over the ruin which is left to her. And all this is the result of the Union. The crumbling of her liberty and the ruin of the trade of Ireland, the destruction of her commerce, the utter uselessness of the harbors of Limerick and Galway, the ruin of the palaces of Dublin, announce to us the ascendancy of England and the transfer of Ireland's intellect elsewhere. What do we get in return for all this? Absolutely nothing. Every Irish question that comes now into the House at London is defeated; and the moment the Irish member steps up in the House to present anything he is to be coughed down, and sneered down, and crowed down, unless, indeed, he has the lungs of an O'Connell and turns on his opponents like an African lion, with a roar putting down their beastly bellowing. Pitt promised emancipation, and six months after the Union was passed he retired from office under the pretence that the king would not grant emancipation; but the true reason why Pitt retired was that his Continental policy had failed. The people of England were tired of his wars and were clamoring for peace. He was too proud to sign even a temporary peace with France; and when he retired it was under the pretext that he would not be allowed to carry Catholic emancipation. Some time later, with the Addington administration, he returned to office a second time, when he proved that he was as great an enemy to the Catholics of Ireland as ever poor old, fleshy, mad George IV. was. It was only after twenty-nine years of heroic effort that the great O'Connell rallied the Irish nation, and he succeeded for a time

in uniting all the Catholics as one man, as well as a great number of our noble-hearted Protestant fellow-Irish. When O'Connell came knocking at the doors of the British Parliament with the hand of a united Irish people, when he spoke with the voice of eight millions of people, then, and only then, even as the walls of Jericho crumbled to the sound of Josue's trumpet, did the old bigoted British House of Commons tremble, while its doors burst open to let in the gigantic Irishman that represented the Catholics of Ireland. The English historian cannot say that England granted Catholic emancipation willingly: she granted it as a man would yield up a bad tooth to a dentist. O'Connell put the forceps into that false old mouth, and the old tyrant wriggled and groaned. The bigoted profligate who then disgraced England's crown shed his crocodile tears upon the bill. The face that was never known to change color in the presence of any vicious deed or accusation of vice, that face grew pale, and George IV. wept for sorrow when he had to sign that. The man who beat the great Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, the man who was declared to be the invincible victor and the greatest of warriors, stood there with that bill in his hand, and said to the King of England, "I wouldn't grant it, your majesty, any more than you; it is forced from you and me. You must sign this paper, or prepare for civil war and revolution in Ireland." I regret to be obliged to say it, but really, my friends, England never granted anything from love, from a sense of justice, or from any other motive than from a craven fear of civil war and serious inconvenience to herself.

Now, having arrived at this point, Mr. Froude glances, in a masterly manner, over the great questions that have taken place since the day that emancipation was demanded. He speaks words the most eloquent and compassionate over the terrible period of '46 and '47 — words reading which brought tears to my eyes, words of compassion that he gave to the people who suffered, for which I pray God to bless him and to reward him. He speaks words of generous, enlightened, statesman-like sympathy for the peasantry of Ireland, and for these words, Mr. Froude, if you were an Englishman ten thousand times over, I love you. He does not attempt to speak of the future of Ireland. Perhaps it is a dangerous thing for me too; yet I suppose that all we have been discussing in the past must have

some reference to the future, for surely the verdict that Mr. Froude looks for is not a mere verdict of absolution for past iniquities. He has come here, though he is not a Catholic — he has come to America like a man going to a confession. He has cried out loudly and generously, "We have sinned," and the verdict which he calls for must surely regard the future more than the past. For how, in the name of common sense, can any man ask for a verdict justifying the rule of iniquity, the heartrending record of murder, injustice, fraud, robbery, bloodshed, and wrong, which we have been contemplating in company with Mr. Froude? It must be for the future. What is the future? Well, my friends, and first of all my American grand jury, you must remember that I am only a monk, not a man of the world, and do not understand much about these things. There are wiser heads than mine, and I will give you their opinions. There is a particular class of men who love Ireland — love Ireland truly and love her sincerely. There is a particular class of men who love Ireland, and think in their love for Ireland that if ever she is to be freed it is by insurrection, by rising in arms — men who hold that Ireland is enslaved, if you will.

Well, if the history which Mr. Froude has given, and which I have attempted to review, if it teaches us anything it teaches us, as Irishmen, that there is no use appealing to the sword or to armed insurrection in Ireland. Mr. Froude says that to succeed there are two things necessary — namely, union as one man and a determination not to sheathe that sword until the work is done. I know that I would earn louder plaudits, citizens of America, and speak a more popular language in the ears of my auditors, if I were to declare my adhesion to this class of Irishmen. But there is not a living man that loves Ireland more dearly than I do. There are those who may love her more fervently, and some love her with greater distinction. But there is no man living that loves Ireland more tenderly or more sincerely than I do. I prize, citizens of America, the good-will of my fellow-Irishmen; I prize it next to the grace of God. I also prize the popularity which, however unworthy, I possess with them. But I tell you, American citizens, for all that popularity, for all that good-will, I would not compromise one iota of my convictions, nor would I state what I do not believe to be true; and I say that I do not believe in insurrectionary movements in a country so divided as

Ireland. There is another class of Irishmen who hold that Ireland has a future, a glorious future, and that that future is to be wrought out in this way. They say, and I think with justice and right, that wealth acquired by industry brings with it power and influence. They say, therefore, to the Irish at home, "Try to accumulate wealth, lay hold of the industries and develop the resources of your country. Try in the meantime and labor to effect that blessed union without which there never can be a future for Ireland. That union can only be effected by largeness of mind, by generosity and urbanity amongst fellow-citizens, by rising above the miserable bigotry that carries religious differences and hatred into the relations of life that do not belong to religion." Meanwhile, they say to the men of Ireland, Try and acquire property and wealth. This can only be done by developing assiduous industry, and that industry can only be exercised as long as there is a truce to violent political agitation. Then these men — I am giving you the opinions of others, not my own — these men say in America, Men of Irish birth, and of American birth but of Irish blood, we believe that God has largely entrusted the destinies of Ireland to you. America demands of her citizens only industry, temperance, truthfulness, obedience to the law; and any man that has these, with the brains that God has given to every Irishman, is sure in this land to secure a fortune and grand hopes. If you are faithful to America in these respects, America will be faithful to you. And in proportion as the great Irish element in America rises in wealth, it will rise in political influence and power — the political influence and power which in a few years is destined to overshadow the whole world, and to bring about, through peace and justice, far greater revolutions in the cause of honor and humanity than have ever been effected by the sword. This is the programme of the better class of Irishmen. I tell you candidly to this programme I give my heart and soul. You will ask me about the separation from the Crown of England. Well, that is a ticklish question, gentlemen. I dare say you remember that when Charles Edward was pretender to the crown of England during the first years of the House of Hanover, there was a verse which Jacobite gentlemen used to give:

> "God bless the king, our noble faith's defender,
> Long may he live, and down with the Pretender;
> But which be Pretender and which be the king,
> God bless us all, that's quite another thing!"

And yet, with the courage of an old monk, I'll tell you my mind upon this very question. History tells us that empires, like men, run the cycle of the years of their life, and then die. No matter how extended their power, no matter how mighty their influence, no matter how great their wealth, no matter how invincible their army, the day will come, inevitable day, that brings with it decay and disruption. It was thus with the empire of the Medes and Persians. It was thus with the empire of the Assyrians, thus with the Egyptians, thus with the Greeks, thus with Rome. Who would ever have imagined, for instance 1,500 years ago, before the Goths first came to the walls of Rome — who would have imagined that the greatest power that was to sway the whole Roman Empire would be the little unknown island lying out in the Western Ocean, known only by having been conquered by the Romans — the *Ultima Thule*, the Tin Island in the far ocean. This was England. Well, the cycle of time has come to pass. Now, my friends, England has been a long time at the top of the wheel. Do you imagine she will always remain there? I do not want to be one bit more disloyal than Lord Macaulay; and he describes a day when a traveller from New Zealand "will take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." Is the wheel of England rising, or is it falling? Is England to-day what she was twenty years ago? England twenty years ago, in her first alliance with Napoleon, had a finger in every pie in Europe. Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were busy bodies of the first order. England to-day has no more to say to the affairs of Europe than the Emperor of China has. You see it in the fact — I am only talking philosophically — you see it in the fact that a few months ago the three great Emperors of Germany, Austria and Russia came together in Berlin to fix the map of Europe, and they did not even have the courtesy to ask England in to know what she had to say about it. The army of England to-day is nothing — a mere cipher. The German Emperor can bring his 1,000,000 men into the field. England can scarcely muster 200,000. An English citizen, a loyal Englishman, wrote a book called "The Battle of Dorking," in which he describes a German army marching on London. This Englishman was loyal; and why should I be more loyal than he? England's navy is nothing. Mr. Reed, chief constructor of the British army, has written

an article in a London paper, in which he declares and proves that at this moment the British fleet would be afraid to go into Russian waters, not being able to meet the Russians. Why should I be more loyal than Mr. Reed?

An empire begins to totter and decay when it abandons its outlying provinces, as in the case of the Roman Empire when it abandoned Britain. England to-day says to Canada and Australia: "Oh! take your Government into your own hands; I don't want to be bothered with it any more." England that eighty years ago fought for the United States bitterly, as long as she could put a man into the field. How changed it is! Secondly, an empire is crumbling to decay when she begins to buy off her enemies, as in the case of the Roman Empire when she began to buy off the Scythians, the Dacians, and other barbaric forces that were rising upon her. England a few days ago was presented with a little bill by America. John Bull said: "Jonathan, I owe you nothing"; and he buttoned up his pocket and swore he wouldn't pay a cent. But America said; "Well, John, if you don't like to pay, you can take one of these," presenting a pair of swords, and putting the hilt of one of them into Johnny Bull's hand. "Take whichever you like, John." John Bull paid the bill. My friends, it looks very like as if the day of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander was rapidly approaching. In that day my position is, Ireland will be mistress of her own destinies, with the liberty that will come to her, not from man, but from God, whom she never deserted. There is another nation that understands Ireland, whose statesmen have always spoken words of brave encouragement, of tender sympathy, and of manly hope for Ireland in her dark days, and that nation is the United States of America — the mighty land placed by the Omnipotent hand between the far East on the one side, to which she stretches out her glorious arms over the broad Pacific, while on the other side she sweeps with uplifted hand over the Atlantic and touches Europe. A mighty land, including in her ample bosom untold resources of every form of commercial and mineral wealth; a mighty land, with room for three hundred millions of men. The oppressed of all the world over are flying to her more than imperial bosom, there to find liberty and the sacred right of civil and religious freedom. Is there not reason to suppose that in that future which we cannot see to-day, but which

lies before us, that America will be to the whole world what Rome was in the ancient days, what England was a few years ago, the great storehouse of the world, the great ruler—pacific ruler by justice of the whole world, her manufacturing power dispensing from out her mighty bosom all the necessaries and all the luxuries of life to the whole world around her? She may be destined, and I believe she is, to rise rapidly into that gigantic power that will overshadow all other nations.

When that conclusion does come to pass, what is more natural than that Ireland—now I suppose mistress of her destinies—should turn and stretch all the arms of her sympathy and love across the intervening waves of the Atlantic and be received an independent State into the mighty confederation of America? Mind, I am not speaking treason. Remember I said distinctly that all this is to come to pass after Macaulay's New Zealander has arrived. America will require an emporium for her European trade, and Ireland lies there right between her and Europe with her ample rivers and vast harbors, able to shelter the vessels and fleets. America may require a great European storehouse, a great European hive for her manufactures. Ireland has enormous water-power, now flowing idly to the sea, but which will in the future be used in turning the wheels set to these streams by American-Irish capital and Irish industry. If ever that day comes, if ever that union comes, it will be no degradation to Ireland to join hands with America, because America does not enslave her States; she accepts them on terms of glorious equality; she respects their rights, and blesses all who cast their lot with her. Now I have done with this subject and with Mr. Froude. I have one word to say before I retire, and that is, if during the course of these five lectures one single word personally offensive to that distinguished gentleman has escaped my lips, I take this word back now; I apologize to him before he asks me, and I beg to assure him that such a word never came wilfully from my mind or from my heart. He says he loves Ireland, and I believe according to his lights he does love Ireland; but our lights are very different from his. But still the Almighty God will judge every man according to his lights.

SPEECHES.

BY

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

[313]

On Attachments.

February 24, 1785.

Renewed efforts were made in 1784 for Reform. In consequence of a requisition, Henry Reilly, Esq., Sheriff of the county of Dublin, summoned his bailiwick to the court-house of Kilmainham, for the 15th of October, 1784, to elect members to a national congress. For this Mr. Reilly was attached by the King's Bench, on a crown motion, and, on the 24th of February, 1785, the Right Hon. William Brownlow moved a vote of censure on the judges of that court for the attachment.

I HOPE I may say a few words on this great subject, without disturbing the sleep of any right honorable member [the Attorney-General * had fallen asleep on his seat]: and yet perhaps, I ought rather to envy than blame the tranquility of the right honorable gentleman. I do not feel myself so happily tempered, as to be lulled to repose by the storms that shake the land. If they invite rest to any, that rest ought not to be lavished on the guilty spirit. I never more strongly felt the necessity of a perfect union with Britain, of standing or falling with her in fortune and constitution, than on this occasion. She is the parent, the archetype of Irish liberty, which she has preserved inviolate in its grand points, while among us it has been violated and debased. I now call upon the house to consider the trust reposed in them as the Great Inquest of the people.

I respect judges highly; they ought to be respected, and feel their dignity and freedom from reprehension, while they do what judges ought to do; but their stations should not screen them, when they pass the limit of their duty. Whether they did or not,

* John Fitzgibbon. He was made Solicitor-General on the 9th of November, 1783, and on the 20th of December, 1783, succeeded Yelverton as Attorney-General. This latter office he retained till he was raised to the Chancellorship, on the 12th of August, 1789, thus making way for Arthur Wolfe, afterwards Lord Kilwarden.

is the question. This house is the judge of those judges; and it would betray the people to tyranny, and abdicate their representation, if it do not act with probity and firmness.

In their proceedings against Reilly, I think they have transgressed the law, and made a precedent, which while it remains, is subversive of the trial by jury, and, of course, of liberty. I regard the constitution, I regard the judges, three of that court at least; and, for their sakes, I shall endeavor to undo what they have done.

The question is whether the court has really punished its own officer for a real contempt; or whether it has abused that power, for the illegal end of punishing a supposed offence against the state, by a summary proceeding, without a trial by jury.

The question is plain, whether as a point of constitution, or as of law; but I shall first consider it in the former view. When I feel the constitution rocking over my head, my first anxiety is to explore the foundation, to see if the great arches that support the fabric have fallen in; but I find them firm, on the solid and massy principle of Common Law. The principle of legal liberty is, that offence, and trial, and punishment, should be fixed; it is sense, it is Magna Charta — a trial by jury, as to fact, an appeal to judges as to law.

I admit Attachment an exception to the general rule, as founded in necessity, for the support of courts, in administering justice, by a summary control over their officers acting under them; but the necessity that gave rise to it is also the limit. If it were extended farther, it would reach to all criminal cases not capital; and in the room of a jury, crimes would be created by a judge, the party accused by him, found guilty by him, punished by the utter loss of his liberty and property for life, by indefinite fine and imprisonment without remedy or appeal. If he did not answer he was guilty; even if he did, the court might think or say it thought, the answer evasive, and so convict him for imputed prevarication.

The power of Attachment is wisely confined by the British laws, and practised within that limit. The crown lawyers have not produced a single case where the King's Bench in England have gone beyond it. They have ranged through the annals of history; through every reign of folly and of blood; through the proud domi-

nation of the Tudors, and the blockhead despotism of the Stuarts, without finding a single case to support their doctrine.

I consider the office of sheriff as judicial and ministerial. Reilly's offence did not fall within any summary control, in either capacity. It was not a judicial act, it was not *colore officii*. An act *colore officii* must either be an act done by the actual exercise of an abused or of an usurped authority — neither of which can it be called; for where the sheriff summons his county, he does it by command, by authority, under pain of fine and imprisonment to those who disobey.

Was the appointment of a meeting any such active exertion of authority? Does any man suppose he was obliged to attend? that he would be fined if he refused to attend? No. Did the sheriff hold out any such colorable authority? Clearly not. The contrary: he explained the purpose of the intended meeting; he stated at whose instance he appointed such meeting; and thereby showed to every man in his senses that he was not affecting to convene them by color of any compulsive authority.

If, then, there was any guilt in the sheriff's conduct it was not punishable by Attachment. They who argue from its enormity, are guilty of a shabby attempt to mislead men from the question, which is not whether he ought to be punished at all, but whether he had been punished according to law.

You have heard no man adduce a single case to support their assertion; but we have the uniform practice of the King's Bench in England in our favor, the uniform practice, both there and here, during these last years. Had they not meetings there and here? Did not the crown receive petitions and addresses from such assemblies? Why, during that time, was there no motion for an Attachment in either kingdom.

If an English Attorney-General had attempted such a daring outrage on public liberty and law, he must have found some friend to warn him not to debase the court, and make it appear to all mankind as the odious engine of arbitrary power; not to put it into so unnatural a situation, as that of standing between the people and the crown, or between the people and their representatives.

I warn him not to bring public hatred on the government, by the adoption of an illegal prosecution. If he show himself afraid of

proceeding against offenders by the ordinary mode, then offenders will be exalted by arbitrary persecution of them; they will become suffering patriots, from being mere petty offenders; their cries will become popular. Let him be warned how he leads the court into an illegality, which the commons can never endure. No honest representative can sacrifice his fame and his duty, by voting in support of a proceeding subversive of liberty. I should shrink from the reproach of the most insignificant of my constituents, if that constituent could say to me — "When thou sawest the thief of the constitution, thou consentedst unto him."

Such would be the caution suggested to an English Attorney-General; and, accordingly, we find no instance of his ever venturing on such a measure.

Without case then, or precedent, or principle, what is the support of such a conduct here? — the distinction of a judge? And what is that distinction? It is different in different men; it is different in the same man at different times; it is the folly of a fool and the fear of a coward; it is the infamy of the young, and the dotage of age: in the best man it is very weakness that human nature is subject to; and in the worst, it is very vice. Will you then tell the people that you have chosen this glorious distinction in the place of fixed laws, fixed offences, and fixed punishments, and in the place of that great barrier between the prerogative and the people — Trial by Jury?

But it is objected that the resolution is a censure on the judges and a charge of corruption: — I deny it, and I appeal to your own acts.

Mr. Curran then called to the clerk, who read from the journals a vote of censure passed upon Mr. Justice Robinson, for imposing a fine illegally in a county, when on circuit, without view or evidence.

Was your resolution founded on any corruption of that judge? No: you would, if so, have addressed to remove him. I called for the resolution, therefore, not to charge him with guilt — I am persuaded he acted merely through error; but to vindicate him, to vindicate you, and to exhort you to be consistent. You thought a much smaller violation of the law was deserving your reprobation. Do not abandon yourselves and your country to slavery, by suffering so much a grosser and more dangerous transgression of the con-

stitution, to become a precedent for ever. In tenderness even to the judges, interpose. Their regret, which I am sure they now feel, on reflection, cannot undo what they have done: their hands cannot wash away what is written in their records; but you may repair whatever has been injured: — if your friend had unwillingly plunged a dagger into the breast of a stranger, would you prove his innocence by letting the victim bleed to death? The constitution has been wounded deeply, but, I am persuaded, innocently; it is you only, who, by neglecting to interpose, can make the consequences fatal, and the wound ripen into murder.

I would wish, I own, that the liberty of Ireland should be supported by her own children; but if she is scorned and rejected by them, when her all is at stake, I will implore the assistance even of two strangers; I will call on the right honorable Secretary to support the principles of the British constitution. Let him not render his administration odious to the people of Ireland, by applying his influence in this house, to the ruin of their personal freedom. Let him not give a pretence to the enemies of his friend in a sister country, to say that the son of the illustrious Chatham is disgracing the memory of his great father; that the trophies of his Irish administration are the introduction of an inquisition among us, and the extinction of a trial by jury; let them not say that the pulse of the constitution beats only in the heart of the empire, but that it is dead in the extremities.

Mr. Curran concluded with declaring his hearty concurrence in the resolution proposed.

The Attorney-General (Fitzgibbon), in a speech of much personality, opposed Curran's motion.

Mr. Curran in reply — I thank the right honorable gentleman for restoring me to my good humor, and for having, with great liberality and parliamentary decency, answered my arguments with personality. Some expressions cannot heat me, when coming from persons of a certain distinction. I shall not interrupt the right honorable gentleman in the fifth repetition of his speech. I shall prevent his arguments by telling him that he has not in one instance alluded to Mr. Reilly. The right honorable gentleman said I had declared the judges guilty; but I said no such thing. I said, if any judge was to act in

the manner I mentioned, it would be an aggravation of his guilt. The right honorable gentleman has said, that the house of commons had no right to investigate the conduct of judges; if so, I ask the learned Sergeant why he sits in that chair? I ask why the resolution has been just read from the journals? The gentleman has called me a babbler; I cannot think that was meant as a disgrace, because, in another Parliament, before I had the honor of a seat in this house, but when I was in the gallery, I heard a young lawyer named Babbler. I do not recollect that there were sponsors at the baptismal font; nor was there any occasion, as the infant had promised and vowed so many things in his own name. Indeed I find it difficult to reply, for I am not accustomed to pronounce panegyrics on myself; I do not know well how to do it; but since I cannot tell you what I am, I shall tell you what I am not: — I am not a man whose respect in person and character depends upon the importance of his office; I am not a young man who thrusts himself into the foreground of a picture, which ought to be occupied by a better figure; I am not a man who replies with invective, when sinking under the weight of argument; I am not a man who denied the necessity of a parliamentary reform, at the time he proved the expediency of it, by reviling his own constituents, the parish clerk, the sexton, and the grave-digger; and if there be any man who can apply what I am not to himself, I leave him to think of it in the committee, and to contemplate it when he goes home. — *Debates*, Vol. IV., pp. 402–10.

The resolution was negatived by 143 to 71.

ORDE'S COMMERCIAL PROPOSITIONS.

JUNE 30TH, 1785.

WAS the interest of Ireland to be subordinate to England, when her parliament had ceased to be so? This Mr. Pitt tried to adjudicate against, by deceit, in 1785, and failing, he resolved to reach the same end by abolishing our parliament, and this he unhappily accomplished in 1800.

There is no political event from 1782 to the Union, of greater importance than the discussion of Orde's Propositions. In Grattan's Memoirs, vol. iii., and in Seward's *Collectanes Politica*, valuable elements of a judgment on this matter will be found. I tried to sum up the history of the transaction in the "Citizen" Magazine for September, 1841, in reviewing Grattan's Memoirs. On looking over that paper, I find I cannot condense the description of the propositions and their fate, given there, so I shall simply copy it:—

"Partly from a belief that protection alone would secure a beginning to trade, and partly out of retribution on England, an attempt was made in April, 1784, to impose severe import duties on manufactures. Mr. Gardiner's motion for that purpose was negatived in parliament by nearly four to one; not that the Commons were the enemies of protection, but the creatures of England.

"In May in the same year, 1784, a proposal of Mr. Griffith's, for *inquiry* on the commercial intercourse between Britain and Ireland, was taken out of his hands by government. He desired to show that Irish trade should be protected from English competition: the opposite was the direction given to the inquiry by the adopting parents; *he* sought to inquire how Ireland might be served even at the expense of England; *they*, how England might be pampered on the spoil of Ireland. Accordingly, they solved it in their own way, and on the 7th of February, 1785, Mr. Orde, the Chief Secretary, announced, and on the 11th, moved the eleven propositions on trade, commonly called the *Irish* propositions, to distinguish them from the twenty proposed as amendments thereon by Pitt, a few months after, called the *English* propositions, though, in fact, both were English in contrivance and purport. There were four principles established in the Irish propositions:—1st, that the taxes upon all goods, foreign and domestic, passing between the two countries, should be equal. Secondly, that taxes on foreign goods should be always higher than on the same articles produced in either island. Thirdly, that these regulations should be unalterable. Fourthly, that the surplus of the hereditary revenue (hearth tax, and certain customs and excises, over £656,000 a year) should be paid over to the English treasury, for the support of the Imperial (English?) navy. The first principle went to place a country with immense capital, great skill, and old trade on the same foot-

ing with one without any of these, and therefore went to ruin the latter, unless private enterprise came forward, as before, and, supplying the defects of the law, rescued the country from the alien, the aristocrat, and the placeman. The second article sacrificed the realities of French, Spanish and American trade, then increasing, to (the profits?) of English competition. The third and fourth were assumptions of a power beyond law-making; they abdicated legislation. The last, especially, paid for English strength — that is, Irish misery; and purchased protection, that is, slavery, at a price, which, as Grattan afterwards said, might amount to any share of the national revenue, to which a tricking financier wished to raise it. To pay black mail was to lay Ireland at the mercy of England, yet not secure her against other foreign states by any lasting or effectual means. An old treaty, or the convenience of a conqueror, are no substitutes for the safety, of which national and home passions and interests are the true guardians. Your own sword is a better protection than another's shield; for if he be endangered, you are left unarmed and undefended. Besides, between nations, guardianship means plunder; and the ward is an impoverished drudge. Yet this plan was proffered as a boon, and, what is stranger still, it was paid for as such — £140,000 of new taxes were asked for, and voted in return for the prospective favors of the minister, Flood almost alone opposed it; he asked for time to let himself — to let the nation reflect on the propositions; he exposed some of the propositions; he expressed confidence in only a few. . . ."

"On the 22nd of February, Pitt, in a speech full of hopes for this country, moved the resolution which declared that Ireland should be allowed the advantages (*i. e.*, competition) of British commerce as soon as she had 'irrevocably' granted to England an 'aid' (*i. e.*, tribute) for general defence. Thus we were promised an equivocal boon at the cost of independence. Such was the generosity of Pitt, and it was too much for the opposition, too much for North and the Tories, too much for Fox and the whigs. They were in opposition, and they saw in English jealousy to Ireland a sure resource against the 'heaven-born minister.' He, to be sure, had not done good to Ireland, but he gravely promised to serve her, and this was suspicious, at least, especially when coming from one who still had a character. None of the leaders cared for Ireland, nor were they bigoted against her; but they flung her in each other's faces. . . ."

"Fox obtained adjournments; and all England 'spoke out,' from Lancashire to London, from Gloucester to York. During the twenty years of Pitt's supremacy, the liberal opposition had his apostacy from principle, his suppression of opinion in England, his hostility to freedom all over the globe, his bloody and constant wars, — all these had they, and what came nearer still to the soul (stomach) of England, they had his exhausting taxation to bring against him; yet he repelled them without difficulty, even led by Fox, when armed with these grievances. In 1785 the opposition united under a more exciting banner-cry, 'Jealousy of Ireland,' and England rallied beneath their flag. Pitt was borne back, but he was skilful and unscrupulous; he saw his danger, and sounded a parley; he submitted to some of their terms; he succeeded in retaining all that was adverse to the Irish constitution, suffered the loss of all that could be by any ingenuity supposed serviceable to Irish trade, and returned the act *approved of by him* in this form. The opposition kept up a little clamor about the invasion of Irish rights; it served for declamation, but England was now content; there being no fear of benefit to Ireland, the intended wrongs were soon forgotten in England.

"We have before us the Report of the Committee of Trade and Plantations on the equalization of duties. That report includes the examinations of the chief manufacturers of England, and a more valuable evidence could not be got of English dread and jealousy, and assumption; fearing that free trade may make Ireland able to compete with them, they deprecate her prosperity, and assume a right to control her improvement. They all assert the success of the Irish non-importation agreement."

"The eleven propositions had been increased in England to twenty, each addition a fresh injury. Half the globe, namely, all between Magellan and Good Hope, was (by articles 3 and 9) interdicted to Ireland's ships; interdicts were also laid on certain goods. The whole customs legislation of Ireland was taken away by clauses which forced her (by article 4) to enact (register) all navigation laws passed or to be passed by England; (by articles 5 and 8) to impose all colonial duties that England did; (by 6 and 7) to adopt the same system in custom houses that England did; and finally, (by 17 and 18) to recognize all patents and copyrights granted to England."

The propositions were returned thus changed, and on Thursday, the 30th of June, 1785. the Right Honorable Thomas Orde moved the adjournment of the house till Tuesday fortnight. Against this Curran spoke as follows: —

I CAN easily excuse some inconsistencies in the conduct of the right honorable Secretary [Orde]; for some accidents have befallen him. When we met last, he desired us to adjourn for three weeks; we did so; and now he wants above a fortnight more; but will that help forward the business before the house? Will it expedite the progress of the bill, to say, "Let us wait till the packet comes in from England, and perhaps we shall have some news about the propositions?" Did the British minister act in this manner? No: when he postponed, from time to time, the consideration of the propositions, he did not postpone the other business of the house; he did not say, let it wait till the packet comes from Dublin. This the Irish minister is forced to do: I say forced, for I am sure it is not his inclination; it must distress him greatly, and I sincerely feel for, and pity his distress.

When we had the eleven propositions before us, we were charmed with them. Why? — because we did not understand them! Yes, the endearing word reciprocity rang at every corner of the streets. We then thought that the right honorable gentleman laid the propositions before us by authority; but the English minister reprobates them as soon as they get to England, and the whole nation reprobates them. Thus, on one hand we must conclude, that the English minister tells the Irish minister to propose an adjustment, and,

when it goes back, alters every part; or, that the Irish minister proposed it without any authority at all. I am inclined to believe the latter; for it would add to the gentleman's distress to suppose the former.

Now let us mark another inconsistency into which the right hon orable gentleman is driven, no doubt against his will. Time to deliberate was refused us, when we had something to deliberate upon; and now, when we are told we have nothing before us to consider, we are to have a fortnight's recess, to enable us to think about nothing. And time, indeed, it will take, before we can think to any purpose. It will take time for the propositions to go through, and, perhaps, to be again altered in the house of lords. It will take time for them to be reconsidered in the British commons. It will take time for them to come over here. It will take time for us to consider them, though that time is likely to be very short. It will take time to send them back to England. It will take time for them to be returned to us again; and then time will be required to carry them into execution.

But a rumor hath gone abroad, of a studied design to delay the discussion of this business until there shall be no members in town. Away with such a suspicion; I think too honorably of the right honorable gentleman; though I should be glad to hear him say there is not even an idea of the base design of forcing them down our throats.

JULY 23, 1785.

Mr. Secretary Orde having this day moved that the house do adjourn to Tuesday se'nnight, with a proviso that the further delay of a week or more might be needed, Mr. Curran rose and spoke to the following effect: —

Sir, the adjournment proposed is disgraceful to parliament, and disgraceful to the nation. I must explain myself by stating a few facts, though they relate to a subject that I own I cannot approach but with reluctance. The right honorable gentleman, early in the session, produced a set of propositions, which he said he was authorized to present to us, as a system of final and permanent commercial adjustment between the two kingdoms. As a compensation for the expected advantages of this system, we were called upon to impose £140,000 a year on this exhausted country. Unequal to our strength, and enormous as the burden was, we submitted; we were

willing to strain every nerve in the common cause, and to stand or fall with the fate of the British empire. But what is the event? I feel how much beneath us it would be to attend to the unauthenticated rumors of what may be said or done in another kingdom; but it would be a ridiculous affectation in us not to know that the right honorable gentleman's system has been reprobated by those under whose authority he was supposed to act, and that he himself has been deserted and disavowed.

I cannot, for my own part, but pity the calamity of a man who is exposed to the contempt of the two countries as an egregious dupe, or to their indignation as a gross impostor; for even he himself now abandons every hope of those propositions returning to this house in the form they left it. On the contrary, he now only hopes that he may be able to bring something forward that may deserve our approbation on some future day. He requests an adjournment for ten days, and he promises that he will give a week's notice when the yet undiscovered something is to be proposed, which something he promises shall be agreeable to this nation, and authorized by the English minister.

On what his confidence of this is founded I know not; unless he argues, that because he has been disavowed and exposed in his past conduct by his employers, he may rely on their supporting him in future. But however the right honorable gentleman may fail in drawing instruction from experience or calamity, we ought to be more wise; we should learn caution from disappointment.

We relied on the right honorable gentleman's assurances — we found them fallacious; we have oppressed the people with a load of taxes, as a compensation for a commercial adjustment; — we have not got that adjustment; we confided in our skill in negotiation, and we are rendered ridiculous by that confidence. We looked abroad for the resources of Irish commerce, and we find that they are to be sought for only at home, in the industry of the people, in the honesty of parliament, and in our learning that negotiation must inevitably bring derision on ourselves and ruin on our constituents. But you are asked to depend on the right honorable gentleman's regard for his own reputation. When the interest of the people is at stake, can we be honest in reposing on so despicable a security? Suppose this great pledge of the right honorable gentleman's charac-

ter should chance to become forfeited, where will you look for it? When he sails for England, is it too large to carry with him? Or, if you would discover in what parish of Great Britain it may be found, will the sacrifice be an atonement to a people who have already been betrayed by trusting to so contemptible a pledge?

See, then, what we do by consenting to this short adjournment; we have been abused already and we neglect every other duty, in order to solicit a repetition of that abuse. If this something should arrive at all, it will be proposed when the business of the country will engage every county member at the assizes; for, as to his week's notice, it either cannot reach him in time, or, if it should, he cannot possibly obey it. Is it, then, our wish to have a new subject, of such moment as a contract that is to bind us forever, concluded in half a house, and without even a single representative for a county in the number? Is it wise to trust to half the house, in a negotiation in which the wisdom of the whole has been already defeated?

But what is the necessity that induces us to acquiesce in a measure of so much danger and disgrace? Is this nation brought to so abject a condition by her representatives, as to have no refuge from ruin but in the immediate assistance of Great Britain?

Sir, I do not so far despair of the public weal; oppressed as we were, we found a resource for our constitution in the spirit of the people; abused as we now find ourselves, our commerce cannot fail of a resource in our virtue and industry, if we do not suffer ourselves to be diverted from those great and infallible resources, by a silly hope from negotiation, for which we are not adapted, and in which we can never succeed. And if this great hope still is left, why fill the public mind with alarm and dismay? Shall we teach the people to think, that something instantly must be done to save them from destruction? Suppose that something should not, cannot be done, may not the attempt, instead of uniting the two countries, involve them as its consequence in discord and dissension?

If your compliance with the right honorable gentleman's requisition do not sink the people into despair of their own situation, does it not expose the honor and integrity of this house to suspicion and distrust? For, what can they suppose we intend by this delay? The right honorable gentleman may find it worth his while to secure

his continuance in office by an expedient, however temporary and ineffectual; but, sir, if we are supposed to concur in such a design, our character is gone with the people; for, if we are honest, it can be of no moment to us whether this secretary or that minister shall continue in office or not.

I know it has been rumored that the right honorable gentleman may take advantage of a thin house to impose upon this country the new set of resolutions that have passed the commons of Great Britain. I do not suspect any such thing, nor would I encourage such a groundless apprehension. I do not think it would be easy to find a man who would stand within the low-water mark of our shore, and read some of those resolutions above his breath, without feeling some uneasiness for his personal safety; neither can I think if a foreign usurpation should come crested to our bar, and demand from the treachery of this house a surrender of that constitution which has been established by the virtue of the nation, that we would answer such a requisition by words.

But, sir, though the people should not apprehend such extreme perfidy from us, they will be justly alarmed, if they see us act with needless precipitation; after what is past, we cannot be surprised at not meeting with the most favorable interpretations of our conduct.

On great objects, the magnitude of the ideas to be compared may cause some confusion in the minds of ordinary men; they will therefore examine our conduct by analogy to the more frequent occurrences of common life; such cases happen every day. Will you permit me to suppose a very familiar one, by which our present situation may be illustrated to a common mind.

I will suppose then, sir, that an old friend that you loved, just recovering from a disease, in which he had been wasted almost to death, should prevail upon you to take the trouble of buying him a horse for the establishment of his health; and I the more freely presume to represent you for a moment in an office so little corresponding with the dignity of your station, from a consciousness that my fancy cannot put you in any place, to which you will not be followed by my utmost respect. I will, therefore, suppose that you send for a horse-jockey, who does not come himself, but sends his foreman. Says the foreman, Sir, I know what you want; my master has a

horse that will exactly match your friend; he is descended from Rabelias' famous Johannes Caballus, that got a doctor of physic's degree from the College of Rheims; but your friend must pay his price. My master knows he has no money at present, and will therefore accept his note for the amount of what he shall be able to earn while he lives; allowing him, however, such moderate subsistence as may prevent him from perishing. If you are satisfied, I will step for the horse and bring him instantly, with the bridle and saddle, which you shall have into the bargain. But, friend, say you, are you sure that you are authorized to make this bargain? What, sir, cries the foreman, would you doubt my honor? Sir, I can find three hundred gentlemen who never saw me before, and yet have gone bail for me at the first view of my face. Besides, sir, you have a great pledge; my honor, sir, my renown is at stake. Well, sir, you agree — the note is passed; the foreman leaves you, and returns without the horse. What, sir, where is the horse? Why, in truth, sir, answers he, I am sorry for this little disappointment, but my mistress has taken a fancy to the horse so your friend cannot have him. But we have a nice little mare that will match him better; as to the saddle he must do without that, for little master insists on keeping it: however, your friend has been so poor a fellow, that he must have too thick a skin to be much fretted by riding barebacked; besides the mare is so low that his feet will reach the ground when he rides her; and still further to accommodate him, my master insists on having a chain locked to her feet, of which lock my master is to have a key, to lock or unlock, as he pleases; and your friend shall also have a key, so formed that he cannot unlock the chain, but with which he may double-lock it, if he thinks fit. What, sirrah! do you think I'll betray my old friend to such a fraud? Why really, sir, you are impertinent, and your friend is too peevish; it was only the other day that he charged my master with having stolen his cloak, and grew angry, and got a ferrule and spike to his staff. Why, sir, you see how good-humoredly my master gave back the cloak. Sir, my master scorns to break his word, and so do I; sir, my character is your security. Now, as to the mare, you are too hasty in objecting to her, for I am not sure that you can get her: all I ask of you now is, to wait a few hours in the street, that I may try if something may not be done; but let me say one word to you in

confidence — I am to get two guineas if I can bring your friend to be satisfied with what we can do for him, now, if you assist me in this, you shall have half the money; for, to tell you the truth, if I fail in my undertaking, I shall either be discharged entirely, or degraded to my former place of helper in the stable.

Now, Mr. Speaker, as I do not presume to judge of your feelings by my own, I cannot be sure that you would beat the foreman, or abuse him as an impudent, lying impostor; I rather think you would for a moment be lost in reflecting, and not without a pang, how the rectitude of your heart, and the tenderness of your head, had exposed you to be the dupe of improbity and folly. But, sir, I know you would leave the wretch who had deceived you, or the fool who was deceived by his master, and you would return to your friend. And methinks you would say to him, we have been deceived in the course we have adopted; for, my good friend, you must look to the exertions of your own strength for the establishment of your health. You have great stamina still remaining — rely upon them, and they will support you. Let no man persuade you to take the ferrule or spike from your staff. It will guard your cloak. Neither quarrel with the jockey, for he cannot recover the contents of the note, as you have not the horse; and he may yet see the policy of using you honestly, and deserving to be your friend. If so, embrace him, and let your staff be lifted in defence of your common safety, and in the meantime, let it be always in readiness to defend yourself.

Such, sir, is the advice you would offer to your friend, and which I would now offer to this house. There is no ground for despairing; let us not, therefore, alarm the people. If a closer connection with Great Britain is not now practicable, it may be practicable hereafter; but we shall ruin every hope of that kind by precipitation. I do therefore conjure gentlemen not to run the risk of forcing us, at a week's notice, to enter on a subject on which every man in the nation ought to be allowed the most unlimited time for deliberation. I do conjure them not to assent to a measure that can serve nobody but the proposer of it; that must expose the members of this house to the distrust of their constituents, and which may, in its consequences, endanger the harmony of two kingdoms, whose interests and fortunes ought never to be separated — *Debates*, Vol. V., pp. 299–304.

The adjournment was, however, carried.

August 11th, 1785.

Mr. Curran entered the house late, and spoke to the following effect: —

He demanded of the secretary what was become of the eleven propositions of the Irish Parliament, as of them only that Parliament could treat. He had no fear, he said, that the house would be so base, or the nation so supine, as to suffer any others to be the grounds of a treaty; and as to the fourth resolution of the British Parliament, he understood too well what the conduct of the house would be, was anything to be founded on it, to fear from that quarter. But he again desired to know what was become of the eleven propositions, as it was impossible to negotiate, until the fate of them was known. He said, though it seemed to be the present fashion to urge the house forward, without giving the least time for reflection or consideration, yet he would not suppose the house would, in this instance, precipitate itself into the absurdities of an address, without knowing upon what ground; much less could he fear that it would fall into the greatest of all absurdities, the negotiating by a bill — binding themselves, and leaving the other parties at liberty. However, as to-morrow was so near, he would listen to what the Right Honorable Secretary had to offer, convinced that no man would dare to bring forward anything founded on the British resolutions.—*Debates*, Vol. V., p. 328.

August 12th, 1785.

On this day Orde moved his bill, and was opposed by Grattan and Flood, in speeches of eminent force and brilliancy. Curran's speech is short, and his exhaustion seems to have been excessive: —

I am too much exhausted to say much at this hour [six o'clock] on the subject. My zeal has survived my strength. I wish my present state of mind and body may not be ominous of the condition to which Ireland would be reduced, if this bill should become a law. I cannot therefore, yield even to my weakness — it is a subject which might animate the dead. [He then took a view of the progress of the arrangement, and arraigned the insidious conduct of the administration.*] In Ireland it was proposed by the minister; in England it was reprobated by the same minister. I have known

* So in the original report.

children learn to play at cards, by playing the right hand against the left; I never before heard of a negotiation being carried on in that way. A bill is not a mode of negotiating; our law speaks only to ourselves — binds only ourselves; it is absurd, therefore, to let the bill proceed. The commercial part is out of the question; for this bill portends a surrender of the constitution and liberty of Ireland. If we should attempt so base an act, it would be void, as to the people. We may abdicate our representation, but the right remains with the people, and can be surrendered only by them. We may ratify our own infamy; we cannot ratify their slavery. I fear the British minister is mistaken in the temper of Ireland, and judges of it by former times. Formerly the business here was carried on by purchase of majorities. There was a time when the most infamous measure was sure of being supported by as infamous a majority, but things have changed. The people are enlightened and strong, they will not bear a surrender of their rights, which would be the consequence, if they submitted to this bill. It contains a covenant to enact such laws as England should think proper; that would annihilate the Parliament of Ireland. The people here must go to the bar of the English house of commons for relief; and for a circuitous trade to England we are accepting a circuitous constitution.

It is different totally from the cases to which it has been compared, the settlement of 1779, or the Methuen treaty; there all was specific and defined, here all is future and uncertain. A power to bind externally, would involve a power also of binding internally. This law gives the power to Great Britain, of judging what would be a breach of the compact, of construing it; in fact, of taxing us as she pleased; while it gives her new strength to enforce our obedience. In such an event, we must either sink into utter slavery, or the people must wade to a re-assumption of their rights through blood, *or be obliged to take refuge in a union, which would be the annihilation of Ireland, and what, I suspect, the minister is driving at.* Even the Irish minister no longer pretends to use his former language on this subject; formerly we were lost in a foolish admiration on the long impedimented march of oratoric pomp, with which the Secretary displayed the magnanimity of Great Britain. That kind of eloquence, I suppose, was formed upon some model, but I suspect that the light of political wisdom is more easily re

flected than the heat of eloquence; yet we were in raptures even with the oratory of the honorable gentleman. However, he now has descended to an humble style; he talks no more of reciprocity, no more of emporium.

[He then went into general observations, to show that this treaty would give no solid advantages to Ireland, but was a revocation of the grant of 1779.] He said — I love the liberty of Ireland, and shall therefore vote against the bill, as subversive of that liberty. I shall also vote against it as leading to a schism between the two nations, that must terminate in a civil war, or in a union at best. I am sorry that I have troubled you so long, but I feared it might be the last time I should ever have an opportunity of addressing a free parliament; and, if the period is approaching, when the boasted constitution of Ireland will be no more, I own I feel a melancholy ambition to deserve that my name be enrolled with those who endeavored to save it in its last moment. Posterity will be grateful for the last effort, though it should have failed of success. — *Debates* Vol. V., pp. 421, 2, 3.

The introduction of the bill was carried by 127 to 108.

August 15th, 1785.

Mr. Orde, on presenting the bill, abandoned it for the session, and for ever. Thereon, Flood moved the following resolution: —

"Resolved — That we hold ourselves bound not to enter into any engagement to give up the sole and exclusive right of the parliament of Ireland to legislate for Ireland in all cases whatsoever, as well externally as commercially and internally."

Curran supported him: —

I shall support the resolution proposed by the honorable member, because I think it necessary to declare to the people, that their rights have not been solely supported by one hundred and ten independent gentlemen, but that, if eight or ten of them had been absent, those who had countenanced the measure, would have abandoned every idea of prosecuting it further.

It has ever been the custom of our ancestors, when the constitution has been attacked, to take some spirited step for its support. Why was Magna Charta passed? It was passed not to give freedom to the people, but because the people were already free. Why was

the repeal of the 6th of George I.? Not to give independence to the men of Ireland, but because Ireland was in itself an independent nation. This resolution does not go to give rights, but to declare that we will preserve our rights. We are told to be cautious how we commit ourselves with the Parliament of Great Britain; whether this threat carry with it more of prudence or timidity, I leave gentlemen to determine. I rejoice that the cloud which had lowered over us has passed away. I have no intention to wound the feelings of the minister, by triumphing in his defeat; on the contrary, I may be said to rise with some degree of self-denial, when I give to others an opportunity of exulting in the victory.

The opposition in England has thrown many impediments in the way, but I shall remember, with gratitude, that the opposition there has supported the liberties of Ireland. When I see them reprobating the attacks made upon the trial by jury, when I see them supporting the legislative rights of Ireland, I cannot refrain from giving them my applause. They well know that an invasion of the liberty of Ireland would tend to an attack upon their own.

The principle of liberty, thank heaven! still continues in those countries: that principle which stained the fields of Marathon, stood in the pass of Thermopylæ, and gave to America independence. Happy it is for Ireland, that she has recovered her rights by a victory unstained by blood — not a victory bathed in the tears of a mother, a sister, or a wife — not a victory hanging over the grave of a Warren or a Montgomery, and uncertain whether to triumph in what she had gained, or to mourn over what she had lost!

As to the majority, who have voted for bringing in the bill, the only way they can justify themselves to their constituents, is by voting for the resolution. As to the minority, who have saved the country, they need no vindication; but those who voted for the introduction of the bill must have waited for the committee, to show the nation that they would never assent to the fourth proposition. That opportunity can never arrive — the bill is at an end. The cloud that had been collecting so long, and threatening to break in tempest and ruin on our heads, has passed harmlessly away. The siege that was drawn round the constitution has been raised and the enemy is gone — "*Juvat ire, et Dorica castra, desertosque videre locos;*" and they might now go abroad without fear, and trace the

dangers they had escaped: here was drawn the line of circumvallation, that cut them off forever from the eastern world; and there the corresponding one, that inclosed them from the west.

Nor let us forget, in our exultation, to whom we are indebted for the deliverance. Here stood the trusty mariner [Mr. Conolly] on his old station, the mast-head, and gave the signal. Here [Mr. Flood] all the wisdom of the state was collected, exploring your weakness and your strength, detecting every ambuscade, and pointing to the hidden battery, that was brought to bear on the shrine of freedom. And there [Mr. Grattan] was exerting an eloquence more than human, inspiring, forming, directing, animating, to the great purposes of your salvation.

But I feel that I am leaving the question, and the bounds of moderation; but there is an ebullition in great excesses of joy, that almost borders on insanity. I own I feel something like it in the profuseness with which I share in the general triumph.

It is not, however, a triumph which I wish to enjoy at the expense of the honorable gentleman who brought in the bill, I am willing to believe with the best intention. Whatever I may have thought before, I now feel no trace of resentment to the honorable gentlemen. On the contrary, I wish that this day's intercourse, which will probably be our last, may be marked, on our part, with kindness and respect. I am for letting the right honorable gentleman easily down; I am not for depressing him with the triumph, but I am for calling him to share in the exultation.

Upon what principle can the gentlemen who supported the previous question defend their conduct, unless it was in contradiction to the general rule of adhering to measures, not to the man? Here it is plain they were adhering to the man, not to the measure; the measure had sunk, but the man was still afloat. Perhaps they think it decent to pay a funeral compliment to his departure; yet I warn them how they press too eagerly forward; for, as there cannot be many bearers, some of them might be disappointed of the scarf or the cypress. I beseech them now to let all end in good humor, and, like sailors who have pursued different objects, when they get into port, shake hands with harmony. —*Debates*, Vol. V., pp. 453, 4, 5.

Flood withdrew his motion, the House adjourned, and Orde's Propositions merged in a secret design for a Union.

PENSIONS.

MARCH 13TH, 1786.

THE endeavour to regain by corruption what was surrendered to force, began in 1782, and increased greatly after the defeat of Orde's Propositions. To restrain this, Mr. Forbes, on the 13th of March, 1786, moved for leave to bring in a bill to limit the amount of pensions. It was read a first time, and he then moved that it "be read a second time to-morrow." Sir Hercules Langrishe moved the adjournment of the question to August (*i. e.* altogether), in a speech full of Hanoverian doctrines, and was supported by (amongst others) Sir Boyle Roche, in an absurd speech, which, as a specimen of his *celebrated* style, we insert: —

"Sir Boyle Roche — I opposed this bill at its first rising in this house, in the shape of a motion. [The house called to Sir Boyle to speak up.] Indeed I think it necessary that I should overcome my bashfulness and I lament that I was not brought up to the learned profession of the law, for that is the best remedy for bashfulness of all sorts.

"The just prerogative of the crown and the rights of parliament are the main pillars that support the ponderous pile of our constitution. I never will consent to meddle with either, lest I should bring the whole building about my ears.

"I would not stop the fountain of royal favor, but let it flow freely, spontaneously and abundantly as Holywell in Wales, that turns so many mills. Indeed some of the best men have drank of this fountain, which gives honor as well as vigor. This is my way of thinking; at the same time I feel as much integrity and principle as any man that hears me. Principle is the fair ground to act upon, and that any man should doubt the principle of another, because he happens to differ with him in opinion, is so bad an act that I do not choose to give it a name. —*Debates*, Vol. VI., pp. 280, 81.

MR. CURRAN said — I object to adjourning this bill to the first of August, because I perceive in the present disposition of the house, that a proper decision will be made upon it this night. We have set out upon our enquiry in a manner so honorable, and so consistent, that we have reason to expect the happiest success, which I would not wish to see baffled by delay.

We began with giving the full affirmative of this house, that no grievance exists at all; we considered a simple matter of fact, and adjourned our opinion; or rather, we gave sentence on the conclusion, after having adjourned the premises. But I do begin to see a great deal of argument in what the learned Baronet has said; and I beg gentlemen will acquit me of apostacy, if I offer some reasons why the bill should not be admitted to a second reading.

I am surprised that gentlemen have taken up such a foolish opinion, as that our constitution is maintained by its different component parts, mutually checking and controlling each other; they seem to think, with Hobbes, that a state of nature is a state of warfare; and that, like Mahomet's coffin, the constitution is suspended between the attraction of different powers. My friends seem to think that the crown should be restrained from doing wrong by a physical necessity; forgetting that if you take away from man all power to do wrong, you, at the same time, take away from him all merit of doing right; and, by making it impossible for men to run into slavery, you enslave them most effectually. But if, instead of the three different parts of our constitution drawing forcibly in right lines, in different directions, they were to unite their power, and draw all one way, in one right line, how great would be the effect of their force, how happy the direction of this union! The present system is not only contrary to mathematical rectitude, but to public harmony; but if, instead of privilege setting up his back to oppose prerogative, he were to saddle his back, and invite prerogative to ride, how comfortably they might both jog along! and therefore it delights me to hear the advocates for the royal bounty flowing freely, and spontaneously, and abundantly, as Holywell in Wales. If the crown grant double the amount of the revenue in pensions, they approve of their royal master, for he is the breath of their nostrils.

But we shall find that this complaisance, this gentleness between the crown and its true servants, is not confined at home; it extends its influence to foreign powers. Our merchants have been insulted in Portugal, our commerce interdicted; what did the British lion do? Did he whet his tusks? did he bristle up, and shake his mane? did he roar? No; no such thing; the gentle creature wagged his tail for six years at the court of Lisbon; and now we hear from the Delphic Oracle on the treasury bench, that he is wagging his tail in

London to Chevalier Pinto, who, he hopes soon to be able to tell us, will allow his lady to entertain him as a lap-dog; and when she does, no doubt the British factory will furnish some of their softest woollens, to make a cushion for him to lie upon. But though the gentle beast has continued so long fawning and couching, I believe his vengeance will be great as it is slow; and that posterity, whose ancestors are yet unborn, will be surprised at the vengeance he will take!

This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the pension list, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbleth herself that she may be exalted. But the lessons it inculcates form its greatest perfection; it teacheth, that slowth and vice may eat that bread which virtue and honesty may starve for after they have earned it. It teaches the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop and earn. It directs the minds of men to an entire reliance on the ruling power of the state, who feed the ravens of the royal aviary, that cry continually for food. It teaches them to imitate those saints on the pension list that are like the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in his glory. In fine, it teaches a lesson, which, indeed, they might have learned from Epictetus, that it is sometimes good not to be over virtuous; it shows, that in proportion as our distresses increase, the munificence of the crown increases also; in proportion as our clothes are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us.

Notwithstanding that the pension list, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, give me leave to consider it as coming home to the members of this house — give me leave to say, that the crown, in extending its charity, its liberality, its profusion, is laying a foundation for the independence of parliament; for hereafter, instead of orators or patriots accounting for their conduct to such mean and unworthy persons as freeholders, they will learn to despise them, and look to the first man in the state; and they will, by so doing, have this security for their independence, that while any man in the kingdom has a shilling, they will not want one.

Suppose at any future period of time the boroughs of Ireland

should decline from their present flourishing and prosperous state — suppose they should fall into the hands of men who would wish to drive a profitable commerce, by having members of parliament to hire or let; in such a case a secretary would find great difficulty, if the proprietors of members should enter into a combination to form a monopoly: to prevent which, in time, the wisest way is to purchase up the raw material, young members of parliament, just rough from the grass; and when they are a little bitted, and he has got a pretty stud, perhaps of seventy, he may laugh at the slave merchant; some of them he may teach to sound through the nose, like a barrel organ; some, in the course of a few months, might be taught to cry, "Hear! hear!" some "Chair! chair!" upon occasion — though those latter might create a little confusion, if they were to forget whether they were calling inside or outside of those doors. Again he might have some so trained that he need only pull a string, and up gets a repeating member: and if they were so dull that they could neither speak nor make orations (for they are different things), he might have them taught to dance, *pedibus ire in sententia*. This improvement might be extended: he might have them dressed in coats and shirts all of one color; and, of a Sunday, he might march them to church two by two, to the great edification of the people, and the honor of the Christian religion; afterwards, like ancient Spartans, or the fraternity of Kilmainham, they might dine all together in a large hall. Good heaven! what a sight to see them feeding in public, upon public viands, and talking of public subjects, for the benefit of the public! It is a pity they are not immortal; but I hope they will flourish as a corporation, and that pensioners will beget pensioners, to the end of the chapter.—*Debates*, Vol. VI., pp. 281-4.

The adjournment was, however, carried. We shall presently find that the bill was renewed, and supported by Curran, in the next year.

STAMP OFFICERS' SALARIES.

FEBRUARY 4TH, 1790.*

On this day Curran spoke and proposed as follows:—

I RISE with that deep concern and melancholy hesitation, which a man must feel who does not know whether he is addressing an independent parliament, the representatives of the people of Ireland, or whether he is addressing the representatives of corruption. I rise to make the experiment; and I approach the question with all the awful feelings of a man who finds a dear friend prostrate and wounded on the ground, and who dreads lest the means he should use to recover him may only serve to show that he is dead and gone forever. I rise to make an experiment upon the representatives of the people — whether they have abdicated their trust, and have become the paltry representatives of castle influence; it is to make an experiment on the feelings and probity of gentlemen, as was done on a great personage, when it was said "Thou art the man." It is not a question respecting a paltry viceroy; no, it is a question between the body of the country and the administration; it is a charge against the government, for opening the batteries of corruption against the liberties of the people. The grand inquest of the nation are called on to decide this charge; they are called on to declare whether they would appear as the prosecutors or the accomplices of corruption; for though the question relative to the division of the Boards of Stamps and Accounts is in itself of little importance, yet it will develop a system of corruption tending

* It is right to mention here that on the 5th of January, 1790, John Fane, Earl of Westmorcland, succeeded the *Marquis of Buckingham* as Viceroy, and Mr. R. Hobart (afterwards *Earl of Buckinghamshire*), became Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant.

to the utter destruction of Irish liberty, and to the separation of the connexion with England.

I bring forward an act of the meanest administration that ever disgraced this country. I bring it forward as one of the threads by which, united with others of similar texture, vermin of the meanest kind have been able to tie down a body of strength and importance. Let me not be supposed to rest here; when the murderer left the mark of his bloody hand upon the wall, it was not the trace of one finger, but the whole impression which convicted him.*

The Board of Accounts was instituted in Lord Townshend's administration;† it came forward in a manner rather inauspicious; it was questioned in parliament, and decided for by the majority of the five members who had received places under it. Born in corruption, it could only succeed by venality. It continued a useless board until the granting of the stamp duties, in Lord Harcourt's time;‡ the management of the stamps was then committed to it, and a solemn compact was made that the taxes should not be jobbed, but that both departments should be executed by one board. So it continued till it was thought necessary to increase the salaries of the commissioners, in the Marquis of Buckingham's famous administration.§

Then nothing was held secret: the increase of the Revenue Board, the increase of the Ordnance, thirteen thousand pounds a year added to the infamous Pension List — these were not sufficient, but a compact which should have been held sacred was violated, in order to make places for members of parliament. How indecent! two county members prying into stamps! What could have provoked this insult? I will tell you. You remember when the sceptre was trembling in the hand of an almost expiring monarch; when a factious and desperate English minister attempted to grasp it, you stood up against the profanation of the English and the insult offered to the Irish crown; and had you not done it, the union of the empire would have been dissolved. You remember this; remember, then,

* Alluding to a notable conviction by circumstantial evidence.

† From 1767 to 1772.

‡ Lord Harcourt succeeded Lord Townshend.

§ The Marquis of Buckingham was Lord Lieutenant from the 15th of September, 1782, to the 3d of June, 1783, as Earl Temple, and from the 16th of December, 1787, to the 5th of January, 1790, as Marquis of Buckingham.

yourselves; remember your triumph; it was that triumph which exposed you to submit to the resentment of the Viceroy; it was that triumph which exposed you to disgrace and flagellation. In proportion as you rose by union your tyrant became appalled; but when he divided he sunk you, and you became debased. How this has happened no man could imagine; no man could have suspected that a minister without talents could have worked your ruin. There is a pride in a great nation that fears not its destruction from a reptile; yet there is more than fable in what we are told of the Romans, that they guarded the Palladium rather against the subtlety of a thief than the force of an invader.

I bring forward this motion not as a question of finance, not as a question of regulation, but as a penal inquiry; and the people will now see whether they are to hope for help within these walls, or, turning their eyes towards heaven, they are to depend on God and their own virtue. I rise in an assembly of three hundred persons, one hundred of whom have places or pensions; I rise in an assembly, one-third of whom have their ears sealed against the complaints of the people, and their eyes intently turned to their own interest; I rise before the whisperers of the treasury, the bargainers and runners of the castle; I address an audience before whom was held forth the doctrine that the crown ought to use its influence on this house. It has been known that a master has been condemned by the confession of his slave, drawn from him by torment: but here the case is plain; this confession was not made from constraint; it came from a country gentlemen, deservedly high in the confidence of administration, for he gave up other confidence to obtain theirs.

I rise, sir, to try, when the sluices of corruption have been let loose upon us, whether there are any means left to stem the torrent. Were our constituents now to behold us, defending the influence which has been avowed, they would suppose we were met to vote the robbery of the people and to put the money into our pockets; that under the blasphemous pretence of guarding the liberty of the country we were working for our own emolument.

I know I am speaking too plain; but which is the more honest physician, he who lulls his patient into a fatal security, or he who points out the danger and the remedy of the disease? I, Sir, am

showing the danger that arises to our honor and our liberty, if we submit to have corruption let loose among us.

I should not be surprised if bad men of great talents should endeavor to enslave a people; but, when I see folly uniting with vice, corruption with imbecility, men without talents attempting to overthrow our liberty, my indignation rises at the presumption and audacity of the attempt. That such men should creep into power, is a fatal symptom to the constitution; the political, like the material body, when near its dissolution, often bursts out in swarms of vermin.

In this administration a place may be found for every bad man, whether it be to distribute the wealth of the treasury, to vote in the house, to whisper, and to bargain, to stand at the door and note the exits and the entrances of your members, to mark whether they earn their wages, whether it be for the hireling who comes for his hire, or for the drunken aide-de-camp who swaggers in a brothel; nay, some of them find their way to the treasury-bench, the political musicians, or hurdy-gurdy men, to grind the praises of the viceroy.

Notwithstanding the profusion of government, I ask, what defence have they made for the country, in case it should be invaded by a foreign foe? They have not a single ship on the coast. Is it, then, the smug aide-de-camp, or the banditti of the pension-list, or the infantine statesmen, who play in the sunshine of the castle, that are to defend the country? No, it is the stigmatized citizens. We are now sitting in a country of four millions of people, and our boast is, that they are governed by laws to which themselves consent; but are not more than three millions of the people excluded from any participation in making those laws? In a neighboring country, twenty-four millions of people were governed by laws to which their consent was never asked; but we have seen them struggle for freedom; in this struggle they have burst their chains, and, on the altar erected by despotism to public slavery, they have enthroned the image of public liberty.

But are our people merely excluded? No; they are denied redress. Next to the adoration which is due to God, I bend in reverence to the institutions of that religion, which teaches me to know his divine goodness; but what advantage does the peasant of the South receive from the institutions of religion? Does he experi-

ence the blessing? No; he never hears the voice of the shepherd, nor feels the pastoral crook, but when it is entering his flesh, and goading his very soul.

In this country, Sir, our King is not a resident; the beam of royalty is often reflected through a medium, which sheds but a kind of disastrous twilight, serving only to assist robbers and plunderers. We have no security in the talents or responsibility of an Irish ministry; injuries, which the English constitution would easily repel, may here be fatal. I therefore call upon you to exert yourselves, to heave off the vile incumbrances that have been laid upon you. I call on you not to a measure of finance or of regulation, but of criminal accusation, which you may follow with punishment. I therefore, Sir, most humbly move: —

"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he will order to be laid before this house the particulars of the causes, considerations, and representations, in consequence of which the Boards of Stamps and Accounts have been divided, with an increase of salary to the officers; also, that he will be graciously pleased to communicate to this house the names of the persons who recommended that measure."

After a long debate, Curran replied; the conclusion of the following observations refers to some vulgarly intemperate and threatening language, held towards him in the house by Sir Boyle Roche and others: —

One member has boldly advanced and justified corruption as the engine of government; it is the first time that open bribery has been avowed, in even the worst of times, in this country; but the people now are fairly told that it is lawful to rob them of their property, and divide the plunder among the honest gentlemen who sell them to administration. As to the honorable member not finding much force in my arguments, I am not much surprised at it; they labor under much disadvantage when compared with the honorable member's. My arguments are not all on the same side — they are not stamped with that current impression which has so visible an effect on the honorable member's opinion — they are not arguments equally despised by those to whom he deserted, and those from whom he apostatized. They are not arguments compensated and disavowed, hired and abhorred. The honorable member [the Solicitor-General] has talked of intimidation. I see no intimidation in talking of the

conduct of France. A great country asserting her freedom against the vices and corruption of a court, is a glorious object of generous emulation in every free assembly; it is only to corruption and prostitution that the example can be terrible. But from what quarter of the house has intimidation dared to come?

We have been told this night in express words, that the man who dares to do his duty to his country in this house, may expect to be attacked without these walls by the military gentlemen of the castle. If the army had been directly or indirectly mentioned in the course of the debate, this extraordinary declaration might be attributable to the confusion of a mistaken charge, or an absurd vindication; but without connection with the subject, or pretence of connection with the subject, a new principle of government is advanced, and that is the bayonet; and this is stated in the fullest house and most crowded audience I ever saw. We are to be silenced by corruption within, or quelled by force of arms without. If the strength of numbers or corruption should fail against the cause of the public, it is to be backed by assassination. Nor is it necessary that those avowed principles of bribery and arms should come from any high personal authority; they have been delivered by the known retainers of administration, in the face of that bench, and heard even without a murmur of dissent or disapprobation.

For my part, I do not know how it may be my destiny to fall; it may be by chance, or malady, or violence; but should it be my fate to perish the victim of a bold and honest discharge of my duty, I will not shun it. I will do that duty; and if it should expose me to sink under the blow of the assassin, and become a victim to the public cause, the most sensible of my regrets would be, that on such an altar there should not be immolated a more illustrious sacrifice. As to myself, while I live, I shall despise the peril. I feel in my own spirit the safety of my honor, and in my own and the spirit of the people do I feel strength enough to hold that administration, which can give a sanction to menaces like these, responsible for their consequences to the nation and the individual. — *Debates*, Vol. X., pp. 108 — 11, and 132, 3.

The resolution was rejected by 141 to 81.

One of the consequences of this speech was the duel between Curran and the Right Honorable Major Hobart (afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire), of which I have spoken in the preliminary Memoir.

GOVERNMENT CORRUPTION.

FEBRUARY 12TH, 1791.

On this day Curran made another attempt to probe the impurities of government.

MR. CURRAN observing the house thin, and the gallery crowded, began by lamenting that curiosity seemed to act more powerfully on the public than a sense of duty on the members of the house. After saying a few words on his motives in making the intended motion, he stated its importance as going to induce enquiry into a crime which must, if not punished and prevented, ultimately effect the destruction of the society in which it was suffered; it was raising men to the peerage for money, which was disposed of to purchase the liberties of the people.

A man who stands forth an accuser in a case like this ought to be received by the house as its best friend, or, if his accusation should prove unfounded and malicious, then the heaviest indignation of the house should fall on him. When a motion of similar import was proposed on a former day, I could not suppose that it would have met with opposition; but finding it has been opposed, I think the house must have objected to its form, and that they were unwilling to enter into an enquiry wherein the honor and privileges of the Lords, as well as those of this house, are concerned, without their lordships' concurrence.

I am not inclined, after what has passed so recently on this subject, to expatiate on the enormity of the act, nor on the wretched situation of those miserable men who are, by it, introduced into this house, like beasts of burden, to drudge for their employers — the humble instruments and pliant tools of power. Still less am I in-

clined to depict the situation of those who are introduced into the other, clothed in the robes of justice, to frame laws, and dispose of the property of the kingdom, under the direction of that corruption by which they have been raised. It would be more useful to consider what should be done at such a crisis, and what is the duty of the house: and this duty is not difficult to be ascertained — it is not to be cited from volumes of law; we are the grand inquest of the nation — it is, therefore, our duty to enquire into the alleged offence. Every man capable of sitting on a Grand Jury is adequate to the enquiry; the oath of the Grand Juror suggests their duty — *not to suppress from malice, nor find from favor.*

I have heard it affirmed that common fame is not sufficient ground to institute this enquiry; but, on the principle of the constitution, I do assert that common fame is a full and sufficient ground of enquiry; and I appeal to the house — to the kingdom — whether any report can be more prevalent, or more credited, than that such corrupt contract as I have mentioned, was entered into by administration.

But I rest not on common fame — I have PROOF, and I stake my character on producing such evidence to a committee as shall fully and incontrovertibly establish the fact, that a contract has been entered into by the present ministers to raise to the peerage certain persons, on condition of their purchasing a certain number of seats in this house. This evidence, however, I will not produce, till a committee shall be appointed; for no man can suppose that a man who is rich enough to purchase a peerage is not rich enough to corrupt the witnesses, if I should produce them at the bar, before an inquiry is instituted.

I call on any lawyer to say, whether a man professing himself ready to prosecute, and staking himself to convict, would not, in any court, be admitted to go into trial? I call on lawyers to answer this question, for on this it depends, not whether the culprits shall be tried, but whether the Commons of Ireland shall be acquitted. I call on you to be cautious in your decision of this question, for you are in the hearing of a great number of the people of Ireland.

The Speaker called to order, and informed him it was unparliamentary to allude to strangers — that there was a standing order, which excluded strangers, and if any allusions are made by a member, he must enforce the order. Sir H. Cavendish also spoke to order, and censured Mr. Curran's language as highly disorderly.

Mr. Grattan did not think this doctrine was consistent with the nature of a popular assembly, such as the House of Commons. He quoted an expression of Lord Chatham's, in support of this opinion, who, in the House of Peers, where such language was certainly less proper than in a House of Commons, addressed the Peers: — "My Lords, I speak not to your Lordships — I speak to the public and to the constitution." The expression, he said, was, at first, received with some murmurs, but the good sense of the house and the genius of the constitution justified him.

Mr. Curran — I do not wish to use disorderly language, but I am concerned for the honor of the house, which is degraded by becoming accomplices in a crime so flagrant; this induces me to remind you that you are in the presence of the public.

Chair again called to order, and must clear the house if any allusion to strangers.

I do not allude to any strangers in the gallery, but to the *constructed presence* of the people of Ireland. I call on the house to fix their eyes on four millions of people, whom a sergeant-at-arms cannot keep unacquainted with your proceedings. I call on you to consider yourselves as in the presence of the majesty of the people — in the immortal presence — and not to give impunity to guilt, either from consciousness of participation, or from favor to the criminal.

I direct your attention to the people without doors, because that people must now have contracted a habit of suspicion at what passes within these walls. In the course of two sessions the constitution of Britain has been demanded in the name of the people and refused. It is the wisdom of Great Britain to restrain the profusion of public money for corrupt purposes, by limiting her pension-list. It is the wisdom of Great Britain to preclude from her senate men whose situations afford ground to suspect that they would be under undue influence. It is the wisdom of Britain that certain individuals should be responsible to the people for public measures. These were demanded by the people of Ireland, but the wisdom, certainly not the corruption, of this house has denied them.

To have claims of alleged right continually overborne by a majority may induce credulous minds to suppose the house corrupt. Another circumstance may contribute to give strength to the suspicion. We have enjoyed our constitution, such as it is, but eight years, and in the course of that time, there has been twice that number of attacks

made on it; and now those very gentlemen spend their nights in patriotic vigils to defend that constitution, whose patriotic nights were formerly spent in opposing its acquisition. These circumstances naturally lead the public mind to suspicion — they are corroborated by another no less remarkable. An honorable baronet* — a man *fleshed* in opposition — one who had been emphatically called the *arithmetic* of the house — to see such a man march to join the corps of the minister, without any assignable motive for the transition — as if tired of explaining the orders of the house — of talking of the majesty of the people, of constitution, and of liberty — to-day glorying in his strength, rejoicing like a giant to run his course, and to-morrow cut down; and nothing left of him but the blighted root from which his honors once had flourished. These are circumstances which, when they happen, naturally put the people on their guard. I exhort the house to consider their dignity, to feel their independence, to consider the charge I lay before you, and to proceed on it with caution and with spirit. If I charge a member of your house, with a crime which I am ready to prove, if you give me an opportunity, and am ready to submit to the infamy of a false accuser if I fail — then to screen such a man, and not permit me to prove his guilt — is yourselves to convict him, and convict him of all the guilt and baseness of a crime, allowing him no chance of extenuation from the circumstances of the case.

Now I say again, we have full proof to convict; I have evidence unexceptionable, but if you call on me to declare this evidence, I will not do it until you enter on the enquiry. I have some property in this country; little as it may be, it is my all: I have children, whom I would not wish to disgrace — I have hope — perhaps more than I have merit; all these I stake on establishing my charge. I call on you to enter on the trial. [After a very long and able speech Mr. Curran moved — "That a committee be appointed, consisting of members of both houses of parliament, who do not hold any employment, or enjoy any pension under the crown, to enquire, in the most solemn manner, whether the late or present administration have, directly or indirectly, entered into any corrupt agreement with any person or persons, to recommend such person or persons to his Majesty, for the purpose of being created peers of this kingdom, on

* Sir Henry Cavendish, the notorious slave of Government, as Tone calls him.

consideration of their paying certain sums of money, to be laid out in the purchase of seats for members to serve in parliament, contrary to the rights of the people, inconsistent with the independence of parliament, and in direct violation of the fundamental laws of the land."]

[He afterwards made an observation or two on the declaration of the Lord Chancellor, when he sat in that house, that it cost government half a million to beat down the aristocracy, and would cost them another to beat down the present, and concluded by saying, that should the motion be agreed to, it would be necessary, in the next place, to send a deputation to the Lords, to desire their concurrence.] — *Debates*, Vol. XI., pp. 154–7.

A debate of great length and ability followed, wherein Barrington made a furious speech against the motion; after which Mr. Curran again rose, and replied: —

The subject of the present motion, however diffused or perplexed in the course of this debate, whether through ignorance or design, has yet reduced itself within a very narrow extent; and I am fortified in my opinion of the necessity of the resolution by the idle arguments and the indiscreet assertions which have been urged against it. Administration has resisted it with every tongue that could utter a word; every legal gentleman has spoken, but all agree on the criminality of selling the independency of this house for the honors of the other, — of trafficking an abject and servile commoner for a plebeian peerage, — of selling the representatives of the people like beasts of labor, — and of exalting to the high dignity of the other assembly a set of scandalous purchasers, a disgrace to the nobility, and a dishonor to the crown. The guilt, then, being confessed, the question must be, whether we have sufficient foundation for enquiry into the fact. We have stated that we are in possession of evidence to convict the actual offenders, by proving the fact upon them. I stand here in my place, a member of your house, subject to your power, subject to the vengeance which your justice shall let fall upon my head, the accuser of that which you confess to be a crime of the basest and blackest enormity. I stand forth, and I repeat to you, that there have been very lately direct contracts entered into for selling the honors of the peerage for money, in order that the money so obtained should be employed in buying seats for persons

to vote for the sellers of these honors. I assert the fact, and I offer, at the expense of everything that can be dear to man, to prove the charge. Will the accused dare to stand the trial, or will they admit the charge by their silence, or will this house abandon every pretence to justice, to honor, or to shame, by becoming their abettors? But perhaps gentlemen give weight and credit to the objections of those who have opposed my motion. Late as I see it is, perhaps they may wish to have their objections examined. A right honorable gentleman [the Attorney-General] has objections, he says, to the substance, and also to the form. We have not grounds, he says, for such an enquiry: on a former night he thought common fame was no ground for parliamentary enquiry; he thought at that time the parliament of the first and second of Charles the First a riotous assembly: he now only thinks the authority of that parliament which differs directly from his opinion, is lessened by the disturbance of the times. Does the learned gentleman think that the commotion occasioned by the desperate violence of state offenders can diminish the authority of those proceedings by which they are brought to justice! If he does not think so, his objection has no weight, even in his own opinion, and ought to have as little in yours. But let me take the liberty of telling him that the answering my proposition upon only part of its merits, is but a pitiful fallacy. Yet into such has that very respectable member, I must suppose unintentionally fallen. I have not moved upon common fame only; I move on the offer of proving the fact by evidence in my possession. But if I had moved merely on common fame — I say that if no parliamentary precedent had existed, you ought to make the precedent now. Unless you abdicate the power, or abandon your duty as the grand inquest of the nation, you must enquire on weaker grounds than those on which I have now proposed to you. If you will not enquire until, as the learned member says, there has been proof of the charge, he should have told you that an offender should be convicted before his trial: if this principle were carried further, in capital cases the offender should be hanged before you bring him to trial. Or does he think you have at least as much power, and as strong a duty as an ordinary grand jury? Yes, sir, the great principle is very little different; like them you ought not to present from malice, or suppress from favor; like them, a probability of guilt is sufficient to put the accused on his

trial; like them, you may present on your own knowledge, without any evidence upon oath; like them, you ought to collect that probability from the ordinary grounds of probability that will impress themselves on any reasonable mind. Now, I ask, can any good ground be stronger than the universal belief of the nation? Is there a man in this house that has not heard the minutest circumstances of those scandalous transactions? Has any honorable member in this house laid his hand on his heart and declared his disbelief of the fact? Will any member now say, upon his honor, he does not believe it? But he says it is a libel on the King, the Lords, and Commons: I answer, it is, if false; I answer, it is a scandal, whether false or not.

I add, if it be, you have a false accuser before you, or a guilty criminal, whom in common justice you ought to punish. You can convict the former only by trying the latter. I challenge that trial. But are there no circumstances to corroborate the common fame that is dinning this libel into the ears of the people? or to justify them in suspecting that unfair practices have been used in obtaining the present influence of administration. During the whole of last session we have, in the name of the people of Ireland, demanded for them the constitution of Great Britain, and it has been uniformly denied. We would have passed a law to restrain the shameful profusion of a pension-list — it was refused by a majority. We would have passed a law to exclude persons who must ever be the chattels of the government, from sitting in this house — it was refused by a majority. A bill to make some person, resident among you, and therefore amenable to public justice, responsible for the acts of your governors, has been refused to Ireland by a majority of gentlemen calling themselves her representatives. Can we be so vain as to think that the bare credit of those majorities can weigh down the opinion of the public on the important subject of constitutional right. Or must not every man in his senses know that the uniform denial of what they look upon to be their indefeasible rights, must become a proof to them that the imputation of corrupt practices is founded in fact. Now, Sir, if the honorable gentleman's objections in point of substance are not to be supported — if, in short, the fact charged is highly criminal — if you are competent to enquire into it — if you have all the ground that can be expected — does he treat himself or

the house as he ought, when he makes objections of form? But see what those are. We cannot, he says, appoint a committee of both houses — we have power only over our own members. I answer, the fact of the objection does not exist. We affect no authority over the Lords by the resolution I propose. The parliamentary course in Great Britain is first to move for a joint committee, and then to send a message to the Lords to apprise them thereof, and to request their concurrence. But he says it is interfering with their privileges. I answer, the offence I state is an outrage upon them as well as upon us, and therefore it is peculiarly proper to invite their lordships to join us in an enquiry that affects both houses equally. The man must be wretchedly ignorant indeed, who does not know that such joint committees have been appointed in England, on various occasions, both before and since the revolution. Such a committee you find on their journals so early as the reign of Henry the Fourth; such you find previous to the prosecution of Lord Strafford; such you find on the subject of the India charter, previous to the impeachment of the Duke of Leeds, in 1695. What then becomes of those objections in form or in substance? But another right honorable gentleman [the Prime Sergeant*] put his objection on a single point, which, if answered, he will vote for my motion. I accept the condition, and I claim the promise. I ask him, where he found the distinction? Lawyers here seem fond of authorities. But he has cited none. Having, then, none of his own, let him submit to profit by mine. In those I have already cited there was no previous ascertainment of the fact any more than of the offenders, save what arose from public common notoriety. [Here Mr. Curran adverted to the particular circumstances of those transactions, to show that there was not and could not have been any evidence, either as to the crimes or the delinquents, until the enquiry actually began.] But the learned member seems to think the crime should first be proved by witnesses. I ask him if he was prosecuting for the crown would he be so incautious as to disclose his evidence before the actual trial? The honorable gentlemen, then, has opposed me upon a distinction unsupported by precedent, and unsupportable by argument or principle. [Mr. Curran then examined the arguments of the Solicitor, which went nearly on the same ground that had already been taken.]

* Hon. James Fitzgerald.

One new observation which the learned member has produced from a legal man, I am sorry is not to the question in debate. The learned member, it seems, was surprised to find a motion for reforming the senate, come from the representative of a borough. If the mover of such a resolution was a man who had, in any instance, since he was a member of this house, deserted the principles he professed, or betrayed his trust, the observation would have weight, however the honorable member is mistaken in thinking the fault of the representative a demerit in the constitution; but if I have done none of those things, I cannot but regret the strange simplicity of argument of the honorable gentleman, who comes forward with a weapon which can wound nobody but himself. [Mr. Curran then went through a number of less important objections, which had been advanced by gentlemen on the other side.] I am sorry to find the honorable gentlemen of my own profession have not given more ground to vindicate the constitutional independency of that profession. The science of the law inspires a love of liberty, of religion, of order, and of virtue. It is like every seed, which fails or flourishes, according to the nature of the soil. In a rich, and fertile, and ardent genius, it is ever found to refine, to condense, and to exalt. In milder temperaments it cannot be fairly judged of at a particular side in a popular assembly. Far from thinking the silence or the unsuccessful speeches of some of my learned brethren as a stain upon their profession, I think the reverse. I think it proves how strongly they are impressed with the demerits of their cause, when they support it so badly; and I feel pleasure in seeing what honorable testimony is borne by the disconcertion of the head, to the integrity of the heart. If, indeed, those professional seeds had been sown in a poor, gross, vulgar soil, I would expect nothing from it but a stupid, graceless, unprincipled babble — the goodness of the seed would be destroyed by the malignity of the soil, and the reception of such a profession into such a mind could form only a being unworthy of notice, and unworthy of description, unless, perhaps, the indignation of an indiscreet moment, observing such an object wallowing in its favorite dirt, should fling it against the canvass, and produce a figure of it depicted in its own filth. As for my part, if such a description of unhappy persons could be found to exist, and should even make me the subject of their essays, I would pass them with the silence they

deserve, happy to find myself the subject, and not the author of such performances. I cannot sit down without reminding gentlemen of one curious topic in which I have been opposed. It has been stated that, in a former administration, the Peerage and the Bench were actually exposed to sale. If so, the motion cannot be resisted, without an indelible stain upon the character of the house. I am willing to extend the limits of the enquiry, to take in those persons who may have been guilty of such a crime: let them be the subjects of the same enquiry, and, if they be guilty, of the same punishment. — *Debates*, Vol. XI., pp. 183–8.

Curran's motion was lost, by 147 to 85.

Catholic Emancipation.

February 18th, 1792.

Curran was the unchanging friend of religious liberty. The Catholics had vainly prayed for a relaxation of the Penal Code, till the destruction of the British armies in America—then they succeeded. Again they prayed for further relaxation: their prayer was supported by Grattan and Curran and failed, till, in 1792–3, when Wolfe Tone had worked up a Catholic organization, and the French armies began to conquer, when they gained fresh privileges.

The proceedings on the 18th of February, on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill are most remarkable. They began by the presentation of a petition from the Protestants of the County Antrim for the bill. A conversation on their admission to Trinity College then occurred, which is so important as to deserve quotation: —

Mr. Grattan gave notice, that in addition to the privileges now about to be granted to the Roman Catholics, the power of becoming Professors of Botany, Anatomy, and Chemistry, should be given.

Hon. Mr. Knox said he also intended to propose that they should be permitted to take the academic degrees in the University of Dublin.

Hon. Denis Browne rose to say, he would second both these intentions.

The Attorney-General said, under the present laws of the University, Roman Catholics could not be admitted to take degrees without taking the oaths usually taken by Protestants. As the University is a corporation deriving by charter under the crown, and governed by the laws prescribed by its founder, it would not be very decorous for parliament to break through those laws; but the king might, if such was his pleasure, direct the College to dispense with these oaths; and in his opinion it would be wise to do so.

Mr. Knox said it was not his intention to infringe upon any prerogative of the crown, but he could not see how this proposal was an infringement, as the bill must in its ultimate stage, pass under the inspection of the crown, and receive the royal assent. Nevertheless, if any gentleman of the University would rise and say the wish of the University was to have these impediments removed, he would then not think it necessary to make the motion.

Sir Hercules Langrishe—The bill is intended to remove certain disabilities which the Catholics (by law) labor under. Now there is no law as to this point: When it became necessary for me, in framing the bill, to search through the laws relative to education, I found there was no law to prohibit Roman Catholics from taking degrees, but the rules of the University itself; these rules can be changed whenever the crown shall think proper, but it would be very unbecoming for the parlia-

ment to interfere. As to the principle there can be no difference of opinion; we differ only as to the mode of carrying it into effect.

Doctor Browne (of the College) — I am unable to say what the sentiments of the heads of the College are upon this subject, as they have not informed me; but the reason the right honorable gentleman has stated is certainly the true reason why Roman Catholics are not admitted to degrees. If it shall be deemed expedient to admit them, the college must be much enlarged, and a greater number of governors must be appointed. My own sentiment is, that such a measure would tend much to remove prejudices, and to make them coalesce with Protestants. This is my own sentiment, and the sentiment of several persons of the University; but I cannot say whether it be the sentiment of the majority. If the house shall think the measure expedient, they may address his Majesty to remove the oath which bars them from taking degrees.

After the presentation of a petition by Mr. Egan, for the restoration of the elective franchise, the discussion on the bill proceeded. The speeches of Michael Smith, Hutchinson, Grattan, and Curran, gave the bill most powerful support. One of the boldest and finest speeches was that of the Hon. George Knox — a man too little remembered

MR. CURRAN said — I would have yielded to the lateness of the hour, my own indisposition, and the fatigue of the house, and have let the motion pass without a word from me on the subject, if I had not heard some principles advanced which could not pass without animadversion, I know that a trivial subject of the day would naturally engage you more deeply than any more distant object, of however greater importance, but I beg you will recollect, that the petty interest of party must expire with yourselves, and that your heirs must be not statesmen, nor placemen, nor pensioners, but the future people of the country at large. I know of no so awful call upon the justice and wisdom of an assembly, as the reflection that they are deliberating on the interests of posterity. On this subject, I cannot but lament, that the conduct of the administration is so unhappily calculated to disturb and divide the public mind, to prevent the nation from receiving so great a question with the coolness it requires.

At Cork, the present viceroy was pleased to reject a most moderate and modest petition from the Catholics of that city. The next step was to create a division among the Catholics themselves; the next was to hold them up as a body formidable to the English government, and to their Protestant fellow-subjects; for how else could any man account for the scandalous publication which was hawked about this city, in which his Majesty was made to give his royal

thanks to an individual of this kingdom, for his protection of the state. But I conjure the house to be on their guard against those despicable attempts to traduce the people, to alarm their fears, or to inflame their resentment. Gentlemen have talked, as if the question was, whether we may with safety to ourselves, relax or repeal the laws which have so long coerced our Catholic fellow subjects? The real question is, whether you can, with safety to the Irish constitution, refuse such a measure? It is not a question merely of their sufferings or their relief—it is a question of your own preservation. There are some maxims which an honest Irishman will never abandon, and by which every public measure may be fairly tried. These are the preservation of the constitution upon the principles established at the revolution, in church and state; and next the independency of Ireland, connected with Britain as a confederated people, and united indissolubly under a common inseparable crown. If you wish to know how these great objects may be affected by a repeal of those laws, see how they were affected by their enactment. Here you have the infallible tests of fact and experience; and wretched, indeed you must be, if false shame, false pride, false fear, or false spirit, can prevent you from reading that lesson of wisdom which is written in the blood and the calamities of your country. [Here Mr. Curran went into a detail of the Popery laws, as they affected the Catholics of Ireland.] These laws were destructive of arts, of industry, of private morals and public order. They were fitted to extirpate even the Christian religion from amongst the people, and reduce them to the condition of savages and rebels, disgraceful to humanity, and formidable to the state.

[He then traced the progress and effects of those laws from the revolution in 1779.] Let me now ask you, how have those laws affected the Protestant subject and the Protestant constitution? In that interval were they free? Did they possess that liberty which they denied to their brethren? No Sir; where there are inhabitants, but no people, there can be no freedom; unless there be a spirit, and what may be called a pull, in the people, a free government cannot be kept steady, or fixed in its seat. You had indeed a government, but it was planted in civil dissension, and watered in civil blood, and whilst the virtuous luxuriance of its branches aspired to heaven, its infernal roots shot downward to their congenial

regions, and were intertwined in hell. Your ancestors thought themselves the oppressors of their fellow-subjects, but they were only their gaolers, and the justice of Providence would have been frustrated, if their own slavery had not been the punishment of their vice and their folly. But are these facts for which we must appeal to history? You all remember the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. What were you then? Your constitution, without resistance, in the hands of the British parliament; your trade in many parts extinguished, in every part coerced. So low were you reduced to beggary and servitude as to declare, that unless the mercy of England was extended to your trade, you could not subsist. Here you have an infallible test of the ruinous influence of those laws in the experience of a century; of a constitution surrendered, and commerce utterly extinct. But can you learn nothing on this subject from the events that followed? In 1778 you somewhat relaxed the severity of those laws, and improved, in some degree, the condition of the Catholics. What was the consequence even of a partial union with your countrymen? The united efforts of the two bodies restored that constitution which had been lost by their separation. In 1782 you became free. Your Catholic brethren shared the danger of the conflict, but you had not justice or gratitude to let them share the fruits of the victory. You suffered them to relapse into their former insignificance and depression. And, let me ask you, has it not fared with you according to your deserts? Let me ask you if the parliament of Ireland can boast of being now less at the feet of the British minister, than at that period it was of the British parliament? [Here he observed on the conduct of the administration for some years past, in the accumulation of public burdens and parliamentary influence.] But it is not the mere increase of debt; it is not the creation of one hundred and ten placemen and pensioners that forms the real cause of the public malady. The real cause is the exclusion of your people from all influence upon the representative. The question, therefore, is, whether you will seek your own safety in the restoration of your fellow-subjects, or whether you will choose rather to perish than to be just? I now proceed to examine the objections to a general incorporation of the Catholics. On general principles no man can justify the deprivation of civil rights on any ground but that of for-

feiture for some offence. The Papist of the last century might forfeit his property forever, for that was his own, but he could not forfeit the rights and capacities of his unborn posterity. And let me observe, that even those laws against the offender himself, were enacted while injuries were recent, and while men were, not unnaturally, alarmed by the consideration of a French monarchy, a Pretender, and a Pope; things that we now read of, but can see no more. But are they disaffected to liberty? On what ground can such an imputation be supported? Do you see any instance of any man's religious theory governing his civil or political conduct? Is Popery an enemy to freedom? Look to France, and be answered. Is Protestantism necessarily its friend? You are Protestants; look to yourselves, and be refuted. But look further: do you find even the religious sentiments of sectaries marked by the supposed characteristics of their sects. Do you not find that a Protestant Briton can be a bigot, with only two sacraments, and a Catholic Frenchman a Deist, admitting seven? But you affect to think your property in danger, by admitting them into the state. That has been already refuted; but you have yourselves refuted your own objection. Thirteen years ago you expressed the same fear, yet you made the experiment; you opened the door to landed property, and the fact has shown the fear to be without foundation.

But another curious topic has been stated again; the Protestant ascendancy is in danger. What do you mean by that word? Do you mean the rights, and property, and dignities of the church? If you do, you must feel they are safe. They are secured by the law, by the coronation oath, by a Protestant Parliament, a Protestant king, a Protestant confederated nation. Do you mean the free and protected exercise of the Protestant religion? You know it has the same security to support it. Or do you mean the just and honorable support of the numerous and meritorious clergy of your own country, who really discharge the labors and duties of the ministry? As to that, let me say, that if we felt on that subject as we ought, we should not have so many men of talent and virtue struggling under the difficulties of their scanty pittance, and feeling the melancholy conviction that no virtues or talents can give them any hope of advancement. If you really mean the preservation of every right and every honor than can dignify a Christian priest, and give authority

to his function, I will protect them as zealously as you. I will ever respect and revere the man who employs himself in diffusing light, hope, and consolation. But if you mean by ascendancy the power of persecution, I detest and abhor it. If you mean the ascendancy of an English school over an Irish university, I cannot look upon it without aversion. An ascendancy of that form raises to my mind a little greasy emblem of stall-fed theology, imported from some foreign land, with the graces of a lady's maid, the dignity of a side-table, the temperance of a larder, its sobriety the dregs of a patron's bottle, and its wisdom the dregs of a patron's understanding, brought hither to devour, to degrade, and to defame. Is it to such a thing you would have it thought that you affixed the idea of the Protestant ascendancy? But it is said, admit them by degrees, and do not run the risk of too precipitate an incorporation. I conceive both the argument and the fact unfounded. In a mixed government, like ours, an increase of the democratic power can scarcely ever be dangerous. None of the three powers of our constitution act singly in the line of its natural direction; each is necessarily tempered and diverted by the action of the other two; and hence it is, that though the power of the crown has, perhaps, far transcended the degree to which theory might confine it, the liberty of the British constitution may not be in much danger. An increase of power, to any of the three, acts finally upon the state with a very diminished influence, and, therefore, great indeed must be that increase in any one of them which can endanger the practical balance of the constitution. Still, however, I contend not against the caution of a general admission. Let me ask you can you admit them any otherwise than gradually? The striking and melancholy symptom of the public disease is, that if it recovers at all, it can be only through a feeble and lingering convalescence. Yet even this gradual admission your Catholic brethren do not ask, save under every pledge and every restriction which your justice and wisdom can recommend to your adoption.

I call on the house to consider the necessity of acting with a social and conciliatory mind. Contrary conduct may perhaps protract the unhappy depression of our country, but a partial liberty cannot long subsist. A disunited people cannot long subsist. With infinite regret must any man look forward to the alienation of three millions of our people, and to a degree of subserviency and corruption in a

fourth. I am sorry to think it is so very easy to conceive, that in case of such an event, the inevitable consequence would be an union with Great Britain. And if any one desires to know what that would be, I will tell him. It would be the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland; it would be the participation of British taxes, without British trade; it would be the extinction of the Irish name as a people. We should become a wretched colony, perhaps leased out to a company of Jews, as was formerly in contemplation, and governed by a few tax-gatherers and excisemen, unless, possibly, you may add fifteen or twenty couple of Irish members, who may be found every session sleeping in their collars under the manger of the British minister. — *Debates*, Vol. XII., pp. 174–178.

Rev. William Jackson.

April 23d, 1795.

Mr. W. H. Curran, in the Memoirs of his Father, thus describes Jackson: —

"Mr. Jackson was a clergyman of the Established Church; he was a native of Ireland, but he had for several years resided out of that country. He spent a part of his life in the family of the noted Duchess of Kingston, and is said to have been the person who conducted that lady's controversy with the celebrated Foote. At the period of the French Revolution he passed over to Paris, where he formed political connections with the constituted authorities. From France he returned to London, in 1794, for the purpose of procuring information as to the practicability of an invasion of England, and was thence to proceed to Ireland on a similar mission. Upon his arrival in London, he renewed an intimacy with a person named Cockayne, who had formerly been his friend and confidential attorney. The extent of his communications, in the first instance, to Cockayne, did not exactly appear. The latter, however, was prevailed upon to write the directions of several of Jackson's letters, containing treasonable matters, to his correspondents abroad; but in a little time, either suspecting or repenting that he had been furnishing evidence of treason against himself, he revealed to the British Minister, Mr. Pitt, all that he knew or conjectured relative to Jackson's objects. By the desire of Mr. Pitt, Cockayne accompanied Jackson to Ireland, to watch and defeat his designs; and as soon as the evidence of his treason was mature, announced himself as a witness for the crown. Mr. Jackson was accordingly arrested, and committed to stand his trial for high treason.

"Mr. Jackson was committed to prison in April, 1794, but his trial was delayed, by successive adjournments, till the same month in the following year. In the interval he wrote and published a refutation of Paine's Age of Reason, probably in the hope that it might be accepted as an atonement. He was convicted, and brought up for judgment on the 30th of April, 1795."

He was indicted for treason in the Summer of 1794; but, sometimes for the crown, and others for the prisoner, the trial was postponed till the 23d of April, 1795.

Court — Right Hon. the Earl of Clonmel, Chief Justice; * Hon. Mr. Justice Downes, Hon. Mr. Justice Chamberlaine.

Counsel for the Crown — Mr. Attorney-General, Mr. Prime-Sergeant, Mr. Solicitor-General, Mr. Frankland and Mr. Trench. Agent — Thomas Kemmis, Esq., Crown Solicitor.

* Hon Mr. Justice Boyd was prevented from attending by indisposition.

Counsel assigned to the prisoner — Mr. Curran and Mr. Ponsonby.

Assistant Counsel — Mr. R. Guinness, Mr. M'Nally, Mr. Emmett, Mr. Burton and Mr. Sampson. Agent — Edward Crookshank Keane, Esq.

The Attorney-General led the prosecution. His chief witness was Cockayne, an English attorney. Among the papers proved was this remarkable VIEW OF IRELAND, by Tone: —

"The situation of Ireland and England is fundamentally different in this: the government of England is national — that of Ireland provincial. The interest of the first is the same with that of the people; of the last, directly opposite. The people of Ireland are divided into three sects — the Established Church, the Dissenters and Catholics. The first — infinitely the smallest portion — have engrossed, besides the whole church patronage, all the profits and honors of the country exclusively, and a very great share of the landed property. They are, of course, aristocrats, adverse to any change, and decided enemies of the French Revolution. The Dissenters — who are much more numerous — are the most enlightened body of the nation; they are steady Republicans, devoted to liberty, and, through all the stages of the French Revolution, have been enthusiastically attached to it. The Catholics — the great body of the people — are in the lowest degree of ignorance, and are ready for any change, because no change can make them worse. The whole peasantry of Ireland, the most oppressed and wretched in Europe, may be said to be Catholic. They have within these two years received a certain degree of information, and manifested a proportionate degree of discontent, by various insurrections, &c. They are a bold, hardy race, and make excellent soldiers. There is nowhere a higher spirit of aristocracy than in all the privileged orders, the clergy and gentry of Ireland, down to the very lowest; to countervail which, there appears now a spirit rising in the people which never existed before, but which is spreading most rapidly, as appears by the Defenders, as they are called, and other insurgents. If the people of Ireland be 4,500,000, as it seems probable they are, the Established Church may be reckoned at 450,000; the Dissenters at 900,000; the Catholics at 3,150,000. The prejudices in England are adverse to the French nation under whatever form of government. It seems idle to suppose the present rancor against the French is owing merely to their being Republicans; it has been cherished by the manners of four centuries, and aggravated by continual wars. It is morally certain that any invasion of England would unite all ranks in opposition to the invaders. In Ireland — a conquered, oppressed and insulted country — the name of England and her power is universally odious, save with those who have an interest in maintaining it; a body, however, only formidable from situation and property, but which the first convulsion would level in the dust. On the contrary, the great bulk of the people of Ireland would be ready to throw off the yoke in this country, if they saw any force sufficiently strong to resort to for defence until arrangements could be made: the Dissenters are enemies to the English power, from reason and from reflection; the Catholics, from a hatred of the English name. In a word, the prejudices of one country are directly adverse to the other — directly favorable to an invasion. The government of Ireland is only to be looked upon as a government of force; the moment a superior force appears, it would tumble at once, as being founded neither in the interests nor in the affections of the people. It may be said, the people of Ireland show no political exertion. In the first place, public spirit is completely depressed by the recent persecutions of several. The convention act, the gunpowder, &c., declarations of government, parliamentary unanimity, or decla-

rations of grand juries — all proceeding from aristocrats, whose interest is adverse to that of the people, and who think such conduct necessary for their security — are no obstacles; the weight of such men falls in the general welfare, and their own tenantry and dependants would desert and turn against them. The people have no way of expressing their discontent *civiliter*, which is, at the same time, greatly aggravated by those measures; and they are, on the other hand, in that semi-barbarous state, which is, of all others, the best adapted for making war. The spirit of Ireland cannot, therefore, be calculated from newspaper publications, county meetings, &c., at which the gentry only meet and speak for themselves. They are so situated that they have but one way left to make their sentiments known, and that is by war. The church establishment and tithes are very severe grievances, and have been the cause of numberless insurrections. In a word, from reason, reflection, interest, prejudice, the spirit of change, the misery of the great bulk of the nation, and, above all, the hatred of the English name, resulting from the tyranny of near seven centuries, there seems little doubt but an invasion and sufficient force would be supported by the people. There is scarce any army in the country, and the militia, the bulk of whom are Catholics, would, to a moral certainty, refuse to act, if they saw such a force as they could look to for support."

Curran said: —

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, — I am sure the attention of the court must be a good deal fatigued. I am sure, gentlemen of the jury, that your minds must of necessity be fatigued also. Whether counsel be fatigued or not, is matter very little worth the observation that may be made upon it. I am glad that it is not necessary for me to add a great deal to the labor, either of the court, or the jury. Of the court I must have some knowledge — of the jury, I certainly am not ignorant. I know it is as unnecessary for me to say much, or, perhaps, anything to inform the court, as it would be ridiculous to affect to lecture a jury of the description I have the honor to address. I know I address a court, anxious to expound fairly and impartially the law of the country, without any apprehension of the consequences and effect of any prosecution. In the jury I am looking to now, I know I address twelve sensible and respectable men of my country, who are as conscious as I am of the great obligation to which they have pledged themselves by their oath, to decide upon the question fairly, without listening to passion, or being swayed by prejudice — without thinking of anything except the charge which has been made, and the evidence which has been brought in support of that charge. They know, as well as I do, that the great object of a jury is to protect the country against crimes, and to protect

individuals against all accusation that is not founded in truth. They will remember — I know they will remember, that the great object of their duty is, according to the expression of a late venerated judge, in another country, that they are to come into the box with their minds like white paper, upon which prejudice, or passion, or bias, or talk, or hope, or fear, has not been able to scrawl anything; that you, gentlemen! come into the box, standing indifferent as you stand unsworn.

In the little, gentlemen, that I shall take the liberty of addressing to you, I shall rest the fate of it upon its intrinsic weight. I shall not leave the case in concealment. If there be no ground on which the evidence can be impeached, I will venture to say I will neither bark at it, nor scold it, in lieu of giving it an answer. Whatever objection I have to make, shall be addressed to your reason. I will not say they are great, or conclusive, or unanswerable objections. I shall submit them to you nakedly as they appear to me. If they have weight, you will give it to them. If they have not, a great promise, on my part, will not give anticipated weight to that whose debility will appear when it comes to be examined.

Gentlemen, you are empannelled to try a charge. It consists of two offences, particularly described in the indictment. The first question is, what is the allegation? In the first branch, the prisoner is indicted upon a statute, which inflicts the pains and penalties of high treason upon any man who shall compass or imagine the king's death. The nature of the offence, if you required any comment on it, has been learnedly, and, I must add, candidly commented upon by Mr. Attorney-General in stating the case. The second part is, that the prisoner did adhere to the king's enemies. By the law of this country, there are particular rules, applicable to cases of prosecutions for high treason, contra-distinguished from all the other branches of the criminal law. The nature of the offence called for this peculiarity of regulation. There is no species of charge to which innocent men may more easily be made victims, than that of offences against the state, and therefore it was necessary to give an additional protection to the subject. There is an honest impulse in the natural and laudable loyalty of every man, that warms his passions strongly against the person who endeavors to disturb the public quiet and security; it was necessary, therefore, to guard the

subject against the most dangerous of all abuses — the abuse of a virtue, by extraordinary vigilance. There was another reason: — There is no charge which is so vague and indefinite, and yet would be more likely to succeed, than charging a man as an enemy to the state. There is no case in which the venality of a base informer could have greater expectation of a base reward. Therefore, gentlemen, it was necessary to guard persons accused from the over-hasty virtue of a jury on the one hand, and on the other from being made the sacrifice of the base and rank prostitution of a depraved informer. How has the law done this? By pointing out in terms, these rules and orders that shall guide the court, and bind the jury in the verdict they shall give. The man shall be a traitor, if he commits the crime, but it must be a crime of which he should be provably attaint, by overt acts. And in order that there be an opportunity of investigation and defence, the features of the overt acts should be stated of public record in the very body of the indictment. Justly do I hear it observed, that there cannot be devised a fairer mode of accusation and trial than this is. Gentlemen, I have stated to you how the foundation of it stands in both countries, touching the mode of accusation and trial. I have to add to you, that in Great Britain it has been found necessary still further to increase the sanction of the jury, and the safety of the prisoner, by an express statute in King William's time. By that law it is now settled in that great country, that no man shall be indicted or convicted, except upon the evidence of two witnesses, and it describes what sort of evidence that shall be; either two witnesses swearing directly to the same overt act laid in the indictment, or two witnesses, one swearing to one overt act, and the other to another overt act of the same species of treason. So that, in that country, no man can be found guilty, except upon the evidence of two distinct credible witnesses — credible in their testimony, distinct in their persons, and concurring in the evidence of acts of one and the same class of treason; for it must be to the same identical treason, sworn to by both witnesses; or one witness deposing to one act of treason, and the other to another act of the same class of treason. That is the settled law of the neighboring kingdom, and I state it emphatically to you to be the settled law; because far am I from thinking, that we have not the blessing of living under the same sanction of law —

far am I from imagining that the breath which cannot even taint the character of a man in England, shall here blow him from the earth — that the proof, which in England would not wound the man, shall here deprive him of his life — that though the people in England would laugh at the accusation, yet here it shall cause the accused to perish under it. Sure I am that in a country where so few instances of a foul accusation of this sort have occurred, the judges of the court will need little argument to give effect to every thing urged to show that the law is the same in Ireland as in England.

Lord Clonmel — Do you mean to argue that the statute of William is in force in Ireland?

Mr. Curran. — No, my lord; not that the statute of William is in force — but I mean to argue, that the necessity of two witnesses in the case of treason is as strong here as in England. It is the opinion of Lord Coke, founded upon a number of authorities; the opinion of Lord Coke, referring to a judicial confirmation of what he says; the opinion of Lord Coke controverted, if it can be said to be controverted, by the modest and diffident dissent of Sir Michael Foster. It is laid down by Lord Coke, that he conceives it to be the established law, that two witnesses are necessary to convict: 3 Inst. 26. "It seemeth that by the ancient common-law, one accuser or witness was not sufficient to convict any person of high treason — and that two witnesses be required, appeareth by our books, and I remember no authority in our books to the contrary." I know of no judicial determination in our books to the contrary of what Lord Coke here states: the common law is grounded upon the principles of reason. I consider the statutes of Edward VI., and William III., as statutes which had become necessary from the abuses occasioned by a departure from the common law. After the statute of Edward VI., expressly declaring the necessity of two witnesses, the courts had fallen into perhaps a well-intentioned departure from the meaning of the statute of Edward VI., so far that the place of two witnesses was supplied in evidence by any thing that the court thought a material additional circumstance in the case; and to the time of William III., such a departure had prevailed, and this was thought sufficient to discharge every thing respecting the obligations of the statute. It became necessary, therefore, to enact and by that enact-

ment to do away the abuse of the principle of the common law, by expressly declaring that no man should be indicted or convicted except by two witnesses to one overt act, or one witness to one act, and a second to another act of high treason of the same species. And there seems to me to be a sound distinction between the case of high treason, and of any other crime. It is the only crime which every subject is sworn against committing: it is the only crime which any subject is sworn to abstain from. In every other case the subject is left to the fear of punishment which he may feel, or to the dictates of his conscience to guard himself against transgressing the law; but treason is a breach of his oath of allegiance, and is so far like the case of perjury: and therefore in the case of treason no man should be convicted by the testimony of a single witness, because it amounts to no more than oath against oath: so that it is only reasonable there should be another to turn the scale; and therefore it is that I conceive Lord Coke well warranted in laying down this rule, a rule deduced from general justice, and even from the law of God himself. Gentlemen, what I am now stating, I offer to the court as matter of law.

But what were these witnesses? Witnesses in all cases beyond exception in their personal circumstances, and in their personal credit. Therefore it is the law, that no man shall be found guilty of any offence that is not legally proved upon him by the sworn testimony of credible witnesses. Gentlemen, I have submitted my humble ideas of the law — I have stated the charge which the prisoner is called upon to answer, let me now state the overt acts, which in this particular case are necessary to be proved. The first is, that the prisoner did traitorously come to, and land in, Ireland, to procure information concerning the subjects of Ireland, and to send that information to the persons exercising the government in France, to aid them in carrying on the war against the King. I do not recollect that Cockayne said one single word of the prisoner's coming here for such a purpose. The second overt act is, that the prisoner did traitorously intend to raise and levy war, and incite persons to invade Ireland with arms and men; that he did incite Theobald Wolfe Tone to go beyond seas to incite France to invade this kingdom; that he did endeavor to procure persons to go to France, and that he agreed with other persons, that they should be sent to

France for the same purpose. Having stated these overt acts which are laid in the indictment, you will be pleased to recollect the evidence given by Cockayne. Cockayne did not say that the prisoner came over here for any such purpose as the overt act attributes to him. Then, as to the overt act of endeavoring to procure persons to go to France for the purpose of giving information to the enemy; the witness said he met Mr. M'Nally; he had known him in England; Jackson was a clergyman; he had known him also. Cockayne had professional business with Mr. M'Nally. Mr. M'Nally paid them a courtesy which any decent person would have been entitled to. They dined at his house, and met three or four persons there; they talked of the politics of Ireland; of the dissatisfaction of the people; but not a syllable of what is stated in the indictment; not one word of any conspiracy; Cockayne did not pretend to be able to give any account of any specific conversation; He went to Newgate; Rowan was then in confinement; he sometimes went by himself: sometimes met Tone, sometimes Jackson; he gave you an account of encouragement: what was it? Was there anything to support this indictment? Let me remind you that you are to found your verdict on what the witness says and you believe, and not on what learned counsel may be instructed to state. Then what does the witness say? He admits that he did not hear all the conversation. The crying injustice must strike you of making a man answerable for a part of a conversation, where the witness did not hear it all; but take it as he has stated it, unqualified and unconstrued: how high was he wrought up by it? He heard talk of somebody to go to France; he was to carry papers; he heard an expression of instructions to the French. What French — what instructions? It might be to French manufacturers; it might be to French traitors; it might be to the French King; it might be to the French convention. Do I mean to say that there was nothing by which a credulous or reasonable man might not have his suspicion raised, or that there was nothing in three or four men huddling themselves together in Newgate, and talking of an invasion? No; but my reasoning is this: that your verdict is to be founded on evidence of positive guilt established at the hazard of the personal punishment of the witness; you are not to pick up the conjectures either of his malignity or credulity. I say that this

man stands in defiance of your verdict, because it will be affected by nothing but that irresistible evidence on which alone it ought to be founded. But what was the fact which Tone was to do, or any other person? It was an illegal one. By a late act, an English subject going to France is liable to six months' imprisonment. By a clause in the same statute the crime of soliciting a person to go is also punishable. The encouraging any person to go to that country was, therefore, exposing him to danger, but whether it was a motive of trade, or smuggling, or idle adventure, is not the question for you. It is whether the intention was to convey an incitement to the French to make a descent on this kingdom, and endeavor to subvert the constitution of it. You have a simple question before you — has even the prosecutor sworn that he endeavored to do so? I think not. The next overt act charged is, that he did compose and write a letter in order to be sent to William Stone, in which he traitorously desired Stone to disclose to certain persons in France the scheme and intention of Jackson, to send a person to inform them of the state of Ireland, for the purpose of giving support and effect to a hostile invasion of this country. You have heard these letters read. You must of necessity look on them in one or two important and distinct points of view. The first, perhaps, that will naturally strike you is, what are these letters? Do they sustain the allegations of the overt act? Are they letters requiring Stone to inform the Convention of this country being in such a state as to encourage an invasion? Does that paper support this allegation? God help us! gentlemen of the jury. I know not in what state the property or life of any man will be if they are always to be at the mercy, and to depend on the possibility of his explaining either the real or pretended circumstances on which he corresponds with persons abroad. The letters are written apparently upon mercantile subjects — he talks of manufactures, of a firm, of prices changed, of different families, of differences among them, of overtures to be accepted of, of disputes likely to be settled by means of common mediation; what is the evidence on which you can be supported in saying that manufactures mean treason — that Nicholas means the war minister of France — the sister-in-law Ireland — that "the firm has been changed," means Danton has been guillotined, but that makes no alteration in the state of the house, meaning the circumstances of the revolution —

that the change of prices and manufactures means anything else necessary to give consistency to the charge of treason. Give me leave to say that this ludicrous and barbarous consequence would follow from a rule of this sort, the idlest letter might be strained to any purpose. The simplicity of our law is, that a man's guilt should be proved by the evidence of witnesses on their oaths, which shall not be supplied by fancy, nor elicited by the ingenuity of any person making suggestions to the wretched credulity of a jury that should be weak enough to adopt them. I come now to this. A letter produced imports on the face of it to be a letter of business, concerning manufactures — another concerning family differences. In which way are they to be understood? I say with confidence, better it should be to let twenty men, that might have a criminal purpose in writing letters of this kind, escape, than fall into the dreadful alternative of making one man a victim to a charge of this kind not supported by such proof as could bring conviction on the mind of a rational jury.

I do not think it necessary to state to you minutely the rest of these allegations of the overt acts. The charge against the prisoner is supported, and this is perhaps the clearest way of calling your attention to the evidence, either by the positive evidence of Cockayne as to these facts, or by the written evidence which stands also on his testimony alone. Touching actual conspiracy he said nothing; somebody was to go to France — he knew not for what — he had an idea on his mind for what it was — but never from any communication with Jackson. There have been other letters read in evidence. Two of them contained duplicates of a sort of representation of the supposed state of Ireland. Cockayne says that he got the packet from Jackson, that he himself wrote the directions; one addressed to Amsterdam, the other to Hamburgh. They were read, and they contain assertions, whether true or false I do not think material, of the state of this country: — if material at all, material only in their falsehood. The public are satisfied that these allegations are false. It is known to every man in this country, and must be known with great satisfaction by every honest man, that it is not in that state that could induce any but the most adventurous and wicked folly to try an experiment upon it. It is unnecessary for me to comment on the opinions contained in that paper; there is a matter more material, and calling more loudly for your attention. It is stated

to be written for the purpose of inviting the persons governing in France to try a descent upon Ireland. This paper is evidence to support that charge; you have heard it read. On what public subject have you ever heard six men speak, and all to agree? Might not a stranger in a fit of despondency, imagine that an invasion might have a fatal effect on this country? It is not impossible but if ten men were to make a landing, some mischief might happen. Then, again, what do I mean to argue? Is it that this letter bears no marks of the design imputed to it? No such thing. It is a letter that the most innocent man might write, but it is also such a one as a guilty man might write, but unless there was clear evidence of his guilt, he would be entitled to your verdict of acquittal. Though it was not expressly avowed, yet I cannot help thinking that it was meant to lay some little emphasis on certain names which I have met with in the newspapers — I am sure I have met the name of Laignelot in the debates of the convention — I have met the names of Horne Tooke and Stone in the English papers. I have read that Horne Tooke was tried for high treason and acquitted — that Stone made his escape into Switzerland. I believe it is said that there is a person of that name in confinement in England at present. But let me tell you, you are not to draw any inferences from circumstances of this kind against the prisoner; let me tell you, it is the guilt of the man, and not the sound of names, by which his fate is to be decided.

Other papers have been read. One seems to contain some forms of addresses. A letter said to come from Stone has been read to you. The letter to Beresford, said to be written by Jackson, has also been read to you. I have stated the material parts of the evidence. I have endeavored to submit my poor idea of the rule by which you ought to be guided. I see only one remaining topic to trouble you upon; it appears to me to be a topic of the utmost importance. And, gentlemen, it is this. Who is the man that has been examined to support this charge? One witness! I beseech you to have that engraven on your minds. The charge, in all its parts, stands only on the evidence of Cockayne; there is no other evidence of any conversation, there is not a material letter read in this case that does not rest upon Cockayne's evidence, and that I am warranted in this assertion you will see to a demonstration when I

remind the court that he was the only witness, as I recollect, called to prove the handwriting of Jackson. On his testimony alone must depend the fact of their being his handwriting, of the innendoes imputed to them, or the purpose with which they were sent.

Gentlemen, I am scarcely justified in having trespassed so long on your patience. It is a narrow case. It is a case of a man charged with the highest and most penal offence known by our law, and charged by one witness only. And let me ask who that witness is. A man, stating that he comes from another country, armed with a pardon for treasons, committed in Ireland, but not in England whence he comes. What! were you never on a jury before? Did you ever hear of a man forfeiting his life on the unsupported evidence of a single witness, and he an accomplice by his own confession? What! his character made the subject of testimony and support!—take his own vile evidence for his character. He was the foul traitor of his own client. What do you think now of his character? He was a spy upon his friend. He was the man that yielded to the tie of three oaths of allegiance, to watch the steps of his client for the bribe of government, with a pardon for the treasons he might commit; and he had impressed on his mind the conviction that he was liable to be executed as a traitor. Was he aware of his crime?—his pardon speaks it. Was he aware of the turpitude of his character?—he came with the cure; he brought his witness in his pocket. To what? To do away an offence which he did not venture to deny, that he had incautiously sworn that which was false in fact, though the jury did not choose to give it the name of wilful and corrupt perjury. Gracious God! Is it, then, on the evidence of a man of this kind, with his pardon in his pocket, and his bribe—not yet in his pocket—that you can venture to convict the prisoner? He was to be taken care of. How so? Jackson owed him a debt—"I was to do the honorable business of a spy and informer, and to be paid for it in the common way; it was common *acreable* work—treason and conspiracy. I was to be paid for it by the sheet." Do you find men doing these things in common life? I have now stated the circumstances by which, in my opinion, the credit of Cockayne ought to be reduced to nothing in your eyes. But I do not rest here. Papers were found in the chamber of Mr. Jackson; the door was open—and, by the bye, that carelessness was not evidence of

any conscious guilt; the papers were seized. That there were some belonging to Jackson is clear, because he expressed an anxiety about some that are confessed not to have any relation to the subject of this day's trial. I asked Cockayne if he had any papers in Jackson's room the night before he was arrested? He said not. I asked him if he had told any person that he had? He said not. Gentlemen, the only witness I shall call will be one to show you that he has in that sworn falsely. And let me here make one observation to you, the strength and good sense of which has been repeated an hundred times, and, therefore, rests on better authority than mine. Where a witness swears glibly to a number of circumstances, where it is impossible to produce contradictory proof, and is found to fail in one, it shall overthrow all the others. And see how strongly the observation applies here: he swore to a conversation with Jackson as to what he said and did, well knowing that Jackson could not be a witness to disprove that unless the good sense of the jury should save his life, and enable him to become, in his turn, a prosecutor for the perjury. If on a point of this kind this man should be found to have forsworn himself, it cannot occasion any other sentiment but this, that if you have felt yourselves disposed to give anything like credit to his evidence where he has sworn to facts which he must have known, it is the key-stone of the arch in his testimony, and if you can pluck it from its place, the remainder of the pile will fall in ruins about his head.

I will produce that witness — but, before I sit down, permit me, gentlemen of the jury, to remind you, that if every word which Cockayne has here sworn were sworn in Westminster-Hall, the judges would immediately have said — There is not anything for the jury to decide upon; the evidence of the indictment rests on him alone; there is no second witness. So does the transaction of the letters, for De Joncourt's testimony could not have satisfied the statute; it was not evidence to the same overt act as affecting Jackson personally, nor was it evidence of any distinct overt act; it was merely that species of evidence, the abuse of which had been the cause of introducing the statute of William; a mere collateral concomitant evidence. The overt act was writing and putting into the post-office; that was sworn to by Cockayne, and if he deserved credit, would go so far as to prove the fact by one witness. See

what the idea of the statute is; it is that it must be an overt act brought home to the prisoner by each of the two witnesses swearing to it. If De Joncourt's evidence stood single, it could not have brought anything home to Jackson. Cockayne swore the superscription was his writing; he put the letters into the office. De Joncourt said nothing but that he found in the office a letter which he produced, and which Cockayne said was the one he had put into it. This observation appears to collect additional strength from this circumstance. Why did they not produce Tone? It is said they could not. I say they could. It was as easy to pardon him as to pardon Cockayne. But whether he was guilty or not, is no objection. Shall it be said that the argument turns about and affects Jackson as much as it does the prosecutor? I think certainly not. Jackson, I believe it has appeared in the course of the evidence, and is matter of judicial knowledge to the court, has lain in prison for twelve months past, from the moment of his arrest to the moment of his trial. If he is conscious that the charge is false, it is impossible for him to prove that falsehood; he was so circumstanced as that he could not procure the attendance of witnesses; a stranger in the country, he could not tell whether some of the persons named were in existence or not.

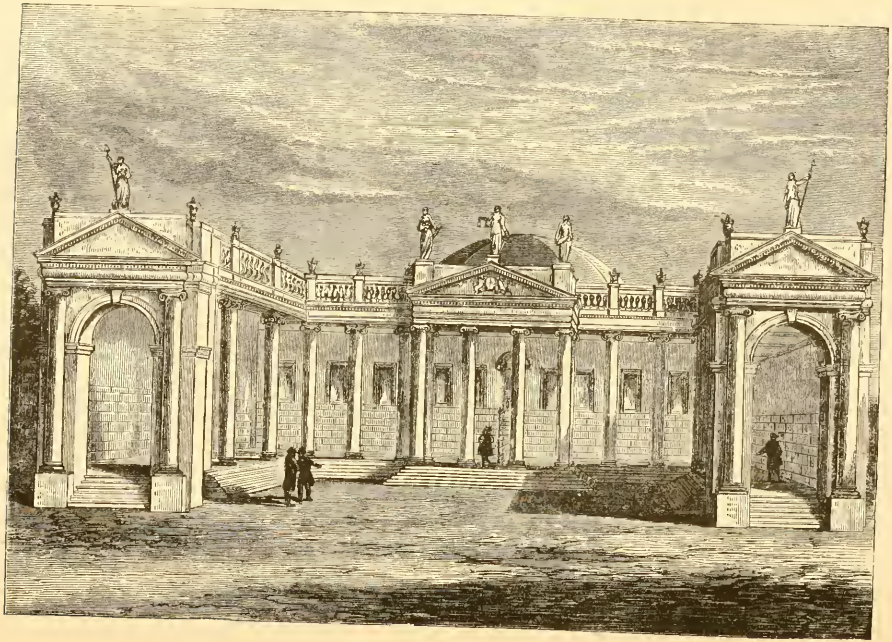
I have before apologized to you for trespassing upon your patience, and I have again trespassed — let me not repeat it. I shall only take the liberty of reminding you, that if you have any doubt, in a criminal case doubt should be acquittal; that you are trying a case which if tried in England would preclude the jury from the possibility of finding a verdict of condemnation. It is for you to put it into the power of mankind to say, that that which should pass harmlessly over the head of a man in Great Britain shall blast him here; — whether life is more valuable in that country than in this, or whether a verdict may more easily be obtained here in a case tending to establish pains and penalties of this severe nature.

Suspension of the Habeas Corpus.

October 14th, 1796.

In Committee Ponsonby opposed the bill; so did Curran:—

I CONJURE the house to reflect seriously upon the moment that has been chosen by administration for the bringing in of this bill; I think it a melancholy proof of their want of temper and their want of judgment. My right honorable friend moved an amendment to the address in favor of the Roman Catholics; it was a motion of the very utmost importance; in the debates upon that motion the rights of the Roman Catholics were strongly urged, and as strongly opposed; the disposition of the administration towards them was fully manifested, and the motion was rejected. Of the propriety of that rejection I will not speak—I cannot but lament it; I lament still more the effect that I am sure the making of the present bill the immediate sequel to that rejection, will have on the public mind. [He dwelt strongly upon the indiscretion of ministers, in thus appearing to make the bill be an attack and an insult upon the Catholics; and then replied to the arguments that had been used in support of the measure; he adverted to the bills of the last session.] The Habeas Corpus act is almost the only remaining guardian of our liberties; and the ministry have stabbed the guardian upon its post and in the dark. The house was exhausted by a long debate upon a subject of the last importance to the union and to the peace of the country; those members of parliament who were likely to defend this last privilege of the people were withdrawn, and it was not till the next morning that they were told in their beds, that the Habeas Corpus act was repealed. That sacred palladium of our liberties which was never suffered to sleep, ought not to have been stolen



OLD IRISH HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, COLLEGE GREEN.

from us while we slumbered. I ask why the wisdom of our ancestors has opposed so many checks to the progress of a bill through parliament! I ask whether those checks are intended only to prevent the precipitation of measures of no moment, and that the dearest interests, and most sacred privileges of the subject, are to be left exposed to all the fatal consequences of rashness and intemperance? Before a bill can be laid before the house, its leave must be asked, and obtained for bringing it in — here it may be debated and opposed in its very first onset. It is then, by the leave of the house, to be read a first time, and upon this reading its principle is to be discussed; a day is then appointed for the further discussion of its principle upon a second reading; it is then, if so far approved of, to be considered, and, if possible, to be amended by a committee of the whole house. Has the constitution no object in all these provisions for deliberation, or is such deliberation intended to be only upon trifles?

At two o'clock in the morning the house was moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the Habeas Corpus act; at five minutes past two in the morning the bill was read a first time; and, after *grave* and *mature* deliberation, the bill was ordered to be read, and was accordingly read, a second time at ten minutes after two in the morning. Its principle was then *fully considered* and approved of; and at fifteen minutes after two in the morning, it was laid before a committee of the whole house! I ask, what peculiar and extraordinary urgency has been stated for refusing to such a bill the deliberation of eight-and-forty hours? and I insist, that whatever arguments have been offered for the necessity of passing such a bill at all, not one has been even insinuated for forcing it into a law without examination and without reflection. I believe there was but one motive for it, and that was to create an unfounded alarm in the country, and, if possible, to silence the murmurs of the people. If ministers wish to excite alarm, they may succeed — they have already succeeded. Their industrious reports of an invasion, of which I am convinced they have no apprehension, have nearly destroyed public credit in the South. I have it from what I believe the best authority, and upon such matters I can only speak from information, that in Cork and Waterford discount is wholly stopped. If ministers hope to dismay the people into silence, I tell them they cannot ter-

rify them into apathy, and that they may exasperate their abhorrence into violence.

It remains now to consider the nature of what has been adduced as evidence of a treasonable confederation at present existing in the country, and which has been urged as the justification of the measure before the house. It cannot be denied that there has been treason in the country, because several men have been long since tried and convicted, and executed as traitors: but I do deny that there is any evidence whatever before the house of a treasonable confederation now subsisting. I cannot too strongly reprobate the idea of considering a passage in the speech from the throne as evidence upon which to pass a bill of attainder against the constitution; if such a doctrine were to be endured, it would be at any time in the power of a corrupt minister to lay the people at his feet. I insist that the assertions of the Attorney-General, even if they could be admitted as evidence, amount to no more than that informations have been sworn against certain individuals for crimes, the nature of which has not been disclosed, and that they have been apprehended. As to the late imprisonment of persons in the North, I will not say it was a mere pretext for the introduction of this bill; I disclaim the idea of making so horrid a charge, but I cannot but say it is no foundation whatever for such a bill: to say that it is, would be to say, these persons are guilty — to pronounce them guilty without the forms of trial. Whatever facts have been stated to the house have only tended to show that the bill is unnecessary; men suspected of treason against the government may be apprehended and detained without the bill; but confederation for the mere purpose of obtaining by constitutional means, a reform in the representation, is not a circumstance that can justify the house in abandoning the people, and laying their liberty at the mercy of the executive power. I shall vote for Mr. Mason's leaving the chair. — *Debates*, Vol. XVII., pp. 56–9.

The division was 137 to 7.

Last Speech in the Irish Commons.

May 15th, 1797.

The reader has seen the decreasing minorities of the party who gallantly struggled to maintain the parliamentary constitution of Ireland. But they grew daily more powerless. The people looked to the United Irish Executive, to France, to arms, to revolution. The government persisted in refusing Reform and Emancipation, continued the suspension of the constitution, and incessantly augmented the despotism of their laws, the profligacy of their administration, and the violence of their soldiery —they trusted to intimidation. Under these circumstances, the opposition determined to abandon the contest. They did unwisely. They might have embarrassed ministers seriously in the following year, and they did not so, nor did they join the military organization of the patriots.

The pre-determined secession took place on the 15th May, 1797. As the proceedings are of peculiar interest, I copy them from the *Debates:* —

The expectation of the very important business which was announced for this evening, the Reform in the Representation, had filled the galleries at three o'clock. The speaker took the chair at four, and proceeded to business. Two debates followed —the one on the Lords' address, the other on the Reform. The house continued to sit until past five next morning.

Lord Castlereagh pre-occupied the attention of the house by moving, that the address of the Lords on the subject of the treasonable papers, be now taken into consideration. The address contained strong expressions of the loyalty and affection of the house — alluded in very strong terms to the enormity and extent of this traitorous conspiracy — thanked his Majesty for the measures which had been already taken for restoring the due observation of the laws, and recommended to his adoption the most severe measures for the complete suppression of these dangerous disorders. His lordship animadverted on the danger of the conspiracy which had given occasion to this address — stated its object to be the overthrow of our most excellent constitution, and the separation of this country from Great Britain —that the evidence in proof of these assertions had been so full that even the most sceptic could not doubt, and so plain that no man could question the inferences which had been made by their lordships. His lordship then entered into a long and minute history of the society of United Irishman, repeating nearly what had been said on that subject in the report of the Secret Committee. He deprecated, in any debate which might arise on this question, the admixture of any foreign matter with this particular subject, which was simply an inquiry into the most extraordinary mass of treason which had ever appeared in the country; to introduce any other matter into the debate would be construed by the ignorance of the coun-

try as a proof that treason and traitors had abettors even within those walls. A speech of much vehemence against the United Irishmen &c., was concluded by a motion — "that the Commons should agree with their Lordships in this address."

Mr. Grattan declared that he did not on this subject wish to bring on a debate, as he would reserve the opinion which he meant to give at large on the state of the country, for the debate on the question of Reform. He could not help, however, declaring, that to that part of the address which expressed approbation of the measures of government, he was bound in consistency not to give any approbation, neither could he do so of that part which prayed for a continuance of coercion, because he believed in his conscience that such measures could be productive of no good.

Mr. Smith, after a short preface, moved an amendment, which alone could reconcile him to the address. His amendment was in substance a request that his Majesty would use conciliatory measures to remove every pretext of discontent from the well-disposed, as well as measures of coercion for the prevention and punishment of conspiracy and treason—urging the necessity of correcting abuses, as well as adopting strong laws to repress disaffection, &c.

This amendment introduced much very animated conversation from Mr. George Ponsonby, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Jephson, Mr. Grattan, and Mr. Hoare, who supported the amendment, which was opposed by the Attorney-General, Denis Browne, Mr. Egan, Sir B. Roche, Mr. Alexander, Messrs. J. and M. Beresford, Mr. Ogle, Mr. Toler, and Mr. Annesley.

The most contentious topic in the debate was an expression which fell from Mr. Fletcher in the course of his speech, in which he said, that if coercive measures were to be pursued, the whole country must be coerced, for the *spirit of insurrection had pervaded every part of it.*

Mr. M. Beresford ordered the clerk to take down these words, and the gallery was instantly cleared. When strangers were again admitted, the debate on the address still continued, and in the course of it Mr. J. C. Beresford thought himself called on to defend the Secret Committee against an assertion which had fallen from Mr. Fletcher in the course of his speech. The assertion was in substance that he feared the people would be led to look on the report of the committee as fabricated rather to justify the past measures of Government, than to state facts!

Mr. Fletcher contended that he had a right to animadvert on the report, but disclaimed any design of imputing anything unfair to the members of that committee individually.

In the course of the altercation which followed on this subject, Mr. Toler threatened, and actually did move an abstract resolution, declaring that the imputation conveyed in these words (of Mr. Fletcher) was an unfounded calumny on the report. He was at length, however persuaded to withdraw his motion. The house then divided on Mr. Smith's amendment which was lost without a division.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

Mr. W. Ponsonby, in a short prefatory speech, proposed his Resolutions on Parliamentary Reform. Before he moved any of them specifically, he read them all to the house. They are in substance as follow: —

"Resolved, that it is indispensably necessary to a fundamental reform of the representation, that all disabilities on account of religion be forever abolished, and

that Catholics shall be admitted into the legislature, and all the great offices of state in the same extent, &c., as Protestants now are.

"That it is the indispensable right of the people of Ireland to be fully and fairly represented in Parliament.

"That in order that the people may be fully enabled to exercise that right, the privilege of returning members for cities, boroughs, &c., in the present form shall cease; that each county be divided into districts, consisting of 6,000 houses each, each district to return two members to parliament.

"That all persons possessing freehold property to the amount of 40s. per annum; all possessed of leasehold interests, of the value of ; all possessed of a house of the value of ; all who have resided for a certain number of years in any great city or town, following a trade; and all who shall be free of any city, &c., by birth, marriage, or servitude, shall vote for members of parliament.

"That seats in parliament shall endure for number of years. (The blanks were left to be filled up by the discretion of the house.)"—*Debates*, Vol. XVII., pp. 527–30.

Mr. Pelham moved and spoke for an adjournment, and was supported by Mr. D. Browne, Mr. M. Beresford, Sir H Langrishe, Sir Frederick Flood, Mr. M. Mason, Mr. C. Osborne, Mr. William Smyth (afterwards judge, whom Curran followed); some opposing emancipation, some reform, some resisting the proposal of Ponsonby as ill-timed, or as Mr. Brown said, "thatching a house in a hurricane." The original motion was sustained by Mr. Stewart (of Killymoon), Sir J. Freake, George Ponsonby, Mr. Jephson, the Knight of Kerry (Mr. Fitzgerald), Mr. Fletcher (afterwards judge), and Counsellor Hoare (of whom Curran used to say, his smile was like the shining of the brass plate on a coffin).

I CONSIDER this as a measure of justice, with respect to the Catholics and the people at large. The Catholics in former times groaned under the malignant folly of penal laws—wandered like herds upon the earth, or gathered under some threadbare grandee who came to Dublin, danced attendance at the Castle, was smiled on by the Secretary, and carried back to his miserable countrymen the gracious promise of favor and protection. They are no longer mean dependents, but owners of their country, and claiming simply and boldly, as Irishmen, the national privileges of men and natives of their country. [Upon this part of the question he went into a variety of very interesting topics, descriptive of their importance and their oppressions, which he attributed wholly to the wicked propagation of religious antipathies, and concluded that their claim to perfect freedom in their own land could be denied only by the grossest malignity and tyranny.]

I now proceed to answer the objections to the measure. I was extremely shocked to see the agent of a foreign cabinet rise up in the assembly that ought to represent the Irish nation, and oppose a

motion that was made on the acknowledged and deplored corruption which has been imported from his country. Such an opposition is a proof of the charge, which I am astonished he could venture upon at so awful a crisis. I doubt whether the charge, or this proof of it, would appear most odious. However, I will examine the objections. It is said — It is not the time. This argument has become a jest in Ireland, for it has been used in all times; in war, in peace, in quiet, and in disturbance. It is the miserable, dilatory plea of persevering and stupid corruption, that wishes to postpone its fate by a promise of amendment, which it is resolved never to perform. Reform has become an exception to the proverb that says there is a time for all things; but for Reform there is no time, because at all times corruption is more profitable to its authors than public virtue and propriety, which they know must be fatal to their views. As to the present time, the objections to it are a compound of the most unblushing impudence and folly. Forsooth it would seem as if the house had yielded through fear. Personal bravery or fear are inapplicable to a public assembly. I know no cowardice so despicable as the fear of seeming to be afraid. To be afraid of danger is not an unnatural sensation; but to be brave in absurdity and injustice, merely from fear of having your sense or honesty imputed to your own apprehension, is a stretch of folly which I have never heard of before. But the time is pregnant with arguments very different, indeed, from those I have heard; I mean the report of the Secret Committee and the dreadful state of the country. The allegation is that the people are not to have justice, because a rebellion exists within, and because we have an enemy at our gates — because, forsooth, reform is only a pretext, and separation is the object of the leaders. If a rebellion exist, every good subject ought to be detached from it. But if an enemy threaten to invade us, it is only common sense to detach every subject from the hostile standard and bring him back to his duty and his country.

The present miserable state of Ireland — its distractions, its distresses, its bankruptcy — are the effects of the war, and it is the duty of the authors of that war to reconcile the people by the most timely and liberal justice; the utmost physical strength should be called forth, and that can be done only by union. This is a subject so tremendous I do not wish to dwell on it; I will therefore leave it; I

will support a Reform on its own merits, and as a measure of internal peace at this momentous juncture. Its merits are admitted by the objection to the time, because the objection admits that at any other time it would be proper. For twenty years past there was no man of any note in England or Ireland who did not consider the necessity of it as a maxim; they all saw and confessed that the people are not represented, and that they have not the benefit of a mixed monarchy. They have a monarchy which absorbs the two other estates, and, therefore, they have the insupportable expense of a monarchy, an aristocracy, and a democracy, without the simplicity or energy of any one of those forms of government. In Ireland this is peculiarly fatal, because the honest representation of the people is swallowed in the corruption and intrigue of a cabinet of another country. From this may be deduced the low estate of the Irish people; their honest labor is wasted in pampering their betrayers, instead of being employed, as it ought to be, in accommodating themselves and their children. On these miserable consequences of corruption, and which are all the fatal effects of inadequate representation, I do not wish to dwell. To expatiate too much on them might be unfair, but to suppress them might be treason to the public. It is said that reform is only a pretence, and that separation is the real object of leaders; if this be so, confound the leaders by destroying the pretext, and take the followers to yourselves. You say there are one hundred thousand; I firmly believe there is three times the number. So much the better for you; if these seducers can attach so many followers to rebellion by the hope of reform through blood, how much more readily will you engage them, not by the promise, but the possession, and without blood? You allude to the British fleet; learn from it to avoid the fatal consequence that may follow even a few days' delay of justice. It is said to be only a pretext; I am convinced of the contrary—I am convinced the people are sincere, and would be satisfied by it. I think so from the perseverance in petitioning for it for a number of years; I think so, because I think a monarchy, properly balanced by a fair representation of the people, gives as perfect liberty as the most celebrated republics of old. But, of the real attraction of this object of reform, you have a proof almost miraculous; the desire of reform has annihilated religious antipathy and united the country. In the history

of mankind it is the only instance of so fatal a religious fanaticism being discarded by the good sense of mankind, instead of dying slowly by the development of its folly. And I am persuaded the hints thrown out this night to make the different sects jealous of each other will be a detected trick, and will only unite them still more closely. The Catholics have given a pledge to their countrymen of their sincerity and their zeal, which cannot fail of producing the most firm reliance; they have solemnly disclaimed all idea of what is called emancipation, except as a part of that reform without which their Presbyterian brethren could not be free. Reform is a necessary change of mildness for coercion. The latter has been tried; what is its success? The convention bill was passed to punish the meetings at Dungannon and those of the Catholics; the government considered the Catholic concessions as defeats that called for vengeance, and cruelly have they avenged them. But did that act, or those which followed it, put down those meetings? The contrary was the fact. It concealed them most foolishly. When popular discontents are abroad, a wise government should put them into a hive of glass. You hid them. The association at first was small; the earth seemed to drink it as a rivulet, but it only disappeared for a season. A thousand streams, through the secret windings of the earth, found their way to one course, and swelled its waters, until at last, too mighty to be contained, it burst out a great river, fertilizing by its exudations or terrifying by its cataracts. This is the effect of our penal code; it swelled sedition into rebellion. What else could be hoped from a system of terrorism. Fear is the most transient of all the passions; it is the warning that nature gives for self-preservation. But when safety is unattainable the warning must be useless, and nature does not, therefore, give it. Administration, therefore, mistook the quality of penal laws; they were sent out to abolish conventions, but they did not pass the threshold; they stood sentinels at the gates. You think that penal laws, like great dogs, will wag their tails to their masters and bark only at their enemies. You are mistaken; they turn and devour those they are meant to protect, and are harmless where they are intended to destroy. I see gentlemen laugh; I see they are still very ignorant of the nature of fear: it cannot last; neither while it does can it be concealed. The feeble glimmering of a forced smile is a light

that makes the cheek look paler. Trust me, the times are too humanized for such systems of government. Humanity will not execute them, but humanity will abhor them and those who wish to rule by such means. This is not theory; the experiment has been tried and proved. You hoped much, and, I doubt not, meant well by those laws; but they have miserably failed you; it is time to try milder methods. You have tried to force the people; the rage of your penal laws was a storm that only drove them in groups to shelter. Your convention law gave them that organization which is justly an object of such alarm; and the very proclamation seems to have given them arms. Before it is too late, therefore, try the better force of reason, and conciliate them by justice and humanity. The period of coercion in Ireland is gone, nor can it ever return until the people shall return to the folly and to the natural weakness of disunion. Neither let us talk of innovation; the progress of nature is no innovation. The increase of people, with the growth of the mind, is no innovation; it is no way alarming unless the growth of our minds lag behind. If we think otherwise, and think it an innovation to depart from the folly of our infancy, we should come here in our swaddling-clothes; we should not innovate upon the dress, more than the understanding of the cradle. As to the system of peace now proposed, you must take it on principles; they are simply two—the abolition of religious disabilities and the representation of the people. I am confident the effects would be everything to be wished. The present alarming discontent will vanish, the good will be separated from the evil-intentioned; the friends of mixed government in Ireland are many; every sensible man must see that it gives all the enjoyment of rational liberty if the people have their due place in the state. This system would make us invincible against a foreign or domestic enemy; it would make the empire strong at this important crisis; it would restore us to liberty, industry, and peace, which I am satisfied can never by any other means be restored. Instead, therefore, of abusing the people, let us remember that there is no physical strength but theirs, and conciliate them by justice and reason. I am censured heavily for having acted for them in the late prosecutions. I feel no shame at such a charge, except that, at such a time as this, to defend the people should be held out as an imputation upon a king's counsel, when the

people are prosecuted by the state. I think every counsel is the property of his fellow-subjects. If, indeed, because I wore his Majesty's gown, I had declined my duty or done it weakly or treacheronsly; if I had made that gown a mantle of hypocrisy, and betrayed my client or sacrificed him to any personal view, I might, perhaps, have been thought wiser by those who have blamed me; but I should have thought myself the basest villain upon earth. The plan of peace, proposed by a Reform, is the only means that I and my friends can see left to save us. It is certainly a time for decision, and not for half measures. I agree that unanimity is indispensable. The house seems pretty nearly unanimous for force; I am sorry for it, for I bode the worst from it. I will retire from a scene where I can do no good—where I certainly would interrupt that unanimity. I cannot, however, go without a parting entreaty that gentlemen will reflect on the awful responsibility in which they stand to their country and to their conscience, before they set the example to the people of abandoning the constitution and the law, and resorting to the terrible expedient of force.—*Debates*, Vol. XVII., pp. 553—8.

Grattan followed him, closing the debate, his speech, and the attendance of the opposition, in these words:

Before they are to be reformed, rebellion, you tell us, must be subdued. You tried that experiment in America. America required self-legislation; you attempted to subdue America by force of angry laws, and by force of arms — you exacted of America unconditional submission — the stamp act and the tea tax were only pretexts. So you said. The object, you said, was separation. So here the Reform of Parliament, you say, and Catholic Emancipation are only pretexts: the object, you say, is separation. And here you exact unconditional submission: "You MUST SUBDUE BEFORE YOU REFORM" — indeed! Alas, you think so; but you forget you subdue by reforming. It is the best conquest you can obtain over your own people. But let me suppose you succeed; what is your success? A military government, a perfect despotism, a hapless victory over the principles of a mild government and a mild constitution. But what may be the ultimate consequence of such a victory? — a separation. Let us suppose that the war continues, and that your conquest over your own people is interrupted by a French invasion. What would be your situation then? I do not wish to think of it; but I wish you to think of it, and to make a better preparation against such an event than such conquests and such victories. When you consider the state of your arms abroad, and the ill-assured state of your government at home, precipitating on such a system, surely you should pause a little. Even on the event of a peace you are ill-secured against a future war, which the state of Ireland, under such a system, would be too apt to invite; but in the event of the continuation of the war, your system is perilous, indeed. I speak with-

out asperity — I speak without resentment; I speak, perhaps, my delusion, but it is my heart-felt conviction — I speak my apprehension for the immediate state of our liberty, and for the ultimate state of the empire. I see, or I imagine I see, in this system, everything which is dangerous to both. I hope I am mistaken — at least, I hope I exaggerate; possibly I may. If so, I shall acknowledge my error with more satisfaction than is usual in the acknowledgment of error. I cannot, however, banish from my memory the lesson of the American war; and yet at that time the English government was at the head of Europe, and was possessed of resources comparatively unbroken. If that lesson has no effect on ministers, surely I can suggest nothing that will. We have offered you our measure — you will reject it; we deprecate yours — you will persevere. Having no hopes left to persuade or dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we shall trouble you no more, and, AFTER THIS DAY, SHALL NOT ATTEND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS! — *Debates*, Vol. XVII., pp. 569–70.

The question being put on the adjournment it was carried: — for it, 170; against it, 30.

The opposition ceased to attend, and the parliament, after a few sittings, was adjourned, in a speech from the Lord Lieutenant, of unusual length, on the 3rd of July, 1797. Thus, in the twilight of his country, ended Curran's parliamentary career; but in the awful night which followed, he was a beacon.

For Peter Finnerty, Publisher of "The Press."

[LIBEL.]

December 22nd, 1797.

The Government and the United Irishmen were now face to face, the former armed with a full code of coercion, and a large army and unscrupulous agents to support it; — the latter with a good cause, the organization given by Tone, and the prospect of French aid. Each party tried to strengthen itself by conciliation and intimidation. Among the government instruments were spies (such as Maguane and others, chronicled in Dr. Madden's work), "the battalion of testimony" (Bird, Newell, O'Brien, &c.), free quarters, prosecutions, bribery, patronage and calumny.

One of the best auxiliaries summoned by the United Irishmen was "The Press" newspaper.

The first number of it was published in Dublin, on Thursday, the 28th of September, 1797, and was thence continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, until Tuesday, the 13th of March, 1798, when the 69th and last number was seized by the government. It was not, like the "Northern Star," a chronicle of French politics. It was a true propagandist organ of Liberal and National opinions, filled with essays, letters and addresses of great ability. Arthur O'Connor mainly originated it, and he, Thomas Emmet, Drennan, Sampson, &c., wrote it.

Government naturally longed to crush such a paper, as it had done the "Northern Star," but raw force was premature for Dublin, so they waited for a libel, and, as they gave plenty of provocation, they waited not long. They found one, which irritated them deeply, while it gave them a good opening, in a letter published on Thursday, the 26th of October, 1797, addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, signed "Marcus." Most of the letter is set out in the indictment; so are the legal facts which were the text of it, but it is right to say something more of them.

William Orr was a Presbyterian farmer, resident at Farranshane, in the County of Antrim — a man of pious, gentle and gallant character; a tall, athletic and hearty fellow, too, and popular exceedingly. He was arrested in 1796, under the Insurrection Act (passed in the February of that year), for having, in April, 1796, administered the United Irish oath to Hugh Wheatly, a private in the Fifeshire Fencibles. He was indicted at Carrickfergus, on the 17th of April, 1797, and tried on Saturday, 16th of September, 1797, before Chief Baron Lord Yelverton. The chief witness was Wheatly, who deposed that Orr acted as chairman or secretary of a Baronial Committee in Antrim, where Wheatly was induced to go, and was there forced to

take the oath. Lindsay, a private in the same corps, swore that he *saw* the oath administered, but did not hear it. Curran and Sampson, Orr's counsel, contended that this was a case for a prosecution for high treason; but Yelverton decided otherwise, and charged for a conviction. The jury retired at seven at night, and came into court at six o'clock on Sunday morning, and after much confusion (from conscience or intoxication), gave in a verdict of Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy, which Yelverton sent by express to the Castle. On Monday, the 18th, Curran moved for a new trial, on the affidavit of two of the jurors, stating the drunkenness of some of the jurors, and the intimidation used to one of the deponents. He had an affidavit from a third juror, swearing that he was deceived into the verdict; but Orr was sentenced to be hanged on the 7th of October. Orr declared at the close of the trial that he was innocent. Various attempts were made to save him. His brother James signed a declaration of his guilt and a prayer for mercy, in William's name, and got it backed by the gentry; but William disclaimed it. It was also sworn by a Presbyterian clergyman that Wheatly had confessed himself guilty of murder, perjury and other crimes. In consequence of all this, Orr was thrice respited, and judging from the conciliatory and beseeching tone of "The Press" (No. 5), Government seems to have had an opportunity of making themselves popular, and weakening the United Irishmen by a just leniency. They preferred the harsh course, and on Saturday, the 14th of October, Orr was hanged, outside Carrickfergus, amid a mass of troops. He distributed a written paper, declaring his innocence, and died calmly and nobly. He left five children, and a wife, about again to be a mother.

Indignation was nigh universal. Medals with "Remember Orr!" were circulated; his name became a watchword (and continued so, as Sheares' proclamation proves); "The Ministers in Orr's place" was a toast even in England, and Fox spoke of him as a martyr. That he was a United Irishman is clear; but that he gave Wheatly the oath, or was therefore guilty in law, is not probable. Guilty or not, his execution for such a crime, on such evidence, and after such a verdict, was a murder! So it was treated in the letter of "Marcus," The author was a Mr. Deane Swift a frequent contributor to "The Press."

On Tuesday, the 31st of October, Major Sirr arrested Peter Finnerty at 62 Abbey-street ("The Press" office), for this publication, under a Judge's warrant, and put him into Newgate, and on Thursday he was brought, handcuffed, before Mr. Jameson, K. C., acting Judge at the Commission Court; true bills were found; he was indicted in the dock, being refused liberty to bail. He was thence sent back to Newgate, where he was exposed to threats to force a confession, but he was steady, and on Friday, the 22d of December, was tried before Justice Downes at the Commission Court. The indictment stated,

"That at a general assizes and general gaol delivery, holden at Carrickfergus, in and for the County of Antrim, on the 17th day of April, in the thirty-seventh year of the King, before the Honorable Mathias Finucane, one of the judges of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, and the Honorable Denis George, one of the Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer in Ireland, Justices and Commissioners assigned to deliver the gaol of our said Lord the King, in and for the County of Antrim, of the several prisoners and malefactors therein, one William Orr, late of Farranshane, in said County of Antrim, yeoman, was in lawful manner indicted for feloniously administering a certain oath and engagement, upon a book, to one Hugh Wheatly; which oath and engagement imported to bind the said Hugh Wheatly,

who then and there took the same, to be of an association, brotherhood, and Society, formed for seditious purposes; and also for feloniously causing, procuring, and inducing said Hugh Wheatly, to take an oath of said import last mentioned; and also for feloniously administering to said Hugh Wheatly another oath, importing to bind said Hugh Wheatly not to inform or give evidence against any brother, associate, or confederate, of a certain society then and there formed; and also for feloniously causing, procuring, and seducing said Hugh Wheatly to take an oath of said import last mentioned. And afterwards at Carrickfergus aforesaid, before the Right Honorable Barry Lord Yelverton, Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer in Ireland, and the Honorable Tankerville Chamberlain, one of his Majesty's Justices of his Court of Chief Pleas in Ireland, at a general assizes, &c., on the 16th day of September, in the 37th year of the King, said William Orr by the verdict of a certain jury of said county of Antrim, between our said Lord the King and said William Orr, taken of and for the felony aforesaid in due manner, was tried, convicted, and attainted, and for the same was duly executed; and that he, the said Peter Finnerty, well knowing the premises, but being a wicked and ill-disposed person, and of unquiet conversation and disposition, and devising and intending to molest and disturb the peace and public tranquillity of this kingdom of Ireland; and to bring and draw the trial aforesaid, and the verdict thereon, for our said Lord the King against this William Orr given, and the due course of law in that behalf had, as aforesaid, into hatred, contempt, and scandal, with all the liege subjects of our said Lord the King; and to persuade, and cause the subjects of our said Lord the King to believe that the trial aforesaid was unduly had, and that the said William Orr did undeservedly die in manner aforesaid, and that his Excellency John Jefferys, Earl Camden, the Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom, after the conviction aforesaid, ought to have extended to the said William Orr, his Majesty's gracious pardon of the felonies aforesaid; and that in not so extending such pardon, he, the said Lord Lieutenant, had acted inhumanly, wickedly, and unjustly, and in a manner unworthy of the trust which had been committed to him by our said Lord the King in that behalf; and that the said Lord Lieutenant in his government of this kingdom, had acted unjustly, cruelly, and oppressively, to his Majesty's subjects therein: And the said Peter Finnerty, to fulfil and bring to effect his most wicked and detestable devices and intentions aforesaid, on the 26th of October, in the 37th year of the King, at Mountrath Street aforesaid, city of Dublin aforesaid, falsely, wickedly, maliciously, and seditiously did print and publish, and cause and procure to be printed and published, in a certain newspaper entitled 'The Press,' a certain false, wicked, malicious and seditious libel, of and concerning the said trial, conviction, attainder, and execution of the said William Orr, as aforesaid, and of and concerning the said Lord Lieutenant and his government of this kingdom, and his Majesty's Ministers employed by him in his government of this kingdom, according to the tenor and effect following, to wit: —

"'The death of Mr. Orr (meaning the execution of the said William Orr) the nation has pronounced one of the most sanguinary and savage acts that had disgraced the laws. In perjury, did you not hear, my Lord (meaning the said Lord Lieutenant), the verdict (meaning the verdict aforesaid) was given? Perjury accompanied with terror, as terror has marked every step of your government (meaning the government of this kingdom aforesaid, by the said Lord Lieutenant). Vengeance and desolation were to fall on those who would not plunge themselves in blood. These were not strong enough: against the express law of the land, not

only was drink introduced to the jury (meaning the jury aforesaid), but drunkenness itself, beastly and criminal drunkenness, was employed to procure the murder of a better man (meaning the said execution of the said William Orr) than any that now surrounds you (meaning the said Lord Lieutenant).'

"And in another part thereof, according to the tenor and effect following, to wit: —

"'Repentance, which is a slow virtue, hastened, however, to declare the innocence of the victim (meaning the said William Orr); the mischief (meaning the said conviction of the said William Orr) which perjury had done, truth now stepped forward to repair. Neither was she too late had humanity formed any part of your counsels (meaning the counsels of the said Lord Lieutenant). Stung with remorse, on the return of reason, part of his jury (meaning the jury aforesaid) solemnly and soberly made oath that their verdict (meaning the verdict aforesaid) had been given under the unhappy influence of intimidation and drink; and in the most serious affidavit that ever was made, by acknowledging their crime, endeavored to atone to God and to their country for the sin into which they had been seduced.'

"And in another part thereof, according to the tenor and effect following, to wit: —

"'And though the innocence of the accused (meaning the said William Orr) had even remained doubtful, it was your duty (meaning the duty of the said Lord Lieutenant), my Lord, and you (meaning the said Lord Lieutenant) had no exemption from that duty, to have interposed your arm and saved him (meaning the said William Orr) from the death (meaning the execution aforesaid) that perjury, drunkenness and reward had prepared for him (meaning the said William Orr). Let not the nation be told that you (meaning the Lord Lieutenant) are a passive instrument in the hands of others; if passive you be, then is your office a shadow indeed. If an active instrument, as you ought to be, you (meaning the said Lord Lieutenant) did not perform the duty which the laws required of you; you (meaning the said Lord Lieutenant) did not exercise the prerogative of mercy; that mercy which the constitution had entrusted to you (meaning the said Lord Lieutenant) for the safety of the subject, by guarding him from the oppression of wicked men. Innocent it appears he (meaning the said William Orr) was; his blood (meaning the blood of the said William Orr) has been shed, and the precedent indeed is awful.'

"And in another part thereof, according to the tenor and effect following, to wit: —

"'But suppose the evidence of Wheatly had been true, what was the offence of Mr. Orr (meaning the said William Orr)? Not that he had taken an oath of blood and extermination, for then he had not suffered; but that he (meaning the said William Orr) had taken an oath of charity and of union, of humanity and of peace, he (meaning the said William Orr) has suffered. Shall we then be told that your government (meaning the government of this kingdom aforesaid, by the said Lord Lieutenant), will conciliate public opinion, or that the people will not continue to look for a better?'

"And in another part thereof, according to the tenor and effect following, that is to say: —

"'Is it to be wondered that a successor of Lord Fitzwilliam should sign the death-warrant of Mr. Orr (meaning the said William Orr)? Mr. Pitt had learned that a merciful Lord Lieutenant was unsuited to a government of violence. It was no compliment to the native clemency of a Camden, that he sent you (meaning the

said Lord Lieutenant) into Ireland, and what has been our portion under the change but massacre and rape, military murders, desolation and terror.'

"And in another part thereof, according to the tenor and effect here following, that is to say: —

"'Feasting in your castle, in the midst of your myrmidons and bishops, you (meaning the said Lord Lieutenant) have little concerned yourself about the expelled and miserable cottager whose dwelling, at the moment of your mirth, was in flames, his wife and his daughter then under the violation of some commissioned ravager, his son agonizing on the bayonet, and his helpless infants crying in vain for mercy. These are lamentations which stain not the house of carousal. Under intoxicated counsels (meaning the counsels of the said Lord Lieutenant), the constitution has reeled to its centre, justice is not only blind drunk, but deaf, like Festus, to the words of soberness and truth.'

"And in another part thereof, according to the tenor and effect here following, to wit: —

"Let, however, the awful execution of Mr. Orr (meaning the execution aforesaid of the said William Orr) be a lesson to all unthinking juries, and let them cease to flatter themselves that the soberest recommendation of theirs, and of the presiding judge, can stop the course of carnage, which sanguinary, and I do not fear to say, unconstitutional laws have ordered to be loosed. Let them remember, that, like Macbeth, the servants of the crown have waded so far in blood, that they find it easier to go on than to go back.'

"In contempt, &c., and against the peace, &c."

The Counsel for the prosecution were the Attorney-General (Arthur Wolfe), Prime Sergeant, Solicitor-General (Toler), Messrs. Ridgeway, Townsheud, and Worthington; for the defence, Curran, Fletcher, M'Nally, Sampson, Sheares and Orr. The Attorney-General stated the case, and produced witnesses, who proved printing and publication. Mr. Fletcher opened the defence, and called Lord Yelverton and Mr. E. Cooke (Chief Clerk in the Secretary's office), to prove the truth of the libel; but the evidence was soon stopped, as illegal, and then Curran spoke as follows: —

NEVER did I feel myself so sunk under the importance of any cause. To speak to a question of this kind, at any time, would require the greatest talent and the most mature deliberation; but to be obliged, without either of those advantages, to speak to a subject that has so deeply shaken the feelings of this already irritated and agitated nation, is a task that fills me with embarrassment and dismay.

Neither my learned colleague nor myself received any instruction or license until after the jury were actually sworn, and we both of us came here under an idea that we should not take any part in the trial. This circumstance I mention, not as an idle apology for an effort that cannot be the subject of either praise or censure, but as a

call upon you, gentlemen of the jury, to supply the defects of my efforts, by a double exertion of your attention.

Perhaps I ought to regret that I cannot begin with any compliment, that may recommend me or my client personally to your favor. A more artful advocate would probably begin his address to you by compliments on your patriotism, and by felicitating his client upon the happy selection of his jury, and upon that unsuspected impartiality in which, if he was innocent, he must be safe. You must be conscious, gentlemen, that such idle verbiage as that, could not convey either my sentiments, or my client's upon that subject. You know, and we know, upon what occasion you are come, and by whom you have been chosen; you are come to try an accusation professedly brought forward by the state, chosen by a sheriff who is appointed by our accuser.

The Attorney-General, interrupting Mr. Curran, said the sheriff was elected by the city and that the observation was therefore unfounded.

Be it so [continued Mr. Curran]: I will not now stop to inquire whose property the city may be considered to be: but the learned gentleman seems to forget, that the election by that city, to whomsoever it may belong, is absolutely void without the approbation of that very Lord Lieutenant, who is the prosecutor in this case. I do therefore repeat, gentlemen, that not a man of you has been called to that box by the voice of my client; that he has had no power to object to a single man among you, though the crown has; and that you yourselves must feel under what influence you are chosen, or for what qualifications you are particularly selected. At a moment when this wretched land is shaken to its centre by the dreadful conflicts of the different branches of the community; between those who call themselves the partisans of liberty, and those that call themselves the partisans of power; between the advocates of infliction and the advocates of suffering; upon such a question as the present, and at such a season, can any man be at a loss to guess to what class of character and opinion, a friend to either party would resort for that jury, which was to decide between both? I trust, gentlemen, you know me too well to suppose that I could be capable of treating you with any personal disrespect; I am speaking to you in the honest confidence of your fellow-citizen. When I allude to those unworthy

imputations of supposed bias, or passion, or partiality, that may have marked you out for your present situation, I do so, in order to warn you of the ground on which you stand, of the point of awful responsibility in which you are placed, to your conscience, and to your country; and to remind you, that if you have been put into that box from any unworthy reliance on your complaisance or your servility, you have it in your power, before you leave it, to refute and to punish so vile an expectation, by the integrity of your verdict; to remind you, too, that you have it in your power to show to as many Irishmen as yet linger in this country, that all law and justice have not taken their flight with our prosperity and peace; that the sanctity of an oath, and the honesty of a juror are not yet dead amongst us; and that if our courts of justice are superseded by so many strange and terrible tribunals, it is not because they are deficient either in wisdom or virtue.

Gentlemen, it is necessary that you should have a clear idea, first, of the law by which this question is to be decided; secondly, of the nature and object of the prosecution. As to the first, it is my duty to inform you, that the law respecting libels has been much changed of late. Heretofore, in consequence of some decisions of the judges in Westminster-Hall, the jury was conceived to have no province but that of finding the truth of the innendos, and the fact of publication; but the libellous nature of that publication, as well as the guilt or innocence of the publication, were considered as exclusively belonging to the court.

In a system like that of law, which reasons logically, no one erroneous principle can be introduced, without producing every other that can be deducible from it. If in the premises of any argument you admit one erroneous proposition, nothing but bad reasoning can save the conclusions from falsehood. So it has been with this encroachment of the court upon the province of the jury with respect to libels. The moment the court assumed as a principle that they, the court, were to decide upon every thing but the publication; that is, that they were to decide upon the question of libel or no libel, and upon the guilt or innocence of the intention, which must form the essence of every crime, the guilt or innocence must of necessity have ceased to be material.

You see, gentlemen, clearly, that the question of intention is a mere question of fact.

Now the moment the court determined that the jury was not to try that question, it followed of necessity that it was not to be tried at all; for the court cannot try a question of fact. When the court said that it was not triable, there was no way of fortifying that extraordinary proposition, except by asserting that it was not material. The same erroneous reasoning carried them another step, still more mischievous and unjust; if the intention had been material, it must have been decided upon as a mere fact, under all its circumstances. Of these circumstances, the meanest understanding can see that the leading one must be the truth or the falsehood of the publication; but having decided the intention to be immaterial, it followed that the truth must be equally immaterial, and under the law so distorted, any man in England who published the most undeniable truth and with the purest intention, might be punished for a crime in the most ignominious manner without imposing on the prosecutor the necessity of proving his guilt, or his getting any opportunity of showing his innocence.

I am not in the habit of speaking of legal institutions with disrespect; but I am warranted in condemning that usurpation upon the right of juries, by the authority of that statute by which your jurisdiction is restored. For that restitution of justice, the British subject is indebted to the splendid exertions of Mr. Fox and Mr. Erskine, those distinguished supporters of the constitution and of the law; and I am happy to say to you, that though we can claim no share in the glory they have so justly acquired, we have the full benefit of their success; for you are now sitting under a similar act passed in this country, which makes it your duty and right to decide on the entire question upon the broadest grounds, and under all its circumstances, and of course, to determine by your verdict, whether this publication be a false and scandalous libel; false in fact, and published with the seditious purpose alleged, of bringing the government into scandal, and instigating the people to insurrection.

Having stated to you, gentlemen, the great and exclusive extent of your jurisdiction, I shall beg leave to suggest to you a distinction that will strike you at first sight; and that is, the distinction between public animadversions upon the character of private individuals, and

those which are written upon measures of government, and the persons who conduct them.

The former may be called personal, and the latter political publications. No two things can be more different in their nature, nor in the point of view in which they are to be looked on by a jury. The criminality of a mere personal libel consists in this, that it tends to a breach of the peace; it tends to all the vindictive paroxysms of exasperated vanity, or to the deeper or more deadly vengeance of irritated pride. The truth is, few men see at once that they cannot be hurt so much as they think by the mere battery of a newspaper. They do not reflect that every character has a natural station, from which it cannot be effectually degraded, and beyond which it cannot be raised by the bawling of a news-hawker. If it is wantonly aspersed, it is but for a season, and that a short one, when it emerges, like the moon from a passing cloud, to its original brightness. It is right, however, that the law, and that you, should hold the strictest hand over this kind of public animadversion, that forces humility and innocence from their retreat into the glare of public view; that wounds and terrifies, that destroys the cordiality and the peace of domestic life, and that, without eradicating a single vice, or single folly, plants a thousand thorns in the human heart.

In cases of that kind, I perfectly agree with the law as stated from the bench; in such cases, I hesitate not to think, that the truth of a charge ought not to justify its publication. If a private man is charged with a crime, he ought to be prosecuted in a court of justice, where he may be punished, if it is true, and the accuser, if it is false. But far differently do I deem of the freedom of political publication. The salutary restraint of the former species, which I talked of, is found in the general law of all societies whatever; but the more enlarged freedom of the press, for which I contend, in political publication, I conceive to be founded in the peculiar nature of the British constitution, and to follow directly from the contract on which the British government hath been placed by the Revolution. By the British constitution, the power of the state is a trust, committed by the people, upon certain conditions; by the violation of which, it may be abdicated by those who hold, and resumed by those who conferred it. The real security, therefore, of the British sceptre, is, the sentiment and opinion of the people, and it is, consequently, their

duty to observe the conduct of the government: and it is the privilege of every man to give them full and just information upon that important subject. Hence the liberty of the press is inseparably twined with the liberty of the people.

The press is the great public monitor: its duty is that of the historian and the witness, that "*nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere;*" that its horizon shall extend to the farthest verge and limit of truth; that it shall speak truth to the king in the hearing of the people, and to the people in the hearing of the king; that it shall not perplex either the one or the other with false alarm, lest it lose its characteristic veracity, and become an unheeded warner of real danger; lest it should vainly warn them of that sin, of which the inevitable consequence is death. This, gentlemen, is the great privilege upon which you are to decide; and I have detained you the longer, because of the late change of the law, and because of some observations that have been made, which I shall find it necessary to compare with the principles I have now laid down.

And now, gentlemen, let us come to the immediate subject of the trial, as it is brought before you, by the charge in the indictment, to which it ought to have been confined; and also, as it is presented to you by the statement of the learned counsel who has taken a much wider range than the mere limits of the accusation, and has endeavored to force upon your consideration extraneous and irrelevant facts, for reasons which it is not my duty to explain.

The indictment states simply that Mr. Finnerty has published a false and scandalous libel upon the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, tending to bring his government into disrepute, and to alienate the affections of the people; and one would have expected, that, without stating any other matter, the counsel for the crown would have gone directly to the proof of this allegation; but he has not done so; he has gone to a most extraordinary length, indeed, of preliminary observation, and an allusion to facts, and sometimes an assertion of facts, at which, I own, I was astonished, until I saw the drift of these allusions and assertions. Whether you have been fairly dealt with by him, or are now honestly dealt with by me, you must be judges.

He has been pleased to say, that this prosecution is brought against this letter signed "Marcus," merely as a part of what he calls a sys-

tem of attack upon the government, by the paper called "The Press." As to this, I will only ask you whether you are fairly dealt with? whether it is fair treatment to men upon their oaths, to insinuate to them, that the general character of a newspaper (and that general character founded merely upon the assertion of the prosecutor), is to have any influence upon their minds, when they are to judge of a particular publication? I will only ask you, what men you must be supposed to be, when it is thought, that even in a court of justice, and with the eyes of the nation upon you, you can be the dupes of that trite and exploded expedient, so scandalous of late in this country, of raising a vulgar and mercenary cry against whatever man, or whatever principle, it is thought necessary to put down; and I shall, therefore, merely leave it to your own pride to suggest upon what foundation it could be hoped, that a senseless clamor of that kind could be echoed back by the yell of a jury upon their oaths. I trust you see that this has nothing to do with the question.

Gentlemen of the jury, other matters have been mentioned which I must repeat for the same purpose; that of showing you that they have nothing to do with the question. The learned counsel has been pleased to say, that he comes forward in this prosecution as the real advocate for the liberty of the press, and to protect a mild and a merciful government from its licentiousness; and he has been pleased to add, that the constitution can never be lost while its freedom remains, and that its licentiousness alone can destroy that freedom. As to that, gentlemen, he might as well have said, that there is only one mortal disease of which a man can die: I can die the death inflicted by tyranny; and when he comes forward to extinguish this paper, in the ruin of the printer, by a state prosecution, in order to prevent it from dying of licentiousness, you must judge how candidly he is treating you, both in the fact and in the reasoning. Is it in Ireland, gentlemen, that we are told licentiousness is the only disease that can be mortal to the press? Has he heard of nothing else that has been fatal to the freedom of publication? I know not whether the printer of the "Northern Star" may have heard of such things in his captivity; but I know that his wife and children are well apprised that a press may be destroyed in the open day, not by its own licentiousness, but by the licentiousness of a military force.

As to the sincerity of the declaration, that the state has prosecuted, in order to assert the freedom of the press, it starts a train of thought — of melancholy retrospect and direful prospect — to which I did not think the learned counsel would have wished you to commit your minds. It leads you naturally to reflect at what times, from what motives, and with what consequences, the government has displayed its patriotism, by prosecutions of this sort. As to the motives, does history give you a single instance in which the state has been provoked to these conflicts, except by the fear of truth and by the love of vengeance? Have you ever seen the rulers of any country bring forward a prosecution from motives of filial piety, for libels upon their departed ancestors? Do you read that Elizabeth directed any of those state prosecutions against the libels which the divines of her times had written against her Catholic sister, or against the other libels which the same gentlemen had written against her Protestant father? No, gentlemen, we read of no such thing; but we know she did bring forward a prosecution from motives of personal resentment; and we know that a jury was found, time-serving and mean enough to give a verdict which she was ashamed to carry into effect.

I said the learned counsel drew you back to the times that have been marked by these miserable conflicts. I see you turn your thoughts to the reign of the second James. I see you turn your eyes to those pages of governmental abandonment, of popular degradation, of expiring liberty, of merciless and sanguinary persecution; to that miserable period, in which the fallen and abject state of man might have been almost an argument in the mouth of the atheist and the blasphemer, against the existence of an all-just and all-wise First Cause; if the glorious era of the Revolution that followed it had not refuted the impious inference, by showing that if a man descends, it is not in his own proper motion; that it is with labor and with pain; that he can continue to sink only until, by the force and pressure of the descent, the spring of his immortal faculties acquires that recuperative energy and effort that hurries him as many miles aloft; that he sinks but to rise again. It is at that period that the state seeks for shelter in the destruction of the press; it is in a period like that, that the tyrant prepares for an attack upon the people, by destroying the liberty of the press; by taking away

that shield of wisdom and of virtue behind which the people are invulnerable; in whose pure and polished convex, ere the lifted blow has fallen, he beholds his own image, and is turned into stone. It is at those periods that the honest man dares not speak, because truth is too dreadful to be told; it is then humanity has no ears, because humanity has no tongue. It is then the proud man scorns to speak, but, like a physician baffled by the wayward excesses of a dying patient, retires indignantly from the bed of an unhappy wretch, whose ear is too fastidious to bear the sound of wholesome advice, whose palate is too debauched to bear the salutary bitter of the medicine that might redeem him; and therefore leaves him to the felonious piety of the slaves that talk to him of life, and strip him before he is cold.

I do not care, gentlemen, to exhaust too much of your attention, by following this subject through the last century with much minuteness; but the facts are too recent in your mind not to show you, that the liberty of the press and the liberty of the people sink and rise together; that the liberty of speaking and the liberty of acting have shared exactly the same fate. You must have observed in England, that their fate has been the same in the successive vicissitudes of their late depression; and sorry I am to add, that this country has exhibited a melancholy proof of their inseparable destiny, through the various and fitful stages of deterioration, down to the period of their final extinction, when the constitution has given place to the sword, and the only printer in Ireland who dares to speak for the people is now in the dock.

Gentlemen, the learned counsel has made the real subject of this prosecution so small a part of his statement, and has led you into so wide a range — certainly as necessary to the object, as inapplicable to the subject of this prosecution — that I trust you will think me excusable in having somewhat followed his example. Glad am I to find that I have the authority of the same example for coming at last to the subject of this trial. I agree with the learned counsel that the charge made against the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is that of having grossly and inhumanly abused the royal prerogative of mercy, of which the King is only the trustee for the benefit of the people. The facts are not controverted. It has been asserted that their truth

or falsehood is indifferent, and they are shortly these, as they appear in this publication.

William Orr was indicted for having administered the oath of a United Irishman. Every man now knows what the oath is: that it is simply an engagement, first, to promote a brotherhood of affection among men of all religious distinctions; secondly, to labor for the attainment of a parliamentary reform; and thirdly, an obligation of secrecy, which was added to it when the convention law made it criminal and punishable to meet by any public delegation for that purpose.

After remaining upwards of a year in gaol, Mr. Orr was brought to his trial; was prosecuted by the state; was sworn against by a common informer of the name of Wheatly, who himself had taken the obligation; and was convicted under the Insurrection Act, which makes the administering such an obligation felony of death. The jury recommended Mr. Orr to mercy, and the judge, with a humanity becoming his character, transmitted the recommendation to the noble prosecutor in this case. Three of the jurors made solemn affidavit in court, that liquor had been conveyed into their box; that they were brutally threatened by some of their fellow-jurors with criminal prosecution if they did not find the prisoner guilty; and that under the impression of those threats, and worn down by watching and intoxication, they had given a verdict of guilty against him, though they believed him in their consciences to be innocent. That further inquiries were made, which ended in a discovery of the infamous life and character of the informer; that a respite was therefore sent once, and twice, and thrice, to give time, as Mr. Attorney-General has stated, for his Excellency to consider whether mercy *could* be extended to him or not; and that with a knowledge of all these circumstances, his Excellency did finally determine that mercy should not be extended to him; and that he was accordingly executed upon that verdict.

Of this publication, which the indictment charges to be false and seditious, Mr. Attorney-General is pleased to say, that the design of it is to bring the courts of justice into contempt. As to this point of fact, gentlemen, I beg to set you right.

To the administration of justice, so far as it relates to the judges, this publication has not even an allusion in any part mentioned in

this indictment; it relates to a department of justice, that cannot begin until the duty of the judge closes. Sorry should I be, that, with respect to this unfortunate man, any censure should be flung on those judges who presided at the trial, with the mildness and temper that became them upon so awful an occasion as the trial of life and death. Sure am I, that if they had been charged with inhumanity or injustice, and if they had condescended at all to prosecute the reviler, they would not have come forward in the face of the public to say, as has been said this day, that it was immaterial whether the charge was true or not. Sure I am, their first object would have been to show that it was false, and readily should I have been an eye-witness of the fact, to have discharged the debt of ancient friendship, of private respect, and of public duty, and upon my oath to have repelled the falsehood of such an imputation.

Upon this subject, gentlemen, the presence of those venerable judges restrains what I might otherwise have said, nor should I have named them at all, if I had not been forced to do so, and merely to undeceive you, if you have been made to believe their characters to have any community of cause whatever with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. To him alone it is confined, and against him the charge is made, as strongly, I suppose, as the writer could find words to express it, that the Viceroy of Ireland has cruelly abused the prerogative of royal mercy, in suffering a man under such circumstances to perish like a common malefactor. For this Mr. Attorney-General calls for your conviction as a false and scandalous libel; and after stating himself every fact that I have repeated to you, either from his statement, or from the evidence, he tells you, that you ought to find it false and scandalous, though he almost in words admits that it is not false, and has resisted the admission of the evidence by which we offered to prove every word of it to be true.

And here, gentlemen, give me leave to remind you of the parties before you.

The traverser is a printer, who follows that profession for bread, and who at a time of great public misery and terror, when the people are restrained by law from debating under any delegated form; when the few constituents that we have are prevented by force from meeting in their own persons, to deliberate or to petition; when every other newspaper in Ireland is put down by force, or purchased by

the administration (though here, gentlemen, perhaps I ought to beg your pardon for stating without authority; I recollect when we attempted to examine as to the number of newspapers in the pay of the castle, that the evidence was objected to); at a season like this, Mr. Finnerty has had the courage, perhaps the folly, to print the publication in question, for no motive under heaven of malice or vengeance, but in the mere duty which he owes to his family, and to the public.

His prosecutor is the King's minister in Ireland; in that character does the learned gentleman mean to say, that his conduct is not a fair subject of public observation? Where does he find his authority for that in the law or practice of the sister country? Have the virtues, or the exalted station, or the general love of his people preserved the sacred person even of the royal master of the prosecutor, from the asperity and intemperance of public censure, unfounded as it ever must be, with any personal respect to his Majesty, in justice or in truth? Have the gigantic abilities of Mr. Pitt, have the more gigantic talents of his great antagonist, Mr. Fox, protected either of them from the insolent familiarity, and for aught we know, the injustice with which writers have treated them? What latitude of invective has the King's minister escaped upon the subject of the present war? Is there an epithet of contumely, or of reproach, that hatred or that fancy could suggest, that is not publicly lavished upon them? Do you not find the words, advocate of despotism, robber of the public treasure, murderer of the King's subjects, debaucher of the public morality, degrader of the constitution, tarnisher of the British empire, by frequency of use lose all meaning whatsoever, and dwindle into terms, not of any peculiar reproach, but of ordinary appellation?

And why, gentlemen, is this permitted in that country? I'll tell you why; because in that country they are yet wise enough to see that the measures of the state are the proper subject for the freedom of the press; that the principles relating to personal slander do not apply to rulers or to ministers; that to publish an attack upon a public minister, without any regard to truth, but merely because of its tendency to a breach of the peace, would be ridiculous in the extreme. What breach of the peace, gentlemen, I pray you, in such a case? Is it the tendency of such publications to provoke Mr.

Pitt or Mr. Dundas to break the head of the writer, if they should happen to meet him? No, gentlemen; in that country this freedom is exercised, because the people feel it to be their right; and it is wisely suffered to pass by the state, from a consciousness that it would be vain to oppose it; a consciousness confirmed by the event of every incautious experiment. It is suffered to pass from a conviction that, in a court of justice at least, the bulwarks of the constitution will not be surrendered to the state; and that the intended victim, whether clothed in the humble guise of honest industry, or decked in the honors of genius, and virtue, and philosophy, whether a Hardy or a Tooke, will find certain protection in the honesty and spirit of an English jury.

But, gentlemen, I suppose Mr. Attorney-General will scarcely wish to carry his doctrine altogether so far. Indeed, I remember, he declared himself a most zealous advocate for the liberty of the press. I may, therefore, even according to him, presume to make some observations on the conduct of the existing government. I should wish to know how far he supposes it to extend; is it to the composition of lampoons and madrigals, to be sung down the grates by ragged ballad-mongers to kitchen-maids and footmen? I will not suppose that he means to confine it to the ebullitions of Billingsgate, to those cataracts of ribaldry and scurrility, that are daily spouting upon the miseries of our wretched fellow-sufferers, and the unavailing efforts of those who have vainly labored in their cause. I will not suppose that he confines it to the poetic license of a birthday ode; the *Laureat* would not use such language! In which case I do not entirely agree with him, that the truth or the falsehood is as perfectly immaterial to the law, as it is to the *Laureat;* as perfectly unrestrained by the law of the land, as it is by any law of decency or shame, of modesty or decorum.

But as to the privilege of censure or blame, I am sorry that the learned gentleman has not favored you with his notion of the liberty of the press.

Suppose an Irish Viceroy acts a very little absurdly, may the press venture to be respectfully comical upon that absurdity? The learned counsel does not, at least in terms, give a negative to that. But let me treat you honestly, and go further, to a more material point; suppose an Irish Viceroy does an act that brings scandal upon

his master, that fills the mind of a reasonable man with the fear of approaching despotism; that leaves no hope to the people of preserving themselves and their children from chains, but in common confederacy for common safety. What is that honest man in that case to do?

I am sorry *the right honorable advocate for the liberty of the press* has not told you his opinion, at least in any express words. I will therefore venture to give you my far humbler thoughts upon the subject.

I think an honest man ought to tell the people frankly and boldly of their peril; and I must say I can imagine no villainy greater than that of his holding a traitorous silence at such a crisis, except the villainy and baseness of prosecuting him, or of finding him guilty for such an honest discharge of his public duty. And I found myself on the known principle of the revolution of England, namely, that the crown itself may be abdicated by certain abuses of the trust reposed; and that there are possible excesses of arbitrary power, which it is not only the right, but the bounden duty, of every honest man to resist, at the risk of his fortune and his life.

Now, gentlemen, if this reasoning be admitted, and it cannot be denied; if there be any possible event in which the people are obliged to look only to themselves, and are justified in doing so; can you be so absurd as to say, that it is lawful for the people to act upon it when it unfortunately does arrive, but that it is criminal in any man to tell them that the miserable event has actually arrived, or is imminently approaching? Far am I, gentlemen, from insinuating that (extreme as it is) our misery has been matured into any deplorable crisis of this kind, from which I pray that the Almighty God may forever preserve us! But I am putting my principles upon the strongest ground, and most favorable to my opponents, namely, that it never can be criminal to say anything of government but what is false; and I put this in the extreme, in order to demonstrate to you, *a fortiori*, that the privilege of speaking truth to the people, which holds in the last extremity, must also obtain in every stage of inferior importance; and that, however a court may have decided, before the late act, that the truth was immaterial in case of libel, since that act, no honest jury can be governed by such principle.

Be pleased now, gentlemen, to consider the grounds upon which this publication is called a libel, and criminal.

Mr. Attorney-General tells you it tends to excite sedition and insurrection. Let me again remind you, that the truth of this charge is not denied by the noble prosecutor. What is it, then, that tends to excite sedition and insurrection? "The act that is charged upon the prosecutor, and is not attempted to be denied?" And, gracious God! gentlemen of the jury, is the public statement of the king's representative this, "I have done a deed that must fill the mind of every feeling or thinking man with horror and indignation; that must alienate every man that knows it from the king's government, and endanger the separation of this distracted empire: the traverser has had the guilt of publishing this fact, which I myself acknowledge, and I pray you to find him guilty?" Is this the case which the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland brings forward? Is this the principle for which he ventures, at a dreadful crisis like the present, to contend in a court of justice? Is this the picture which he wishes to hold out of himself to the justice and humanity of his own countrymen? Is this the history which he wishes to be read by the poor Irishmen of the South and of the North, by the sister nation, and the common enemy?

With the profoundest respect, permit me humbly to defend his Excellency, even against his own opinion. The guilt of this publication he is pleased to think consists in this, that it tends to insurrection. Upon what can such a fear be supported? After the multitudes that have perished in this unhappy nation within the last three years, unhappiness which has been borne with a patience not paralleled in the history of nations, can any man suppose that the fate of a single individual could lead to resistance or insurrection?

But suppose that it might, what then ought to be the conduct of an honest man? Should it not be to apprize the government of the country and the Viceroy — you will drive the people to madness, if you persevere in such bloody councils; you will alienate the Irish nation; you will distract the common force; and you will invite the common enemy? Should not an honest man say to the people, the measure of your affliction is great, but you need not resort for remedy to any desperate expedients. If the King's minister is defective in humanity or wisdom, his royal master, your beloved

sovereign, is abounding in both. At such a moment, can you be so senseless as not to feel that any one of you ought to hold such language; or is it possible you could be so infatuated, as to punish the man who was honest enough to hold it? — or is it possible that you could bring yourselves to say to your country, that at such a season the press ought to sleep upon its post, or to act like the perfidious watchman on his round, that sees the villain wrenching the door, or the flames bursting from the windows, while the inhabitant is wrapped in sleep, and cries out that "'tis past past five o'clock, the morning is fair, and all well!"

On this part of the case I shall put only one question to you. I do not affect to say it is similar in all its points; I do not affect to compare the humble fortunes of Mr. Orr with the sainted names of Russell or Sidney; still less am I willing to find any likeness between the present period and the year 1688. But I will put a question to you, completely parallel in principle: When that unhappy and misguided monarch had shed the sacred blood, which their noble hearts had matured into a fit cement of revolution, if any honest Englishman had been brought to trial for daring to proclaim to the world his abhorrence of such a deed, what would you have thought of the English jury that could have said, we know in our hearts what he said was true and honest, but we will say, upon our oaths, that it was false and criminal; and we will, by that base subserviency, add another item to the catalogue of public wrongs, and another argument for the necessity of an appeal to heaven for redress?

Gentlemen, I am perfectly aware that what I say may be easily misconstrued; but if you listen to me, with the same fairness that I address you, I cannot be misunderstood. When I show you the full extent of your political rights and remedies; when I answer those slanderers of British liberty, who degrade the monarch into a despot, who pervert the steadfastness of law into the waywardness of will; when I show you the inestimable stores of political wealth, so dearly acquired by our ancestors, and so solemnly bequeathed; and when I show you how much of that precious inheritance has yet survived all the prodigality of their posterity, I am far from saying that I stand in need of it all upon the present occasion. No, gentlemen, far am I indeed from such a sentiment. No man more deeply than myself deplores the present melancholy state of our unhappy country.

Neither does any man more fervently wish for the return of peace and tranquillity, through the natural channels of mercy and of justice. I have seen too much of force and of violence to hope much good from the continuance of them on the one side or the retaliation of them on another. I have of late seen too much of political rebuilding, not to have observed, that to demolish is not the shortest way to repair. It is with pain and anguish that I should search for the miserable right of breaking ancient ties, or going in quest of new relations, or untried adventures. No, gentlemen, the case of my client rests not upon these sad privileges of despair. I trust, that as to the fact, namely, the intention of exciting insurrection, you must see it cannot be found in this publication; that it is the mere idle, unsupported imputation of malice, or panic, or falsehood. And that as to the law, so far has he been from transgressing the limits of the constitution, that whole regions lie between him and those limits, which he has not trod, and which I pray to heaven it may never be necessary for any of us to tread.

Gentlemen, Mr. Attorney-General has been pleased to open another battery upon this publication, which I do trust I shall silence, unless I flatter myself too much in supposing that hitherto my resistance has not been utterly unsuccessful.

He abuses it for the foul and insolent familiarity of its address. I do clearly understand his idea; he considers the freedom of the press to be the license of offering that paltry adulation which no man ought to stoop to utter or to hear; he supposes the freedom of the press ought to be like the freedom of a king's jester, who, instead of reproving the faults of which majesty ought to be ashamed, is base and cunning enough, under the mask of servile and adulatory censure, to stroke down and pamper those vices of which it is foolish enough to be vain. He would not have the press presume to tell the Viceroy, that the prerogative of mercy is a trust for the benefit of the subject, and not a gaudy feather stuck into the diadem to shake in the wind, and by the waving of the gorgeous plumage to amuse the vanity of the wearer. He would not have it to say to him, that the discretion of the crown as to mercy, is like the discretion of a court of justice as to law; and that in the one case, as well as the other, wherever the propriety of the exercise of it appears, it is equally a matter of right. He would have the press all fierceness to the people, and all

sycophancy to power; he would consider the mad and frenetic outrages of authority, like the awful and inscrutable dispensations of Providence, and say to the unfeeling and despotic spoiler, in the blasphemed and insulted language of religious resignation, "the Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

But let me condense the generality of the learned gentleman's invective into questions that you can conceive. Does he mean that the air of this publication is rustic and uncourtly? Does he mean, that when "Marcus" presumed to ascend the steps of the castle, and to address the Viceroy, he did not turn out his toes as he ought to have done? But, gentlemen, you are not a jury of dancing-masters; or does the learned gentleman mean that the language is coarse and vulgar? If this be his complaint, my client has but a poor advocate.

I do not pretend to be a mighty grammarian, or a formidable critic; but I would beg leave to suggest to you, in serious humility, that a free press can be supported only by the ardor of men who feel the prompting sting of real or supposed capacity; who write from the enthusiasm of virtue, or the ambition of praise, and over whom, if you exercise the rigor of a grammatical censorship, you will inspire them with as mean an opinion of your integrity as of your wisdom, and inevitably drive them from their post; and if you do, rely upon it, you will reduce the spirit of publication, and with it the press of this country, to what it for a long interval has been — the register of births, and fairs, and funerals, and the general abuse of the people and their friends.

Gentlemen, in order to bring this charge of insolence and vulgarity to the test, let me ask you, whether you know of any language which could have adequately described the idea of mercy denied, where it ought to have been granted; or of any phrase vigorous enough to convey the indignation which an honest man would have felt upon such a subject?

Let me beg of you for a moment to suppose that any one of you had been the writer of this very severe expostulation with the Viceroy, and that you had been the witness of the whole progress of this never-to-be-forgotten catastrophe.

Let me suppose that you had known the charge upon which Mr.

Orr was apprehended — the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country — of pledging himself to restore the people of his country to their place in the constitution — and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow-laborers in that enterprise; that you had seen him upon that charge removed from his industry, and confined in a gaol; that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months you had seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air and of his own limbs; that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive cheered by no sound but the cries of his family, or the clinking of chains; that you had seen him at last brought to his trial; that you had seen the vile and perjured informer deposing against his life; that you had seen the drunken, and worn-out, and terrified jury give in a verdict of death; that you had seen the same jury when their returning sobriety had brought back their conscience, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the bench, and pray that the mercy of the crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood.

Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat where mercy was presumed to dwell — that new and before unheard-of crimes are discovered against the informer — that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner — that time is taken, as the learned counsel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy could be extended or not! — that after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third respite is transmitted — that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he had adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved — that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of Eternal Providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children — that you had seen the olive branch sent into his little ark, but no sign that the waters had subsided.

"Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold —
Nor friends, nor sacred home!"

No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life; but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame, where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, to secure, or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath, in a prayer for the liberty of his country.

Let me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint? would you have checked your feelings to search for courtly and gaudy language? would you have been mean enough — but I entreat your forgiveness — I do not think meanly of you. Had I thought so meanly of you I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done; had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falsehood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honor could speak, let me honestly tell you, I should have scorned to fling my hand across it — I should have left it to a fitter minstrel. If I do not, therefore, grossly err in my opinion of you, I could use no language upon such a subject as this, that must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings, if it attempted to describe them.

Gentlemen, I am not unconscious that the learned counsel for the crown seemed to address you with a confidence of a very different kind; he seemed to expect from you a kind and respectful sympathy with the feelings of the Castle, and with the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps, gentlemen, he may know you better than I do. If he does, he has spoken to you as he ought; he has been right in telling you that if the reprobation of this writer is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger; he has been right in telling you, that his language has not been braided and festooned as elegantly as it might — that he has not pinched the miserable plaits of his phraseology, nor placed his patches and feathers with that correctness of millinery which became so exalted a person.

If you agree with him, gentlemen of the jury — if you think that the man who ventures, at the hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep the drowning honor of his country, you must not presume

upon the guilty familiarity of plucking it up by the locks. I have no more to say; do a courteous thing. Upright and honest jurors, find a civil and obliging verdict against the printer! And when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks as you pass along. Retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those precepts by your own example — teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be forsworn in the jury-box; and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr — tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crime, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging from your lips — when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow — and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage — tell them that you had the boldness and the justice to stigmatize the monster who had dared to publish the transaction!

Gentlemen, I believe I told you before, that the conduct of the Viceroy was a small part, indeed, of the subject of this trial. If the vindication of his mere personal character had been, as it ought to have been, the sole object of this prosecution, I should have felt the most respectful regret at seeing a person of his high consideration come forward in a court of public justice in one and the same breath to admit the truth, and to demand the punishment of a publication like the present, to prevent the chance he might have had of such an accusation being disbelieved, and, by a prosecution like this, to give to the passing stricture of a newspaper that life and body, and action and reality, to prove it to all mankind, and make the record of it indelible. Even as it is, I do own I feel the utmost concern that his name should have been soiled by being mixed in a question of which it is the mere pretext and scapegoat.

Mr. Attorney-General was too wise to state to you the real question, or the object which he wished to be answered by your verdict. Do you remember that he was pleased to say that this publication was a base and foul misrepresentation of the virtue and wisdom of the government, and a false and audacious statement to the world,

that the King's government in Ireland was base enough to pay informers for taking away the lives of the people? When I heard this statement to-day, I doubted whether you were aware of its tendency or not. It is now necessary that I should explain it to you more at large.

You cannot be ignorant of the great conflict between prerogative and privilege which hath convulsed the country for the last fifteen years; when I say privilege, you cannot suppose that I mean the privilege of the House of Commons, — I mean the privileges of the people.

You are no strangers to the various modes by which the people labored to approach their object. Delegations, conventions, remonstrances, resolutions, petitions to the parliament, petitions to the throne.

It might not be decorous in this place to state to you, with any sharpness, the various modes of resistance that were employed on the other side; but you, all of you, seem old enough to remember the variety of acts of parliament that have been made, by which the people were deprived, session after session, of what they had supposed to be the known and established fundamentals of the constitution, the right of public debate, the right of public petition, the right of bail, the right of trial, the right of arms for self-defence; until the last, even the relics of popular privilege became superseded by a military force; the press extinguished; and the state found its last entrenchment in the grave of the constitution. As little can you be strangers to the tremendous confederations of hundreds of thousands of your countrymen, of the nature and objects of which such a variety of opinions have been propagated and entertained.

The writer of this letter presumed to censure the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, as well as the measures of the present Viceroy. Into this subject I do not enter; but you cannot yourselves forget that the conciliatory measures of the former noble lord had produced an almost miraculous unanimity in this country; and much do I regret, and sure I am that it is not without pain you can reflect, how unfortunately the conduct of his successor has terminated. His intentions might have been the best; I neither know them nor condemn them, but their terrible effects you cannot be blind to. Every new act of coercion has been followed by some new symptom of discontent,

and every new attack provoked some new paroxysm of resentment, or some new combination of resistance.

In this deplorable state of affairs — convulsed and distracted within, and menaced by a most formidable enemy from without — it was thought that public safety might be found in union and conciliation; and repeated applications were made to the parliament of this kingdom, for a calm enquiry into the complaints of the people. These applications were made in vain.

Impressed by the same motives, Mr. Fox brought the same subject before the Commons of England, and ventured to ascribe the perilous state of Ireland to the severity of its government. Even his stupendous abilities, excited by the liveliest sympathy with our sufferings, and animated by the most ardent zeal to restore the strength with the union of the empire, were repeatedly exerted without success. The fact of discontent was denied — the fact of coercion was denied — and the consequence was, the coercion became more implacable, and the discontent more threatening and irreconcilable.

A similar application was made in the beginning of this session in the Lords of Great Britain, by our illustrious countryman,* of whom I do not wonder that my learned friend should have observed, how much virtue can fling pedigree into the shade; or how much the transient honor of a body inherited from man, is obscured by the lustre of an intellect derived from God. He, after being an eye-witness of this country, presented the miserable picture of what he had seen; and, to the astonishment of every man in Ireland, the existence of those facts was ventured to be denied; the conduct of the Viceroy was justified and applauded; and the necessity of continuing that conduct was insisted upon as the only means of preserving the constitution, the peace and the prosperity of Ireland. The moment the learned counsel had talked of this publication as a false statement of the conduct of the government, and the condition of the people, no man could be at loss to see that the awful question, which had been dismissed from the Commons of Ireland, and from the Lords and Commons of Great Britain, is now brought forward to be tried by a side wind, and, in a collateral way, by a criminal prosecution.

* Lord Moira.

The learned counsel has asserted that the paper which he prosecutes is only part of a system formed to misrepresent the state of Ireland and the conduct of its government. Do you not, therefore, discover that his object is to procure a verdict to sanction the Parliaments of both countries in refusing an enquiry into your grievances? Let me ask you, then, are you prepared to say, upon your oath, that those measures of coercion, which are daily practised, are absolutely necessary and ought to be continued? It is not upon Finnerty you are sitting in judgment; but you are sitting in judgment upon the lives and liberties of the inhabitants of more than half of Ireland. You are to say that it is a foul proceeding to condemn the government of Ireland; that it is a foul act, founded in foul motives, and originating in falsehood and sedition; that it is an attack upon a government under which the people are prosperous and happy; that justice is administered with mercy; that the statements made in Great Britain are false — are the effusions of party or of discontent; that all is mildness and tranquillity; that there are no burnings — no transportations; that you never travel by the light of conflagrations; that the gaols are not crowded month after month, from which prisoners are taken out, not for trial, but for embarkation! These are the questions upon which, I say, you must virtually decide. It is in vain that the counsel for the crown may tell you that I am misrepresenting the case — that I am endeavoring to raise false fears, and to take advantage of your passions — that the question is, whether this paper be a libel or not — and that the circumstances of the country have nothing to do with it. Such assertions must be vain. The statement of the counsel for the crown has forced the introduction of those important topics; and I appeal to your own hearts whether the country is misrepresented, and whether the government is misrepresented.

I tell you, therefore, gentlemen of the jury, it is not with respect to Mr. Orr, or Mr. Finnerty, that your verdict is now sought. You are called upon, on your oaths, to say, that the government is wise and merciful — the people prosperous and happy; that military law ought to be continued; that the constitution could not with safety be restored to Ireland; and that the statements of a contrary import by your advocates, in either country, are libellous and false.

I tell you these are the questions; and I ask you, if you can have

the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community who know the country as well as you do? Let me ask you, how you could reconcile with such a verdict, the gaols, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations that we hear of every day in the streets, and see every day in the country? What are the prosecutions of the learned counsel himself, circuit after circuit? Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land? You may find him, perhaps, in a gaol, the only place of security — I had almost said of ordinary habitation! If you do not find him there, you may see him flying with his family from the flames of his own dwelling — lighted to his dungeon by the conflagration of his hovel; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or you may find him tossing on the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home, without charge, or trial, or sentence. Is this a foul misrepresentation? Or can you, with these facts ringing in your ears, and staring in your face, say, upon your oaths, they do not exist? You are called upon, in defiance of shame, of truth, of honor, to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution that tramples you under foot.

Gentlemen, I am not accustomed to speak of circumstances of this kind; and though familiarized as I have been to them, when I come to speak of them, my power fails me — my voice dies within me. I am not able to call upon you. It is now I ought to have strength — it is now I ought to have energy and voice. But I have none; I am like the unfortunate state of the country — perhaps like you. This is the time in which I ought to speak, if I can, or be dumb forever; in which, if you do not speak as *you* ought, *you* ought to be dumb forever.

But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you

feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you know, by the testimony of your own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation for informers, with a promise of secrecy, and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants, who acknowledged, upon their oaths, that they had come from the seat of government — from the very chambers of the Castle — where they had been worked upon, by the fear of death and the hope of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows; that the mild, the wholesome and merciful councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness!

Is this a picture created by a hag-ridden fancy, or is it a fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not seen how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? how his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death — a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent. There was an antidote — a juror's oath! — but even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and molten in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim: —

> "Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
> Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere."

Informers are worshipped in the temple of justice, even as the devil

has been worshipped by Pagans and savages — even so in this wicked country is the informer an object of judicial idolatry — even so is he soothed by the music of human groans — even so is he placated and incensed by the fumes and by the blood of human sacrifices.

Gentlemen, I feel I must have tired your patience; but I have been forced into this length by the prosecutor, who has thought fit to introduce those extraordinary topics, and to bring a question of mere politics to trial, under the form of a criminal prosecution. I cannot say I am surprised that this has been done, or that you should be solicited by the same inducements, and from the same motives, as if your verdict was a vote of approbation. I do not wonder that the government of Ireland should stand appalled at the state to which we are reduced. I wonder not that they should start at the public voice, and labor to stifle or contradict it. I wonder not that at this arduous crisis, when the very existence of the empire is at stake, and when its strongest and most precious limb is not girt with the sword for battle, but pressed by the tourniquet for amputation; when they find the coldness of death already begun in those extremities where it never ends; that they are terrified at what they have done, and wish to say to the surviving parties of that empire, "they cannot say that we did it." I wonder not that they should consider their conduct as no immaterial question for a court of criminal jurisdiction, and wish anxiously, as on an inquest of blood, for the kind acquittal of a friendly jury.

I wonder not that they should wish to close the chasm they have opened, by flinging you into the abyss. But trust me, my countrymen, you might perish in it, but you could not close it; trust me, if it is yet possible to close it, it can be done only by truth and honor; trust me, that such an effect could no more be wrought by the sacrifice of a jury, than by the sacrifice of Orr.

As a state measure, the one would be as unwise and unavailing as the other; but while you are yet upon the brink, while you are yet visible, let me, before we part, remind you once more of your awful situation.

You are upon a great forward ground, with the people at your back, and the government in your front. You have neither the disadvantages nor the excuses of jurors a century ago. No, thank God! never was there a stronger characteristic distinction between

those times, upon which no man can reflect without horror, and the present. You have seen this trial conducted with mildness and patience by the court. We have now no Jefferies, with scurvy and vulgar conceits, to browbeat the prisoner and perplex his counsel. Such has been the improvement of manners, and so calm the confidence of integrity, that during the defence of accused persons, the judges sit quietly, and show themselves worthy of their situation by bearing, with a mild and merciful patience, the little extravagancies of the bar, as you should bear with the little extravagancies of the press. Let me then turn your eyes to that pattern of mildness in the bench. The press is your advocate; bear with its excess — bear with everything but its bad intention. If it come as a villanous slanderer, treat it as such; but if it endeavor to raise the honor and glory of your country, remember that you reduce its power to a nonentity, if you stop its animadversions upon public measures. You should not check the efforts of genius, nor damp the ardor of patriotism. In vain will you desire the bird to soar, if you meanly or madly steal from it its plumage. Beware lest, under the pretence of bearing down the licentiousness of the press, you extinguish it altogether. Beware how you rival the venal ferocity of those miscreants, who rob a printer of the means of bread, and claim from deluded royalty the reward of integrity and allegiance. Let me, therefore, remind you, that though the day may soon come when our ashes shall be scattered before the winds of heaven, the memory of what you do cannot die; it will carry down to your posterity your honor or your shame. In the presence and in the name of that ever living God, I do therefore conjure you to reflect, that you have your characters, your consciences, that you have also the character, perhaps the ultimate destiny of your country, in your hands. In that awful name, I do conjure you to have mercy upon your country and yourselves, and so judge now, as you will hereafter be judged; and I do now submit the fate of my client, and of that country which we have yet in common, to your disposal.

The Prime Sergeant (Hon. James Fitzgerald) shortly replied; Judge Downes charged weakly, but not rudely; and, after a short absence, the jury returned "Guilty" on the issue paper.

On the following day, the 23rd of December, Mr. Finnerty was brought up for judgment. Mr. Finnerty stated that he had been taken out of prison to Alderman

Alexander's office, and there threatened with public whipping, if he did not give up the author of the libel. He boldly defended the letter, but was most respectful to the Bench. Judge Downes sentenced him to two years' imprisonment from the day of his arrest, to stand in the pillory for an hour, pay a fine of £20, and at the expiration of his imprisonment to give security, himself in £500, and two bailsmen in £250 each for his good behavior. On the 30th of December, Mr. Finnerty did actually stand in the pillory, and the rest of this miscellaneous and iniquitous sentence was also carried out.

SPEECHES.

BY

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

[421]

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

Clare Election.

Speech made at the Clare Election — Preceded by an Account of that Event, written by Mr. Sheil, in September, 1828.

THE Catholics had passed a resolution to oppose the election of every candidate who should not pledge himself against the Duke of Wellington's administration. This measure lay for some time a dead letter in the registry of the Association, and was gradually passing into oblivion, when an incident occurred which gave it an importance far greater than had originally belonged to it. Lord John Russell, flushed with the victory which had been achieved in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and grateful to the Duke of Wellington for the part which he had taken, wrote a letter to Mr. O'Connell, in which he suggested that the conduct of his Grace had been so fair and manly towards the Dissenters, as to entitle him to their gratitude; and that they would consider the reversal of the resolution which had been passed against his government, as evidence of the interest which was felt in Ireland, not only in the great question peculiarly applicable to that country, but in the assertion of religious freedom through the empire. The authority of Lord John Russell is considerable, and Mr. O'Connell, under the influence of his advice, proposed that the anti-Wellington resolution should be withdrawn. This motion was violently opposed, and Mr. O'Connell perceived that the antipathy to the Great Captain was more deeply rooted than he had originally imagined. After a long and tempestuous debate, he suggested an amendment, in which the principle of his original motion was given up, and the Catholics remained pledged to their hostility to the Duke of Wellington's

administration. Mr. O'Connell has reason to rejoice at his failure in carrying this proposition; for if he had succeeded, no ground for opposing the return of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald would have existed.

The promotion of that gentleman to a seat in the cabinet created a vacancy in the representation of the county of Clare; and an opportunity was afforded the Roman Catholic body of proving that the resolution which had been passed against the Duke of Wellington's government was not an idle vaunt, but that it could be carried in a striking instance into effect. It was determined that all the power of the people should be put forth. The Association looked round for a candidate, and without having previously consulted him, selected Major M'Namara. He is a Protestant in religion, a Catholic in politics, and a Milesian in descent. He was called upon to stand. Some days elapsed and no answer was returned by him. The public mind was thrown into suspense, and various conjectures went abroad as to the cause of this singular omission. Some alleged that he was gone to an island off the coast of Clare, where the proceedings of the Association had not reached him; while others suggested that he was only waiting until the clergy of the county should declare themselves more unequivocally favorable to him. The latter, it was said, had evinced much apathy, and it was rumored that Dean O'Shaughnessy, who is a distant relative of Mr. Fitzgerald, had intimated a determination not to support any anti-ministerial candidate. The major's silence, and the doubts which were entertained with regard to the allegiance of the priests, created a sort of panic at the Association. A meeting was called, and various opinions were delivered as to the propriety of engaging in a contest, the issue of which was considered exceedingly doubtful, and in which, failure would be attended with such disastrous consequences. Mr. O'Connell himself did not appear exceedingly sanguine: and Mr. Purcell O'Gorman, a native of Clare, and who had a minute knowledge of the feelings of the people, expressed apprehensions. There were, however, two gentlemen (O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele), who strongly insisted that the people might be roused, and that the priests were not as lukewarm as was imagined. Upon the zeal of Dean O'Shaughnessy, however, a good deal of question was thrown. By a singular coincidence, just as his name was uttered, a gentleman entered, who, but for the peculiar locality, might have been readily

mistaken for a clergyman of the Established Church. Between the priesthood of the two religions there are, in aspect and demeanor, as well as in creed and discipline, several points of affinity, and the abstract sacerdotal character is readily perceptible in both. The parson, however, in his attitude and attire, presents the evidences of superiority, and carries the mannerism of ascendancy upon him. A broad-brimmed hat, composed of the smoothest and blackest material, and drawn by two silken threads into a fire-shovel configuration, a felicitous adaptation of his jerkin to the symmetries of his chest and shoulder, stockings of glossy silk, which displayed the happy proportions of a swelling leg, a ruddy cheek, and a bright, authoritative eye, suggested, at first view, that the gentleman who had entered the room while the merits of Dean O'Shaughnessy were under discussion, must be a minister of the prosperous Christianity of the Established Church. It was, however, no other than Dean O'Shaughnessy himself. He was received with a burst of applause, which indicated that, whatever surmises with respect to his fidelity had previously gone out, his appearance before that tribunal was considered by the assembly as a proof of his devotion to the public interest. The dean, however, made a very scholastic sort of oration, the gist of which it was by no means easy to arrive at. He denied that he had enlisted himself under Mr. Fitzgerald's banners, but at the same time studiously avoided giving any sort of pledge. He did not state distinctly what his opinion was with respect to the co-operation of the priests with the Association; and when he was pressed, begged to be allowed to withhold his sentiments on the subject. The Association were not, however, dismayed; and it having been conjectured that the chief reason for Major M'Namara having omitted to return an answer was connected with pecuniary considerations, it was decided that so large sum as £5,000 of the Catholic rent should be allocated to the expenses of his election. O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele were directed to proceed at once to Clare, in order that they might have a personal interview with him, and they immediately set off. After an absence of two days, O'Gorman Mahon returned, having left his colleague behind in order to arouse the people; and he at length conveyed certain intelligence with respect to the Major's determination. The obligations under which his family lay to Mr. Fitzgerald were such, that he was bound

in honor not to oppose him. This information produced a feeling of deep disappointment among the Catholic body, while the Protestant party exulted in his apparent desertion of the cause, and boasted that no gentleman of the county would stoop so low as to accept of the patronage of the Association. In this emergency, and when it was universally regarded as an utterly hopeless attempt to oppose the cabinet minister, the public were astonished by an address from Mr. O'Connell to the freeholders of Clare, in which he offered himself as a candidate, and solicited their support.

Nothing but his subsequent success could exceed the sensation which was produced by this address, and all eyes were turned towards the field in which so remarkable a contest was to be waged. The two candidates entered the lists with signal advantages upon both sides. Mr. O'Connell had an unparalleled popularity, which the services of thirty years had secured to him. Upon the other hand, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald presented a combination of favorable circumstances, which rendered the issue exceedingly difficult to calculate. His father had held the office of prime sergeant at the Irish bar; and, although indebted to the government for his promotion, had the virtuous intrepidity to vote against the Union. This example of independence had rendered him a great favorite with the people. From the moment that his son had obtained access to power, he had employed his extensive influence in doing acts of kindness to the gentry of the county of Clare. He had inundated it with the overflowings of ministerial bounty. The eldest sons of the poorer gentlemen, and the younger branches of the aristocracy, had been provided for through his means; and in the army, the navy, the treasury, the Four Courts, and the Custom House, the proofs of his political friendship were everywhere to be found. Independently of any act of his which could be referred to his personal interest, and his anxiety to keep up his influence in the county, Mr. Fitzgerald, who is a man of very amiable disposition, had conferred many services upon his Clare constituents. Nor was it to Protestants that these manifestations of favor were confined. He had laid not only the Catholic proprietors, but the Catholic priesthood, under obligation. The bishop of the diocese himself (a respectable old gentleman who drives about in a gig with a mitre upon it) is supposed not to have escaped from his bounties; and it is more than insinuated that some

droppings of ministerial manna had fallen upon him. The consequence of this systematized and uniform plan of benefaction is obvious. The sense of favor was heightened by the manners of this extensive distributor of the favors of the crown, and converted the ordinary feeling of thankfulness into one of personal regard. To this array of very favorable circumstances, Mr. Fitzgerald brought the additional influence arising from his recent promotion to the cabinet; which, to those who had former benefits to return, afforded an opportunity for the exercise of that kind of prospective gratitude which has been described to consist of a lively sense of services to come. These were the comparative advantages with which the ministerial and the popular candidate engaged in this celebrated contest; and Ireland stood by to witness the encounter.

Mr. O'Connell did not immediately set off from Dublin, but before his departure several gentlemen were despatched from the Association in order to excite the minds of the people, and to prepare the way for him. The most active and useful of the persons who were employed upon this occasion, were the two gentlemen to whom I have already referred, Mr. Steele and O'Gorman Mahon. They are both deserving of special commendation. The former is a Protestant of a respectable fortune in the county of Clare, and who has all his life been devoted to the assertion of liberal principles. In Trinity College he was amongst the foremost of the advocates of emancipation, and at that early period became the intimate associate of many Roman Catholic gentlemen who have since distinguished themselves in the proceedings of their body. Being a man of independent circumstances, Mr. Steele did not devote himself to any profession, and having a zealous and active mind, looked round for occupation. The Spanish war afforded him a field for the display of that generous enthusiasm by which he is distinguished. He joined the patriot army, and fought with desperate valor upon the batteries of the Trocadero. It was only when Cadiz had surrendered, and the cause of Spain became utterly hopeless, that Mr. Steele relinquished this noble undertaking. He returned to England, surrounded by exiles from the unfortunate country, for the liberation of which he had repeatedly exposed his life. It was impossible for a man of so much energy of character to remain in torpor; and on his arrival in Ireland, faithful to the principles by which he had been uniformly

swayed, he joined the Catholic Association. There he delivered several enthusiastic declamations in favor of religious liberty. Such a man, however, was fitted for action as well as for harangue; and the moment the contest in Clare began, he threw himself into the combat with the same alacrity with which he had rushed upon the French bayonets at Cadiz. He was serviceable in various ways. He opened the political campaign by intimating his readiness to fight any landlord who should conceive himself to be aggrieved by an interference with his tenants. This was a very impressive exordium. He then proceeded to canvass for votes; and, assisted by his intimate friend, O'Gorman Mahon, travelled through the country, and, both by day and night, addressed the people from the altars round which they were assembled to hear him. It is no exaggeration to say, that to him, and to his intrepid and indefatigable confederate, the success of Mr. O'Connell is greatly to be ascribed. O'Gorman Mahon is introduced into this article as one amongst many figures. He would deserve to stand apart in a portrait. Nature has been peculiarly favorable to him. He has a very striking physiognomy, of the Corsair character, which the Protestant Gulnares, and the Catholic Medoras, find it equally difficult to resist. His figure is tall, and he is peculiarly free and *degagé* in all his attitudes and movements. In any other his attire would appear singularly fantastical. His manners are exceedingly frank and natural, and have a character of kindliness as well as of self-reliance imprinted upon them. He is wholly free from embarrassment, and carries a well-founded consciousness of his personal merit; which is, however, so well united with urbanity, that it is not in the slightest degree offensive. His talents as a popular speaker are considerable. He derives from external qualifications an influence over the multitude, which men of diminutive stature are somewhat slow in obtaining. A small man is at first view regarded by the great body of spectators with disrelish; and it is only by force of phrase, and by the charm of speech, that he can at length succeed in inducing his auditors to overlook any infelicity of configuration; but when O'Gorman Mahon throws himself out before the people, and, touching his whiskers with one hand, brandishes the other, an enthusiasm is at once produced, to which the fair portion of the spectators lend their tender contribution.

Such a man was exactly adapted to the excitement of the people of Clare; and it must be admitted that, by his indefatigable exertions, his unremitting activity, and his devoted zeal, he most materially assisted in the election of Mr. O'Connell. While Mr. Steele and O'Gorman Mahon harangued the people in one district, Mr. Lawless, who was also despatched upon a similar mission, applied his faculties of excitation in another. This gentleman has obtained deserved celebrity by his being almost the only individual among the Irish deputies who remonstrated against the sacrifice of the rights of the forty-shilling freeholders. Ever since that period he has been eminently popular; and although he may occasionally, by ebullitions of ill-regulated but generous enthusiasm, create a little merriment amongst those whose minds are not as susceptible of patriotic and disinterested emotion as his own, yet the conviction which is entertained of his honesty of purpose, confers upon him a considerable influence. "Honest Jack Lawless" is the designation by which he has been known since the "wings" were in discussion. He has many distinguished qualities as a public speaker. His voice is deep, round, and mellow, and is diversified by a great variety of rich and harmonious intonation. His action is exceedingly graceful and appropriate; he has a good figure, which, by a purposed swell and dilation of the shoulders, and an elaborate erectness, he turns to good account; and by dint of an easy fluency, of good diction, a solemn visage, an aquiline nose of no vulgar dimension, eyes glaring underneath a shaggy brow with a certain fierceness of expression, a quizzing-glass, which is gracefully dangled in any pauses of thought or suspensions of utterance, and, above all, by a certain attitude of dignity, which he assumes in the crisis of eloquence, accompanied with a flinging back of his coat, which sets his periods beautifully off, "Honest Jack" has become one of the most popular and efficient speakers at the Association. Shortly after Mr. Lawless had been deapatched, a great reinforcement to the oratorical corps was sent down in the person of the celebrated Father Maguire, or, as he is habitually designated, "Father Tom." This gentleman had been for some time a parish priest in the county of Leitrim. He lived in a remote parish, where his talents were unappreciated. Some accident brought Mr. Pope, the itinerant controversalist, into contact with him. A challenge to defend the

doctrines of his religion was tendered by the wandering disputant to the priest, and the latter at once accepted it. Maguire had given no previous proof of his abilities, and the Catholic body regretted the encounter. The parties met in this strange duel of theology. The interest created by their encounter was prodigious. Not only the room where their debates were carried on was crowded, but the whole of Sackville-street, where it was situated, was thronged with population. Pope brought to the combat great fluency, and a powerful declamation. Maguire was a master of scholastic logic. After several days of controversy, Pope was overthrown, and "Father Tom," as the champion of orthodoxy, became the object of popular adoration. A base conspiracy was got up to destroy his moral character, and by its failure raised him in the affection of the multitude. He had been under great obligations to Mr. O'Connell, for his exertions upon his trial; and from a just sentiment of gratitude, he tendered his services in Clare. His name alone was of great value; and when his coming was announced, the people everywhere rushed forward to hail the vindicator of the national religion. He threw fresh ingredients into the caldron and contributed to impart to the contest that strong religious character which it is not the fault of the Association, but of the government, that every contest of the kind must assume. "Father Tom" was employed upon a remarkable exploit. Mr. Augustine Butler, the lineal descendant of the celebrated Sir Toby Butler, is a proprietor in Clare: he is a liberal Protestant, but supported Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. "Father Tom" proceeded from the town of Ennis to the county chapel where Mr. Butler's freeholders were assembled, in order to address them; and Mr. Butler with an intrepidity which did him credit, went forward to meet him. It was a singular encounter in the house of God. The Protestant landlord called upon his freeholders not to desert him. — "Father Tom" rose to address them in behalf of Mr. O'Connell. He is not greatly gifted with a command of decorated phraseology; but he is master of vigorous language, and has a power of strong and simple reasoning, which is equally intelligible to all classes. He employs the syllogism of the schools as his chief weapon in argument; but uses it with such dexterity, that his auditors of the humblest class can follow him without being aware of the technical expedient by which

he masters the understanding. His manner is peculiar: it is not flowery, nor declamatory, but is short, somewhat abrupt, and, to use the French phrase, is "*tranchant*." His countenance is adapted to his mind, and is expressive of the reasoning and controversial faculties. A quick blue eye, a nose slightly turned up, a strong brow, a complexion of mountain ruddiness, and thick lips, which are better formed for rude disdain than for polished sarcasm, are his characteristics. He assailed Mr. Butler with all his powers, and overthrew him. The topic to which he addressed himself, was one which was not only calculated to move the tenants of Mr. Butler, but to stir Mr. Butler himself. He appealed to the memory of his celebrated Catholic ancestor, of which Mr. Butler is justly proud. He stated, that what Sir Toby Butler had been, Mr. O'Connell was; and he adjured him not to stand up in opposition to an individual, whom he was bound to sustain by a sort of hereditary obligation. His appeal carried the freeholders away, and one hundred and fifty votes were secured to Mr. O'Connell. Mr. Maguire was seconded in this achievement by Mr. Dominick Ronayne, a barrister of the Association, of considerable talents, and who not only speaks the English language with eloquence, but is master of the Irish tongue; and throwing an educated mind into the powerful idiom of the country, wrought with uncommon power upon the passions of the people.

Mr. Sheil was employed as counsel for Mr. O'Connell before the assessor; but proceeded to the county Clare the day before the election commenced. On his arrival, he understood that an exertion was required in the parish of Corofin, which is situate upon the estate of Sir Edward O'Brien, who had given all his interest to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. Sir Edward is the most opulent resident landlord in the county. In the parish of Corofin he had no less than three hundred votes; and it was supposed that his freeholders would go with him. Mr. Sheil determined to assail him in the citadel of his strength, and proceeded upon the Sunday before the poll commenced to the chapel of Corofin. Sir Edward O'Brien having learned that this agitator intended this trespass upon his authority, resolved to anticipate him, and set off in his splendid equipage, drawn by four horses, to the mountains in which Corofin is situated. The whole population came down from their residences in the rocks, which are in the vicinity of

the town of Ennis, and advanced in large bands, waving green boughs, and preceded by fifes and pipers, upon the road. Their landlord was met by them on his way. They passed by him in silence, while they hailed his antagonist with shouts of applause, and attended him in triumph to the chapel. Sir Edward O'Brien lost his resolution at this spectacle; and, feeling that he could have no influence in such a state of excitation, instead of going to the house of Catholic worship, proceeded to the church of Corofin. He left his carriage exactly opposite the doors of the chapel, which is immediately contiguous, and thus reminded the people of his Protestantism, by a circumstance, of which, of course, advantage was instantaneously taken. Mr. Sheil arrived with a vast multitude of attendants at the chapel, which was crowded with a people, who had flocked from all quarters; there a singular scene took place. Father Murphy, the parish priest, came to the entrance of the chapel, dressed in his surplice. When he appeared, the multitude fell back at his command, and arranged themselves on either side, so as to form a lane for the reception of the agitator. Deep silence was imposed upon the people by the priest, who had a voice of subterraneous thunder, and appeared to hold them in absolute dominion. When Mr. Sheil had reached the threshold of the chapel, Father Murphy stretched forth his hand, and welcomed him to the performance of the good work. The figure and attitude of the priest were remarkable. My English reader draws his ordinary notion of a Catholic clergyman from the caricatures which are contained in novels, or represented in comedies upon the stage; but the Irish priest, who has lately become a politician and a scholar, has not a touch of Foigardism about him; and an artist would have found in Father Murphy rather a study for the enthusiastic Macbriar, who is so powerfully delineated in "Old Mortality," than a realization of the familiar notions of a clergyman of the Church of Rome. Surrounded by a dense multitude, whom he had hushed into profound silence, he presented a most imposing object. His form is tall, slender, and emaciated; but was enveloped in his long robes, that gave him a peculiarly sacerdotal aspect. The hand which he stretched forth was ample, but worn to a skinny meagritude. His face was long, sunken, and cadaverous, but was illuminated by eyes blazing with all the fire of genius and the enthusiasm of religion. His lank

black hair fell down his temples, and eyebrows of the same color stretched in thick straight lines along a lofty forehead, and threw over the whole countenance a deep shadow. The sun was shining with brilliancy, and rendered his figure, attired as it was in white garments, more conspicuous. The scenery about him was in harmony; it was wild and desolate, and crags, with scarce a blade of verdure shooting through their crevices, rose everywhere around him. The interior of the chapel, at the entrance of which he stood, was visible. It was a large pile of building, consisting of bare walls, rudely thrown up, with a floor of clay, and at the extremity stood an altar made of a few boards clumsily put together.

It was on the threshold of this mountain temple that the envoy of the Association was hailed with a solemn greeting. The priest proceeded to the altar, and commanded the people to abstain, during the divine ceremony, from all political thinking or occupation. He recited the mass with great fervency and simplicity of manner, and with all the evidences of unaffected piety. However familiar from daily repetition with the ritual, he pronounced it with a just emphasis, and went through the various forms which are incidental to it with singular propriety and grace. The people were deeply attentive; and it was observable that most of them could read, for they had prayer-books in their hands, which they read with a quiet devotion. Mass being finished, Father Murphy threw his vestments off, and, without laying down the priest, assumed the politician. He addressed the people in Irish, and called upon them to vote for O'Connell in the name of their country and of their religion.

It was a most extraordinary and powerful display of the externals of eloquence, and as far as a person unacquainted with the language could form an estimate of the matter by the effects produced upon the auditory, must have been pregnant with genuine oratory. It will be supposed that this singular priest addressed his parishoners in tones and gestures as rude as the wild dialect to which he was giving utterance. His actions and attitudes were as graceful as those of an accomplished actor, and his intonations were soft, pathetic, denunciatory, and conjuring, according as his theme varied, and as he had recourse to different expedients to influence the people. The general character of this strange harangue was impassioned and solemn, but he occasionally had recourse to ridicule, and his counte-

nance at once adapted itself with a happy readiness to derision. The finest spirit of sarcasm gleamed over his features, and shouts of laughter attended his description of a miserable Catholic who should prove recreant to the great cause, by making a sacrifice of his country to his landlord. The close of his speech was peculiarly effective. He became inflamed by the power of his emotions, and while he raised himself into the loftiest attitude to which he could ascend, he laid one hand on the altar, and shook the other in the spirit of almost prophetic admonition, and while his eyes blazed and seemed to start from his forehead, thick drops fell down his face, and his voice rolled through lips livid with passion and covered with foam. It is almost unnecessary to say that such an appeal was irresistible. The multitude burst into shouts of acclamation, and would have been ready to mount a battery roaring with cannon at his command. Two days after the results were felt at the hustings; and while Sir Edward O'Brien stood aghast, Father Murphy marched into Ennis at the head of his tenantry, and polled them to a man in favor of Daniel O'Connell. But I am anticipating.

The notion which had gone abroad in Dublin that the priests were lukewarm, was utterly unfounded. With the exception of Dean O'Shaughnessy, who is a relative of Mr. Fitzgerald (and for whom there is perhaps much excuse), and a Father Coffey, who has since been deserted by his congregation, there was scarcely a clergyman in the county who did not use his utmost influence over the peasantry. On the day on which Mr. O'Connell arrived, you met a priest in every street who assured you that the battle should be won, and pledged himself that "the man of the people" should be returned. "The man of the people" arrived in the midst of the loudest acclamations. Near thirty thousand people were crowded into the streets of Ennis, and were unceasing in their shouts. Banners were suspended from every window; and women of great beauty were everywhere seen waving handkerchiefs, with the figure of the patriot stamped upon them. Processions of freeholders, with their parish priests at their head, marched like troops to different quarters of the city; and it was remarkable that not a single individual was intoxicated. The most perfect order and regularity prevailed; and the large bodies of police which had been collected in the town stood

without occupation. These were evidences of organization, from which it was easy to conjecture the result.

The election opened, and the court-house in which the sheriff read the writ presented a new and striking scene. On the left hand of the sheriff stood a cabinet minister, attended by the whole body of the aristocracy of the county of Clare. Their appearance indicated at once their superior rank and their profound mortification. An expression of bitterness and of wounded pride was stamped in various modifications of resentment upon their countenances; while others who were in the interest of Mr. Fitzgerald, and who were small Protestant proprietors, affected to look big and important, and swelled themselves into gentry upon the credit of voting for the minister. On the right hand of the sheriff stood Mr. O'Connell, with scarcely a single gentlemen by his side; for most even of the Catholic proprietors had abandoned him, and joined the ministerial candidate. But the body of the court presented the power of Mr. O'Connell in a mass of determined peasants, amongst whom black coats and sacerdotal visages were seen felicitously intermixed, outside the balustrade of the gallery on the left hand of the sheriff. Before the business began, a gentleman was observed on whom every eye was turned. He had indeed chosen a most singular position; for instead of sitting like the other auditors on the seats in the gallery, he leaped over it, and, suspending himself above the crowd, afforded what was an object of wonder to the great body of the spectators, and of indignation to the high sheriff. The attire of the individual who was thus perched in this dangerous position was sufficiently strange. He had a coat of Irish tabinet, with glossy trowsers of the same national material; he wore no waistcoat; a blue shirt lined with streaks of white was open at his neck; a broad green sash, with a medal of "the order of Liberators" at the end of it, hung conspicuously over his breast; and a profusion of black curls curiously festooned about his temples, shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, a great part of which was occupied by whiskers of a bushy amplitude. "Who, Sir, are you?" exclaimed the high sheriff, in a tone of imperious solemnity, which he had acquired at Canton, where he had long resided in the service of the East India Company. But I must pause here — and even at the hazard of breaking the regular thread of the narration, I cannot resist the temptation of describing

the high sheriff. When he stood up with his wand of office, the contrast between him and the aerial gentlemen whom he was addressing was to the highest degree ludicrous. Of the latter some conception has already been given. He looked a chivalrous dandy, who, under the most fantastical apparel, carried the spirit and intrepidity of an exceedingly fine fellow. Mr. High Sheriff had, at an early period of his life, left his native county of Clare, and had migrated to China, where, if I may judge from his manners and demeanor, he must have been in immediate communication with a mandarin of the first class, and made a Chinese functionary his favorite model. I should conjecture that he must long have presided over the packing of Bohea, and that some tincture of that agreeable vegetable had been infused into his complexion. An oriental sedateness and gravity are spread over a countenance upon which a smile seldom presumes to trespass. He gives utterance to intonations which were originally contracted in the East, but have been since melodized by his religious habits into a puritanical chant in Ireland. The Chinese language is monosyllabic, and Mr. Molony has extended its character to the English tongue; for he breaks all his words into separate and elaborate divisions, to each of which he bestows a due quantity of deliberate intonation. Upon arriving in Ireland he addicted himself to godliness, having previously made great gains in China, and he has so contrived as to impart the cadences of Wesley to the accentuation of Confucius.

Such was the aspect of the great public functionary, who, rising with a peculiar magisteriality of altitude, and stretching forth the emblem of his power, inquired of the gentleman who was suspended from the gallery who he was. "My name is O'Gorman Mahon," was the reply, delivered with a firmness which clearly showed that the person who had conveyed this piece of intelligence thought very little of a high sheriff and a great deal of O'Gorman Mahon. The sheriff had been offended by the general appearance of Mr. Mahon, who had distracted the public attention from his own contemplation; but he was particularly irritated by observing the insurgent symbol of "the order of Liberators" dangling at his breast. "I tell that gentleman," said Mr. Molony, "to take off that badge." There was a moment's pause, and then the following answer was slowly and articulately pronounced: "This gentleman (laying his hand on his

breast) tells that gentleman (pointing with the other to the sheriff), that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, that this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him." This extraordinary sentence was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the court-house. The high sheriff looked aghast. The expression of self-satisfaction and magisterial complacency passed off his visage, and he looked utterly blank and dejected. After an interval of irresolution down he sat. "The soul" of O'Gorman Mahon (to use Curran's expression) "walked forth in its own majesty"; he looked "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." The medal of the "order of Liberators" was pressed to his heart. O'Connell surveyed him with gratitude and admiration; and the first blow was struck, which sent dismay into the heart of the party of which the sheriff was considered to be an adherent.

This was the opening incident of this novel drama. When the sensation which it had created had in some degree subsided, the business of the day went on. Sir Edward O'Brien proposed Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald as a proper person to serve in parliament. Sir Edward had upon former occasions been the vehement antagonist of Mr. Fitzgerald, and in one instance a regular battle had been fought between the tenantry of both parties. It was supposed that this feud had left some acrimonious feelings which were not quite extinct behind, and many conjectured that the zeal of Sir Edward in favor of his competitor was a little feigned. This notion was confirmed by the circumstance that Sir Edward O'Brien's son (the member for Ennis)* had subscribed to the Catholic rent, was a member of the Association, and had recently made a vigorous speech in parliament in defence of that body. It is, however, probable that the feudal pride of Sir Edward O'Brien, which was deeply mortified by the defection of his vassals, absorbed every other feeling, and that, however indifferent he might have been on Mr. Fitzgerald's account, yet that he was exceedingly irritated upon his own. He appeared at least to be profoundly moved, and had not spoken above a few minutes when tears fell from his eyes. He has a strong Irish character impressed upon him. It is said that he is lineally descended from

* William Smith O'Brien, late member for Limerick; one of the traversers indicted for high treason in 1848, and sentenced to transportation.

Brian Boirumhe. He is squat, bluff, and impassioned. An expression of good nature, rather than of good humor, is mixed up with a certain rough consciousness of his own dignity, which in his most familiar moments he never lays aside, for the Milesian predominates in his demeanor, and his royal recollections wait perpetually upon him. He is a great favorite with the people, who are attached to the descendants of the ancient indigenous families of the county, and who see in Sir Edward O'Brien a good landlord, as well as the representative of Brian Boirumhe. I was not a little astonished at seeing him weep upon the hustings. It was, however, observed to me, that he is given to the "melting mood," although his tears do not fall like the gum of "the Arabian tree." In the House of Commons he once produced a great effect by bursting into tears, while he described the misery of the people of Clare, although, at the same time his granaries were full. It was said that his hustings pathos was of the same quality, and arose from the peculiar susceptibility of the lachrymatory nerves, and not from any very nice fibres about the heart; still I am convinced that his emotion was genuine, and that he was profoundly touched. He complained that he had been deserted by his tenants, although he had deserved well at their hands; and exclaimed that the country was not one fit for a gentleman to reside in, when property lost all its influence, and things were brought to such a pass. The motion was seconded by Sir A. Fitzgerald in a few words. Mr. Gore, a gentleman of very large estate, took occasion to deliver his opinions in favor of Mr. Fitzgerald; and O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele proposed Mr. O'Connell. It then fell to to the rival candidates to speak, and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, having been first put in nomination, first addressed the freeholders. He seemed to me to be about five and forty years of age, his hair being slightly marked with a little edging of scarcely perceptible silver, but the care with which it was distributed and arranged, showed that the cabinet minister had not yet entirely dismissed his Lothario recollections. I had heard, before I had even seen Mr. Fitzgerald, that he was in great favor with the Calistas at Almack's; and I was not surprised at it, on a minute inspection of his aspect and deportment. It is not that he is a handsome man, (though he is far from being the reverse), but that there is an air of blended sweetness and assurance, of easy intrepidity and gentle

gracefulness about him, which are considered to be eminently winning. His countenance, though too fully circular, and a little tinctured with vermillion, is agreeable. The eyes are of bright hazel, and have an expression of ever earnest frankness, which an acute observer might suspect, while his mouth is full of a strenuous solicitude to please. The moment he rose I perceived that he was an accomplished gentleman; and when I had heard him utter a few sentences, was satisfied that he was a most accomplished speaker. He delivered one of the most effective and dexterous speeches which it has ever been my good fortune to hear. There were evident marks of deep pain and of fear to be traced in his features, which were not free from the haggardness of many an anxious vigil; but though he was manifestly mortified in the extreme, he studiously refrained from all exasperating sentiment or expression. He spoke at first with a graceful melancholy, rather than a tone of impassioned adjuration. He intimated that it was rather a measure of rigorous, if not unjustifiable policy, to display the power of the Association in throwing an individual out of parliament who had been the warm and uniform advocate of the Catholic cause during his whole political life. He enumerated the instances in which he had exerted himself in behalf of that body which were now dealing with him with such severity, and referred to his services with regard to the college of Maynooth. The part of his speech which was most powerful, related to his father. The latter had opposed the Union, and had many claims upon the national gratitude. The topic was one which required to be most delicately touched, and no orator could treat it with a more exquisite nicety than Mr. Fitzgerald. He became as he advanced, and the recollection of his father pressed itself more immediately upon his mind, more impassioned. At the moment he was speaking, his father, to whom he is most tenderly attached, and by whom he is most beloved, was lying upon a bed from whence it was believed that he would never rise, and efforts had been made to conceal from the old man the contest in which his son was involved. It was impossible to mistake genuine grief, and when Mr. Fitzgerald paused for an instant, and turning away, wiped off the tears that came gushing into his eyes, he won the sympathies of every one about him. There were few who did not give the same evidence of emotion: and when he sat down, although the great majority

of the audience were strongly opposed to him, and were enthusiasts in favor of the rival candidate, a loud and unanimous burst of acclamation shook the court-house.

Mr. O'Connell rose to address the people in reply. It was manifest that he considered a great exertion to be requisite in order to do away the impression which his antagonist had produced. It was clear that he was collecting all his might, to those who were acquainted with the workings of his physiognomy. Mr. O'Connell bore Mr. Fitzgerald no sort of personal aversion, but he determined in this exigency to have little mercy on his feelings, and to employ all the power of vituperation of which he was possessed against him. This was absolutely necessary; for if mere dexterous fencing had been resorted to by Mr. O'Connell, many might have gone away with the opinion that, after all, Mr. Fitzgerald had been thanklessly treated by the Catholic body. It was therefore disagreeably requisite to render him for the moment odious. Mr. O'Connell began by awakening the passions of the multitude in an attack on Mr. Fitzgerald's allies. Mr. Gore had lauded him highly. This Mr. Gore is of Cromwellian descent, and the people detest the memory of the Protector to this day. There is a tradition (I know not whether it has the least foundation) that the ancestor of this gentleman's family was a nailor by trade in the Puritan army. Mr. O'Connell, without any direct reference to the fact, used a set of metaphors, such as "striking the nail on the head," "putting a nail into a coffin," which at once recalled the associations which were attached to the name of Mr. Gore, and roars of laughter assailed that gentleman on every side. Mr. Gore has the character of being not only very opulent, but of bearing regard to his possessions proportioned to their extent. Nothing is so unpopular as prudence in Ireland; and Mr. O'Connell rallied Mr. Gore to such a point upon this head, and that of his supposed origin, that the latter completely sunk under the attack. He next proceeded to Mr. Fitzgerald, and having drawn a picture of the late Mr. Perceval, he turned round and asked of the rival candidate with what face he could call himself their friend when the first act of his political life was to enlist himself under the banners of the "bloody Perceval." This epithet (whether it be well or ill-deserved is not the question) was sent into the hearts of the people with a force of

expression and a furious vehemence of voice that created a great sensation amongst the crowd and turned the tide against Mr. Fitzgerald. "This, too," said Mr. O'Connell, "is the friend of Peel—the bloody Perceval and the candid and manly Mr. Peel—and he is our friend! and he is everybody's friend! The friend of the Catholic was the friend of the bloody Perceval, and is the friend of the candid and manly Mr. Peel!"

It is unnecessary to go through Mr. O'Connell's speech. It was stamped with all his powerful characteristics, and galled Mr. Fitzgerald to the core. That gentleman frequently muttered an interrogatory, "Is this fair?" when Mr. O'Connell was using some legitimate sophistication against him. He seemed particularly offended when his adversary said, "I never shed tears in public," which was intended as a mockery of Mr. Fitzgerald's references to his father. It will be thought by some sensitive persons that Mr. O'Connell was not quite warranted in this harsh dealing, but he had no alternative. Mr. Fitzgerald had made a very powerful speech, and the effect was to be got rid of. In such a warfare a man must not pause in the selection of his weapons, and Mr. O'Connell is not the man to hesitate in the use of the rhetorical sabre. Nothing of any peculiar interest occurred after Mr. O'Connell's speech upon the first day. On the second the polling commenced; and on that day, in consequence of an expedient adopted by Mr. Fitzgerald's committee, the parties were nearly equal. A Catholic freeholder cannot, in strictness, vote at an election without making a certain declaration upon oath respecting his religious opinions, and obtaining a certificate of his having done so from a magistrate. It is usual for candidates to agree to dispense with the necessity of taking this oath. It was, however, of importance to Mr. Fitzgerald to delay the election; and with that view his committee required that the declaration should be taken. Mr. O'Connell's committee were unprepared for this form, and it was with the utmost difficulty that magistrates could be procured to attend to receive the oath. It was therefore impossible, on the first day, for Mr. O'Connell to bring his forces into the field, and thus the parties appeared nearly equal. To those who did not know the real cause of this circumstance, it appeared ominous, and the O'Connellites looked sufficiently blank; but the next day every thing was remedied. The freeholders were sworn

en masse. They were brought into a yard enclosed within four walls. Twenty-five were placed against each wall, and they simultaneously repeated the oath. When one batch of swearers had been disposed of, the person who administered the declaration, turned to the adjoining division, and despatched them. Thus he went through the quadrangle, and in the course of a few minutes was able to discharge one hundred patriots upon Mr. Fitzgerald. It may be said that an oath ought to be more solemnly administered. In reply it is only necessary to observe, that the declaration in question related principally to "the Pretender," and when "the legislature persevere in compelling the name of God to be thus taken in vain," the ritual becomes appropriately farcical, and the manner of the thing is only adapted to the ludicrous matter upon which it is legally requisite that Heaven should be attested! The oath which is imposed upon a Roman Catholic is a violation of the first precept of the decalogue! This species of machinery having been thus applied to the art of swearing, the effects upon the poll soon became manifest, and Mr. O'Connell ascended to a triumphant majority. It became clear that the landlords had lost all their power, and that their struggles were utterly hopeless. Still they persevered in dragging the few serfs whom they had under their control to the hustings, and in protracting the election. It was Mr. Fitzgerald's own wish, I believe, to abandon the contest, when its ultimate issue was already certain; but his friends insisted that the last man whom they could command should be polled out. Thus the election was procrastinated. In ordinary cases, the interval between the first and the last day of polling is monotonous and dull; but during the Clare election so many ludicrous and extraordinary incidents were every moment occurring, as to relieve any attentive observer from every influence of ennui. The writer of these pages was under the necessity of remaining during the day in the sheriff's booth, where questions of law were chiefly discussed, but even here there was much matter for entertainment. The sheriff afforded a perpetual fund of amusement. He sat with his wand of office leaning against his shoulder, and always ready for his grasp. When there was no actual business going forward, he still preserved a magisterial dignity of deportment, and with half-closed eyelids, and throwing back his head, and forming with his chin an obtuse angle with the horizon, reproved any in-

dulgence in illicit mirth which might chance to pass amongst the bar. The gentlemen who were professionally engaged having discovered the chief foible of the sheriff, which consisted in the most fantastical notions of himself, vied with each other in playing upon his weakness. "I feel that I address myself to the first man of the county," was the usual exordium with which every legal argument was opened. The sheriff, instead of perceiving the sneer which involuntarily played round the lips of the mocking sycophant, smiled with an air of Malvolio condescension, and bowed his head. Then came some noise from the adjoining booths, upon which the sheriff used to start up and exclaim, "I declare I do not think that I am treated with proper respect — verily I'll go forth and quell this tumult — I'll show them I am the first man in the county, and I'll commit somebody." With that "the first man in the county," with a step slightly accelerated by his resentment at a supposed indignity to himself, used to proceed in quest of a riot, but generally returned with a good-humored expression of face, observing: — "It was only Mr. O'Connell, and I must say, when I remonstrated with him he paid me proper respect. He is quite a different person from what I had heard. But let nobody imagine that I was afraid of him. I'd commit him, or Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, if I was not treated with proper respect; for by virtue of my office I am the first man in the county."

A young gentleman (Mr. Whyte) turned his talent in mimicry to a very pleasant and useful account. He acted as agent to Mr. O'Connell, in a booth of which the chief officer, or sheriff's deputy, as he is called, was believed to be a partizan of Mr. Fitzgerald, and used to delay Mr. O'Connell's tallies. A tumult would then ensue, and the deputy would then raise his voice in a menacing tone against the friends of Mr. O'Connell. The high sheriff himself had been accustomed to go to the entrance of the different booths and to command silence with his long-drawn and dismal ejaculations. When the deputy was bearing it with a high hand, Mr. Whyte would sometimes leave the booth, and standing at the outward edge of the crowd, just at the moment that the deputy was about to commit some partizan of Mr. O'Connell, the mimic would exclaim in a death-bell voice, "Silence, Mr. Deputy, you are exceedingly disorderly — silence." The deputy being enveloped by the multitude, could not

see the individual who thus addressed him, and believing it to be the sheriff, sat down confounded at the admonition, while Mr. O'Connell's tally went rapidly on, and the disputed vote was allowed. These vagaries enlivened occupations which in their nature were sufficiently dull. But the sheriff's booth afforded matter more deserving of note than his singularities. Charges of undue influence were occasionally brought forward, which exhibited the character of the election in its strongest colors, One incident I particularly remember. An attorney employed by Mr. Fitzgerald rushed in and exclaimed that a priest was terrifying the voters. This accusation produced a powerful effect. The counsel for Mr. O'Connell defied the attorney to make out his charge. The assessor very properly required that the priest should attend; and behold Father Murphy of Corofin! His solemn and spectral aspect struck everybody. He advanced with fearlessness to the bar, behind which the sheriff was seated, and enquired what the charge was which had been preferred against him, with a smile of ghastly derision. "You were looking at my voters," cries the attorney. "But I said nothing," replied the priest, "and I suppose that I am to be permitted to look at my parishioners." "Not with such a face as that!" cried Mr. Dogherty, one of Mr. Fitzgerald's counsel. This produced a loud laugh; for, certainly, the countenance of Father Murphy was fraught with no ordinary terrors. "And this, then," exclaimed Mr. O'Connell's counsel, "is the charge you bring against the priests. Let us see if there be an act of parliament which prescribes that a Jesuit shall wear a mask." At this instant, one of the agents of Mr. O'Connell precipitated himself into the room, and cried out, "Mr. Sheriff, we have no fair play — Mr. Singleton is frightening his tenants — he caught hold of one of them just now, and threatened vengeance against him." This accusation came admirably apropos. "What!" exclaimed the advocate of Mr. O'Connell, "is this to be endured? Do we live in a free country, and under a constitution? Is a landlord to commit a battery with impunity, and is a priest to be indicted for his physiognomy, and to be found guilty of a look?" Thus a valuable set-off against Father Murphy's eyebrows was obtained. After a long debate, the assessor decided that, if either a priest or a landlord actually interrupted the poll, they should be indiscriminately committed; but thought the present a case only for admonition. Father Murphy

was accordingly restored to his physiognomical functions. The matter had been scarcely disposed of, when a loud shout was heard from the multitude outside the court-house, which had gathered in thousands, and yet generally preserved a profound tranquillity. The large window in the sheriff's booth gave an opportunity of observing whatever took place in the square below; and, attracted by the tremendous uproar, everybody ran to see what was going on amongst the crowd. The tumult was produced by the arrival of some hundred freeholders from Kilrush, with their landlord, Mr. Vandeleur, at their head. He stood behind a carriage, and, with his hat off was seen vehemently addressing the tenants who followed him. It was impossible to hear a word which he uttered; but his gesture was sufficiently significant: he stamped, and waved his hat, and shook his clenched hand. While he thus adjured them, the crowd through which they were passing, assailed them with cries, "Vote for your country, boys! Vote for the old religion! Three cheers for liberty! Down with Vesey, and hurrah for O'Connell!" These were the exclamations which rent the air as they proceeded. They followed their landlord until they had reached a part of the square where Mr. O'Connell lodged, and before which a large platform had been erected, which communicated with the window of his apartment, and to which he could advance whenever it was necessary to address the people. When Mr. Vandeleur's freeholders had attained this spot, Mr. O'Connell rushed forward on the platform, and lifted up his arm. A tremendous shout succeeded, and in an instant Mr. Vandeleur was deserted by his tenants. This platform exhibited some of the most remarkable scenes enacted in this strange drama of "The Clare Election." It was sustained by pillars of wood, and stretched out several feet from the wall to which it was attached. Some twenty or thirty persons could stand upon it at the same time. A large quantity of green boughs were turned about it; and from the sort of bower which they formed, occasional orators addressed the people during the day. Father Sheehan, a clergyman from Waterford, who had been mainly instrumental in the overthrow of the Beresfords, displayed from this spot his popular abilities. Dr. Kenny, a Waterford surgeon, thinking that "the times were out of joint," came "to set them right." Father Maguire, Mr. Lawless, indeed, the whole company of orators, performed on this theatre

with indefatigable energy. Mirth and declamation, and anecdote and grotesque delineation, and mimicry, were all blended together for the public entertainment. One of the most amusing and attractive topics was drawn from the adherence of Father Coffey to Mr. Fitzgerald. His manners, his habits, his dress, were all selected as materials for ridicule and invective; and puns, not the less effective because they were obvious, were heaped upon his name. The scorn and detestation with which he was treated by the mob, clearly proved that a priest has no influence over them when he attempts to run counter to their political passions. He can hurry them on in the career into which their own feelings impel them, but he cannot turn them into another course. Many incidents occurred about this rostrum, which, if matter did not crowd too fast upon me, I should stop to detail. I have not room for a minute narration of all that was interesting at this election, which would occupy a volume, and must limit myself to one, but that a very striking circumstance. The generality of the orators were heard with loud and clamorous approbation; but, at a late hour one evening, and when it was growing rapidly dark, a priest came forward on the platform, who addressed the multitude in Irish. There was not a word uttered by the people. Ten thousand peasants were assembled before the speaker, and a profound stillness hung over the living, but almost breathless mass. For minutes they continued thus deeply attentive, and seemed to be struck with awe as he proceeded. Suddenly, I saw the whole multitude kneel down, in one concurrent genuflection. They were engaged in silent prayer, and when the priest arose (for he too had knelt down on the platform), they also stood up together from their orison. The movement was performed with the facility of a regimental evolution. I asked (being unacquainted with the language) what it was that had occasioned this extraordinary spectacle? and was informed that the orator had stated to the people that one of his own parishioners, who had voted for Mr. Fitzgerald, had just died; and he called upon the multitude to pray to God for the repose of his soul, and the forgiveness of the offence which he had committed in taking the bribery oath. Money had been his inducement to give his suffrage against Mr. O'Connell. Thus it was the day passed, and it was not until nearly nine o'clock that those who were actively engaged in the election went to dinner. There a new scene

was opened. In a small room in a mean tavern, the whole body of leading patriots, counsellors, attorneys, and agents, with divers interloping partakers of election hospitality, were crammed and piled upon one another, while Mr. O'Connell sat at the head of the feast almost overcome with fatigue, but yet sustained by that vitality which success produces. Enormous masses were strewed upon the deal boards, at which the hungry masticators proceeded to their operations. The more intellectual season of potations succeeded. Toasts were then proposed, and speeches pronounced, and the usual "hip, hip, hurra!" with unusual accompaniments of exultation, followed. The feats of the day were then narrated: — the blank looks of Mr. Hickman (Mr. Fitzgerald's confidential solicitor and conducting agent), whose face had lost all its natural hilarity, and looked at the election like a full moon in a storm; and the tears of Sir Edward O'Brien, were alternately the subjects of merriment. Mr. Whyte was called upon for an imitation of the sheriff, when he used to ride upon an elephant at Calcutta. But in the midst of this conviviality, which was heightened by the consciousness that there was no bill to be paid by gentlemen who were the guests of their country, and long before any inebriating effect was observable, a solemn and spectral figure used to stride in, and the same deep church-yard voice which had previously startled my ears, raised its awful peal, while it exclaimed, "The wolf, the wolf is on the walk. Shepherds of the people, what do you here? Is it meet that you should sit in joyance, while the freeholders remain unprovided, and temptation, in the shape of famine, is amongst them? Arise, I say, arise — the wolf, the wolf is on the walk."

Such was the disturbing adjuration of Father Murphy of Corofin, whose enthusiastic sense of duty never deserted him, and who, when the feast was unfinished, entered like the figure of death in an Egyptian banquet. He walked round the room with a measured pace, chasing the revellers before him, and repeating the same dismal warning, "The wolf, the wolf is upon the walk!" Nothing was comparable to the aspect of Father Murphy upon these occasions, except the physiognomy of Mr. Lawless. This gentleman, who had been usefully exerting himself during the whole day, somewhat reasonably expected that he should be permitted to enjoy the just rewards of patriotism for a few hours without any nocturnal moles-

tation. It was about the time that the exhilarating influence of his eloquent chalices was beginning to display itself that the dismal cry was wont to come upon him. The look of despair with which he surveyed this unrelenting foe to conviviality was almost as ghastly as that of his merciless disturber; and as, like another Tantalus, he saw the draughts of pleasantness hurried away, a schoolmaster who sat by him, and who "was abroad" during the election, used to exclaim —

"A labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina."

It was in vain to remonstrate against Father Murphy, who insisted that the whole company should go forth to meet "the wolf upon the walk." Upon going down stairs, the lower apartments were found thronged with freeholders and priests. To the latter had been assigned the office of providing food for such of the peasants as lived at too great distance from the town to return immediately home; and each clergyman was empowered to give an order to the victuallers and tavern-keepers to furnish the bearer with a certain quantity of meat and beer. The use of whiskey was forbidden. There were two remarkable features observable in the discharge of this office. The peasant who had not tasted food perhaps for twenty-four hours remained in perfect patience and tranquillity until his turn arrived to speak "to his reverence;" and the Catholic clergy continued with unwearied assiduity and the most amiable solicitude, though themselves quite exhausted with fatigue, in the performance of this necessary labor. There they stayed until a late hour in the morning, and until every claimant had been contented. It is not wonderful that such men, animated by such zeal and operating upon so grateful and so energetic a peasantry, should have effected what they succeeded in accomplishing. The poll at length closed; and after an excellent argument delivered by the assessor, Mr. Richard Keatinge, he instructed the sheriff to return Mr. O'Connell as duly elected. The court-house was again crowded, as on the first day, and Mr. Fitzgerald appeared at the head of the defeated aristocracy. They looked profoundly melancholy. Mr. Fitzgerald himself did not affect to disguise the deep pain which he felt, but preserved that gracefulness and perfect good temper which had characterized him during the contest, and which, at its close, disarmed hostility of all its ran-

cor. Mr. O'Connell made a speech distinguished by just feeling and good taste, and begged that Mr. Fitzgerald would forgive him if he had upon the first day given him any sort of offence. Mr. Fitzgerald came forward and unaffectedly assured him that whatever was said should be forgotten. He was again hailed with universal acclamation, and delivered a speech which could not surpass, in good judgment and persuasiveness, that with which he had opened the contest, but was not inferior to it. He left an impression which hereafter will, in all probability, render his return for the county of Clare a matter of certainty; and, upon the other hand, I feel convinced that he has himself carried away from the scene of that contention, in which he sustained a defeat, but lost no honor, a conviction that not only the interests of Ireland, but the safety of the empire, require that the claims of seven millions of his fellow-citizens should be conceded. Mr. Fitzerald, during the progress of the election, could not refrain from repeatedly intimating his astonishment at what he saw, and from indulging in melancholy forebodings of the events of which these incidents are perhaps but the heralds. To do him justice, he appeared at moments utterly to forget himself, and to be absorbed in the melancholy presages which pressed themselves upon him. "Where is all this to end?" was a question frequently put in his presence, and from which he seemed to shrink.

At the close of the poll, Mr. Sheil spoke in the following terms: —

I am anxious to avail myself of this opportunity to make a reparation to Mr. Fitzgerald. Before I had the honor of hearing that gentleman, and of witnessing the conciliatory demeanor by which he is distinguished, I had in another place expressed myself with regard to his political conduct, in language to which I believe that Mr. Fitzgerald referred upon the first day of the election, and which was, perhaps, too deeply tinctured with that animosity which is almost inseparable from the passions by which this country is so unhappily divided. It is but an act of justice to Mr. Fitzgerald to say, that, however we may be under the necessity of opposing him as a member of an administration hostile to our body, it is impossible to entertain towards him a sentiment of individual hostility; and I confess, that, after having observed the admirable temper with which he encountered his antagonists, I cannot but regret that, before I had the means of forming a just estimate of his personal

character, I should have indulged in remarks in which too much acidity may have been infused. The situation in which Mr. Fitzgerald was placed, was peculiarly trying to his feelings. He had been long in possession of this county. Though we considered him as an inefficient friend, we were not entitled to account him an opponent. Under these circumstances it may have appeared harsh, and perhaps unkind, that we should have selected him as the first object for the manifestation of our power; another would have found it difficult not to give way to the language of resentment and of reproach, but so far from doing so, his defence of himself was as strongly marked by forbearance as it was by ability. I thought it, however, not altogether impossible that before the fate of this election was decided, Mr. Fitzgerald might have been merely practising an expedient of wily conciliation, and that when he appeared so meek and self-controlled in the midst of a contest which would have provoked the passions of any ordinary man, he was only stifling his resentment, in the hope that he might succeed in appeasing the violence of the opposition with which he had to contend. But Mr. Fitzgerald, in the demeanor which he has preserved to-day, after the election has concluded with his defeat, has given proof that his gentleness of deportment was not affected and artificial: and, now that he has no object to gain, we cannot but give him as ample credit for his sincerity, as we must give him for that persuasive gracefulness by which his manners are distinguished. Justly has he said that he has not lost a friend in this country; and he might have added that, so far from having incurred any diminution of regard among those who were attached to him, he has appeased to a great extent the vehemence of that political enmity in which the associate of Mr. Peel was not very unnaturally held. But, sir, while I have thus made the acknowledgment which was due to Mr. Fitzgerald, let me not disguise my own feelings of legitimate, but not I hope offensive exultation at the result of this great contest, that has attracted the attention of the English people beyond all example. I am not mean enough to indulge in any contumelious vaunting over one who has sustained his defeat with so honorable a magnanimity. The victory which has been achieved, has been obtained not so much over Mr. Fitzgerald, as over the faction with which I excuse him to a great extent for having been allied. A great display of power

has been made by the Catholic Association, and that manifestation of its influence over the national mind, I regard as not only a very remarkable, but a very momentous incident. Let us consider what has taken place, in order that we may see this singular political phenomenon in its just light. It is right that we attentively survey the extraordinary facts before us, in order that we may derive from them the moral admonitions which they are calculated to supply. What then has happened? Mr. Fitzgerald was promoted to a place in the Duke of Wellington's councils, and the representation of this great county became vacant. The Catholic Association determined to oppose him, and at first view the undertaking seemed to be desperate. Not a single Protestant gentleman could be procured to enter the lists, and in the want of any other candidate, Mr. O'Connell stood forward on behalf of the people. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald came into the field encompassed with the most signal advantages. His father is a gentleman of large estate, and had been long and deservedly popular in Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald himself, inheriting a portion of the popular favor with a favorite name, had for twenty years been placed in such immediate contiguity to power, that he was enabled to circulate a large portion of the influence of government through this fortunate district. There is scarcely a single family of any significance among you, which does not labor under Mr. Fitzgerald's obligations. At this moment it is only necessary to look at him, with the array of aristocracy beside him, in order to perceive upon what a high position for victory he was placed. He stands encompassed by the whole gentry of the county of Clare, who, as they stood by him in the hour of battle, come here to cover his retreat. Almost every gentleman of rank and fortune appears as his auxiliary, and the gentry, by their aspect at this instant, as well as by their devotedness during the election, furnish evidence that in his person their own cause was to be asserted. To this combination of favorable circumstances — to the political friend, to the accomplished gentleman, to the eloquent advocate, at the head of all the patrician opulence of the county, what did we oppose? We opposed the power of the Catholic Association, and with that tremendous engine we have beaten the cabinet minister, and the phalanx of aristocracy by which he is surrounded, to the ground. Why do I mention these things? Is it for the purpose (God forbid

that it should!) of wounding the feelings or exasperating the passions of any man? No, but in order to exhibit the almost marvellous incidents which have taken place, in the light in which they ought to be regarded, and to present them in all their appalling magnitude. Protestants who hear me, gentlemen of the county Clare, you whom I address with boldness, perhaps, but certainly not with any purpose to give you offence, let me entreat your attention. A baronet of rank and fortune, Sir Edward O'Brien, has asked whether this was a condition of things to be endured; he has expatiated upon the extraordinary influence which has been exercised in order to effect these signal results; and, after dwelling upon many other grounds of complaint, he has with great force inveighed against the severance which we have created between the landlord and tenant. Let it not be imagined that I mean to deny that we have had recourse to the expedients attributed to us; on the contrary, I avow it. We have put a great engine into action, and applied the entire force of that powerful machinery which the law has placed under our control. We are masters of the passions of the people, and we have employed our dominion with a terrible effect. But, sir, do you, or does any man here, imagine that we could have acquired this formidable ability to sunder the strongest ties by which the different classes of society are fastened, unless we found the materials of excitement in the state of society itself? Do you think that Daniel O'Connell has himself, and by the single powers of his own mind, unaided by any external co-operation, brought the country to this great crisis of agitation? Mr. O'Connell, with all his talents for excitation, would have been utterly powerless and incapable, unless he had been allied with a great conspirator against the public peace: and I will tell you who that confederate is — it is the law of the land itself that has been Mr. O'Connell's main associate, and that ought to be denounced as the mighty agitator of Ireland. The rod of oppression is the wand of this enchanter, and the book of his spells is the penal code. Break the wand of this political Prospero, and take from him the volume of his magic, and he will evoke the spirits which are now under his control no longer. But why should I have recourse to illustration which may be accounted fantastical, in order to elucidate what is in itself so plain and obvious? Protestant gentlemen, who do me the

honor to listen to me, look, I pray you, a little dispassionately at the real causes of the events which have taken place amongst you. I beg of you to put aside your angry feelings for an instant, and believe me that I am far from thinking that you have no good ground for resentment. It must be most painful to the proprietors of this county to be stripped in an instant of all their influence; to be left destitute of all sort of sway over their dependants, and to see a few demagogues and priests usurping their natural authority. This feeling of resentment must be aggravated by the consciousness that they have not deserved such a return from their tenants; and as I know Sir Edward O'Brien to be a truly benevolent landlord, I can well conceive that the apparent ingratitude with which he was treated has added to the pain which every landlord must experience; and I own that I was not surprised to see tears upon his eyelids, while his face was inflamed with the emotions to which it was not in human nature that he should not give way. But let Sir Edward O'Brien and his fellow-proprietors, who are gathered about him, recollect that the facility and promptitude with which the peasantry have thrown off their allegiance, are owing not so much to any want of just moral feeling on the part of the people, as to the operation of causes for which the people are not to blame. In no other country, except in this, would such a revolution have been effected. Wherefore? Because in no other country are the people divided by the law from their superiors, and cast into the hands of a set of men who are supplied with the means of national excitement by the system of government under which we live. Surely no man can believe that such an anomalous body as the Catholic Association could exist, excepting in a community which had been alienated from the state by the state itself. The discontent and the resentment of seven millions of the population have generated that domestic government which sways public opinion and uses the national passions as the instruments of its will. It would be utterly impossible, if there were no exasperating distinctions amongst us, to create any artificial causes of discontent. Let men declaim for a century, and if they have no real grievance their harangues will be empty sound and idle air. But when what they tell the people is true — when they are sustained by substantial facts, effects are produced, of which what has taken place at this election is only an

example. The whole body of the people having been previously excited, the moment any incident, such as this election, occurs, all the popular passions start simultaneously up, and bear down every obstacle before them.

Do not, therefore, be surprised that the peasantry should throw off their allegiance, when they are under the operation of emotions which it would be wonderful if they could resist. The feeling by which they are actuated, would make them not only vote against their landlord, but would make them scale the batteries of a fortress and mount the breach; and, gentlemen, give me leave to ask you, whether, after a due reflection upon the motives by which your vassals (for so they are accounted) are governed, you will be disposed to exercise any measure of severity in their regard. I hear it said, that before many days go by, there will be many tears shed in the hovels of your slaves, and that you will take a terrible vengeance. I trust that you will not, when your own passions shall have subsided, and your blood has had time to cool, persevere in such a cruel, and let me add, such an unjustifiable determination. Consider whether a great allowance should not be made for the offence which they have committed. If they are under the influence of fanaticism, such an influence affords many circumstances of extenuation:—you should forgive them, "for they know not what they do." They have followed their priests to the hustings, and they would follow them to the scaffold. You will ask, wherefore they should prefer their priests to their landlords, and have a higher reverence for the altars of their religion, than for the counter in which you calculate your rents? Consider a little the relation in which the priest stands towards the peasant. I will take for my example an excellent landlord and an excellent priest. The landlord shall be Sir Edward O'Brien, and the priest shall be Mr. Murphy of Corofin. Who is Sir Edward O'Brien? A gentleman who from the windows of a palace, looks upon possessions almost as wide as those which his ancestors beheld from the summit of their feudal towers. His tenants pay him their rent twice a year, and have their land at a moderate rate. But what are his claims, when put into comparison with those of Mr. Murphy of Corofin, to the confidence, to the affection, and to the fidelity of the peasants who are committed to his care? He is not only the minister of that humble altar at which their forefathers

and themselves were taught to kneel, but he is their kind, their familiar, yet most respected friend. In their difficulties and distresses they have no one else to look to; he never fails when consulted by them, to associate his sympathy with his admonition; for their sake he is ready to encounter every hazard, and, in the performance of the perilous duties incident to his sacerdotal office, he never hesitates to expose his life. In a stormy night, a knocking is heard at the door of the priest of Corofin. He is told that at the foot of the mountain a man of guilt and blood has scarcely more than an hour to live. Will the teacher of the gospel tarry because of the rain and of the wind, and wait until the day shall break, when the soul of an expiring sinner can be saved, and the demons that are impatient for him can still be scared away? He goes forth in the blackness of the tempestuous midnight — he ascends the hill, he traverses the morass — and faint, and cold, and dripping, finds his way to the hovel where his coming is awaited; — with what a gasping of inarticulate gratitude — with what a smile of agony is he welcomed! No fear of contagion, no dread of the exhalations of mortality, reeking from the bed of the pestilential man can appal him, but kneeling down at the side of the departing culprit, and sustaining him in his arms, he receives from lips impregnated with death, the whisper with which the heart is unloaded of its mysteries, and, raising up his eyes to heaven, pronounces the ritual of absolution in the name of Him of whose commission of mercy he is the befitting bearer, and whose precepts he illustrates in his life and inculcates in his example. And can you feel wonder and resentment that under the influence of such a man as I have described to you, your dependants should have ventured upon a violation of your mandates? Forgive me if I venture to supplicate, on behalf of your tenants, for forbearance. Pardon them, in the name of one who will forgive you your offences in the same measure of compassion which you will show to the trespasses of those who have sinned against yourselves. Do not persecute these poor people: don't throw their children upon the public road, and send them forth to starve, to shiver, and to die. For God's sake, Mr. Fitzgerald, as you are a gentleman and a man of honor, interpose your influence with your friends, and redeem your pledge. I address myself personally to you. On the first day of the election you declared that

you would deprecate persecution, and that you were the last to wish that vindictive measures should be employed. I believe you — and I call upon you to redeem that pledge of mercy, to perform that great moral promise. You will cover yourself with honor by so doing, in the same way that you will share in the ignominy that will attend upon any expedients of rigor. Before you leave this country to assume your high functions, enjoin your friends with that eloquence of which you are the master, to refrain from cruelty and not to oppress their tenants. Tell them, sir, that instead of busying themselves in the worthless occupation of revenge, it is much fitter that they should take the political condition of their country into their deep consideration. Tell them that they should address themselves to the legislature, and implore a remedy for these frightful evils. Tell them to call upon the men, in whose hands the destiny of this great empire is placed to adopt a system of peace, and to apply to Ireland the great canon of political morality — *pacis imponere morem.* Let it not be imagined that any measure of disfranchisement, that any additional penalty, will afford a remedy. Things have been permitted to advance to a height from which they cannot recede. Protestants, awake to a sense of your condition. What have you seen during this election? Enough to make you feel that it is not a mere local excitation, but that seven millions of Irish people are completely arrayed and organized. That which you behold in Clare, you would behold, under similar circumstances, in every county in the kingdom. Did you mark our discipline, our subordination, our good order, and that tranquillity, which is formidable indeed? You have seen sixty thousand men under our command, and not a hand was raised, and not a forbidden word was uttered in that amazing multitude. You have beheld an example of our power in the almost miraculous sobriety of the people. Their lips have not touched that infuriating beverage to which they are so much attached, and their habitual propensity vanished at our command. Is it meet and wise to leave us armed with such a dominion? Trust us not with it; strip us of this appalling power; disarray us by equality; instead of angry slaves make us contented citizens; if you do not, tremble for the result.

Repeal of the Union.

Speech in the House of Commons on the 25th of April, 1834.

THE speech just spoken by the member for the county of Wexford has been received with acclamations, and if it were less able, the acclamation would not, perhaps, have been less enthusiastic, or less loud. Fortunate advocate, whose success depends as much at least on the predilections of the tribunal, as upon the merits of the cause! I have heard my honorable friend when he exhibited fully as much eloquence as upon this occasion, but never saw him received with such cordiality at the outset, or such rapture at the termination of any of his former harangues. With what clearness of exposition, with what irresistible force, for example, did he demand justice for the Irish people after the massacre of Newtownbarry? He presented a picture of that atrocious transaction, compared to which, his accounts of the fatal effects of agitation are weak and inefficient indeed. The incidents which he described, and the picturesque diction in which his narrative was conveyed, ought to have produced a great impression upon his auditory, yet how coldly did all that he then urged fall upon his hearers. You were then frigid and apathetic; you are now, in the highest degree, susceptible and alive to the accomplishments of the member for the county of Wexford. My honorable friend is now a devoted and unqualified antagonist of repeal. Was it always thus? Did he not say — that if justice was not done to Ireland on the tithe question, he should, however reluctantly, become an advocate for repeal?

Mr. Lambert — I do not recollect having ever said so.

Mr. Sheil — At all events, he declared that the denial of justice with respect to the Irish Church, would have the effect of inducing the great mass of the population to embrace repeal. Whether he

spoke of himself, or of the country, putting personal considerations out of view, the inference is nearly the same. He expressed a desire when he began, that the member for Dublin should be in attendance while he reviewed his conduct. The wish was gratified. The member for Dublin entered the house (which the honorable member for the county of Wexford never would have entered but for the member for Dublin), and I own that I did not think that he had any cause to wince under the chastisement applied to him by the hon. member. But how, after all, are the real merits of this great question affected by these resentful references to incidents which have taken place outside this house? Is this the proper field for encounter between two honorable gentlemen? The member for the county of Wexford may have been wronged;—language may have been applied to him by the member for Dublin with regard to his conduct on the Coercion Bill, which deserves condemnation. I regret it; but let him bear in mind that the obligation conferred upon him by the member for Dublin, ought to outweigh every injury. Though he has been smitten in the face, let him remember that the hand that struck him, struck his fetters off. The honorable member for Wexford has adverted to the remuneration, which the people of Ireland have bestowed upon the member for Dublin. He should have considered the extent of the service, before he derided the reward. For thirty years the member for Dublin has toiled in the cause of Ireland; he has been mainly instrumental in achieving the liberty of his fellow-countrymen; he has relinquished great emoluments by abstracting himself from his profession, and by making a dedication of his faculties to the interests of his country: — Ireland felt that it behove her to prove her gratitude for that freedom, which is above all price.

I turn from these painful topics to the subject presented to our deliberation. Not a word has yet been said upon the amendment.

Many may conceive that the original proposition ought to be rejected, and yet will, I hope, pause before they adopt the sentiments contained in the address. The question before the house is, not merely whether a committee should be granted for the purpose of investigating a question on which the Secretary for the Treasury thought it not inexpedient to deliver an harangue, of which the length must be admitted to be unsurpassed, but whether we shall

vote an address, which not only contains an approval of the Union, but states besides, that the policy adopted with respect to Ireland has been judicious, wise, and just. Observe what it is you are called upon to place on record; mark the following paragraph: —

"We humbly represent to your Majesty that the Imperial Parliament have taken the affairs of Ireland into their most serious consideration, and that various salutary laws have been enacted since the Union for the advancement of the most important interests of Ireland, and of the empire at large."

What other object can there be for this assertion, but to declare that the course pursued by parliament has been such, as not to make it requisite that any change should be adopted. Suppose that in the year 1827, when Mr. Canning was Prime Minister, and so many members of the present cabinet were associated with him, the noble lord, the Paymaster of the Forces had introduced the question of parliamentary reform, which Mr. Canning declared he would resist, — not "to the death," but to the last moment of his life, and that the Conservative party had introduced an address against reform similar to this address against repeal, would not all the arguments advanced in support of this address have applied as forcibly to that which I have hypothetically suggested? The Conservative address against reform might have run thus: — "We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons in parliament assembled, feel it our duty humbly to approach your Majesty's throne, to record, in the most solemn manner, our fixed determination to maintain, unimpaired and undisturbed, the constitution of parliament — (I substitute it for 'legislative union'), which we consider to be essential to the strength and stability of the empire, to the continuance of the connection between the two countries, and to the peace, and security and happiness of all classes of your Majesty's subjects. In expressing to your Majesty our resolution to maintain the constitution inviolate, we humbly beg leave to assure your Majesty, that we shall persevere in applying our best attention to the removal of all just causes of complaint, and to the promotion of all well-considered measures of improvement."

Had such an address been proposed, how would it have been denounced? Would it not have been considered as amounting to a sanction of all the policy pursued by the boroughmongering ad-

ministrations? In that light it would, beyond doubt, have been represented by that Whig party, which, after having passed their political lives in reprobating the conduct of their opponents while they were in power, call on the house to pronounce upon the measures of the last thirty-four years an unqualified panegyric. I shall, in the course of the observations I mean to make, revert to this view of the amendment, which I have only suggested, in order that the house might see exactly what it was called on to do, and the extent of the proposition which has been made by the government. I return to the original motion. The member for Dublin demands a committee to enquire into the results of the Union, and the probable consequences of its continuance. I should at once grapple with the argument derived from the alleged likelihood of separation, but that it belongs to the prophetic part of the case; — it is better to deal with facts before we indulge in predictions; and, before we look forward, to look back. Before the year 1782, Ireland lay prostrate. The foot of England was upon her neck, and was applied with the pressure which, in such an attitude, is habitually employed. Why do I revert to a period so remote? I call up your ancestors in order to show you that you have preserved a resemblance to them — in the pictures of your predecessors a national likeness may be traced. Between an Irish Parliament under the direct control of an English, and an Imperial Parliament, in which Irish members are overwhelmed by English majorities, there is some distinction, but not much difference to be found. Was Ireland justified in demanding her independence? Few will deny it. Yet its advocates were aspersed with contumelies as foul as are now poured from high places on the champions of repeal.

The tract of Molyneux was burned by order of the British House of Commons, and the office was performed by an appropriate representative of the feelings of Englishmen towards the sister country. This proposition was treated as a wretched absurdity, or a base expedient. It was denounced as impracticable, events converted the impossibility into fact. When the Irish Parliament had achieved its independence, how did it employ the noble instrument which it had so gloriously won? Free trade, the independence of the judges, the Habeas Corpus Act, concessions to the Roman Catholics, were the measures associated with independence. The Secretary to the

Treasury, Mr. Spring Rice, has cited the authority of Mr. Grattan, for the purpose of showing that Mr. Grattan condemned the proceedings of the Irish Parliament from the year 1782, up to the time of the Union. I could cite the authority of Mr. Grattan on the other side; but I will not occupy the time of the house with prolixities of this sort, nor refer to a multitude of authorities. To one, however, I cannot refrain from adverting, that of Edmund Burke, because it must weigh beyond every other, in the mind of the Secretary for the Treasury, as Edmund Burke considered England his adopted, and (he had good cause to do so) his dearer country. It is not wonderful that Edmund Burke should have given a preference to England; "where a man hath his treasure, there also he hath his heart." I shall not molest the house with long extracts; it is enough to refer to Edmund Burke's speech on conciliation with America, and to his letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, for glowing descriptions of the rapid and wide advances made by Ireland after 1782. The course adopted by the government is singular, — they tell us in the first place, that all reference to events before the Union is inapplicable, and that our encomiums on the Irish Parliament are out of place, and afterwards they themselves resort to every petty anecdote connected with our parliament, and disinter from oblivion every derogatory circumstance, to make out a case against us. The argument is this: — the Irish Parliament was often under the influence of the populace — its proceedings were interrupted and controlled, and therefore it ought not to exist. Might I not say, Cromwell broke into this house, bade a rude soldier take away "this bauble" on which I now lay my hand, therefore there ought not to be a House of Commons! The reasoning against the Irish Parliament is the same. The Secretary for the Treasury has quoted every bad act passed by the Irish — he has quoted every good one passed by an Imperial Parliament. Why did he omit any — the least — mention of any one of the beneficial measures enacted by the parliament of his country? I should be justified in opening the Irish Statutes, and going through the entire of its legislation. But this would be a tedious process. To one part only of the legislation of the Irish Parliament shall I call the attention of the house. Many a time has it been said that the Irish Parliament, left to itself, would never carry the Roman Catholic Question. Let us not judge by idle con-

jectures of what it was probable it would have done, but by a reference to what it actually did do. What was the conduct with respect to the Roman Catholics of the Irish and the English Parliaments at the same time? The English Parliament made some concessions, but excluded Roman Catholics from the Universities, from corporations, from the bench of magisterial justice, from grand juries, from petty juries, and from the hustings. What, on the other hand, was the conduct of the Irish Parliament? It admitted Roman Catholics to the Universities, to corporations, to the magisterial bench, to the grand jury box, to the petty jury, and, above and gloriously paramount to all, it conferred upon them the elective franchise — furnished a fulcrum by which Ireland placed a mighty lever — gave the weapon with which the victory of peace was achieved — gave that which being conceded, the noble residue of freedom could not be withheld. I shall, by and by, have occasion to compare the conduct of the Imperial Parliament with that of the Irish Parliament, with regard to the Catholic Question.

We are told that an Irish Parliament would be favorable to separation. The object of the rebellion was separation. How did the Irish Parliament act? If it co-operated with the conspirators, or connived at their project, there would be some plausibility in the suggestion. But not only was there no party with a leaning to the insurgents, but there was not a man in that assembly who did not concur in the suppression of the revolt; and it was remarkable that the men who were most devoted to Irish independence, were equally attached to connexion with this country. Never did there exist a body which displayed a more genuine and enthusiastic loyalty; and shall that great fact be held in no account? France saw in the Irish Parliament a representative of the intelligence of Ireland, whose moral influence co-operated with military power, and who rallied the nation round the standard of the King, by inculcating the great principle, that allegiance is but a modification of patriotism, and fidelity to our institutions a part of the love of country. Pass to the Union. Of the infamy of the means by which it was carried, it is unnecessary to say much because the fact is undisputed. But it is said — "of what consequence are the means? *Factum valet.*" Convenient aphorism! By a judicious application of this canon in the Machiavelian casuistry, there is no atrocity which may not be

turned to account. Lord Grey would not — God forbid! — have ever robbed Ireland of her legislature, but he has no objection to become receiver of her spoliated rights. But let us put the ethics of the question, except so far as they are connected with expediency, out of the case; yet have they no connexion with expediency? The means have mingled with the effects, because they have generated the feelings which would more than vitiate any good which the Union could produce. From a source so foul, the Irish people think that nothing pure can be derived. They think that no matter over what time it may pass, the current can never run clear. They look back with detestation to the venality and the turpitude by which their legislature was bartered — that which is an object of national abhorrence must be prolific of many evils, and barren of all good. Some one said that a fault was worse than a crime; a crime seldom fails to be a fault. The memory of the delinquency makes it a mistake. The consideration of the instrumentality by which the Union was accomplished is not irrelevant; but let us consider the more direct and palpable effects of the measure. They are divisible into two heads, — the fiscal and political. The Secretary for the Treasury has appealed to a great number of financial facts, to sustain the proposition that the Union has produced the prosperity of Ireland. In 1796 Edmund Burke published his letters on the Regicide Peace. In one of them, like the Secretary for the Treasury, he combines rhetoric and arithmetic together. He refers to the exports and imports, to the official returns respecting the revenue, the customs, taxes, excise, manufactures, and tonnage and all the other materials of fiscal calculation. He concludes that nothing is so useful as war, and calls on England to fight on. But if the inference of Edmund Burke were wrong, is the inference of the member for Cambridge right? Look at Canada. Its prosperity may be demonstrated. Why should not Ireland prosper with a local government as well as Canada? If you effected a Union with Canada, would you not lose the country — would you keep it for three years?

The Secretary for the Treasury says, that Ireland prospers because she enjoys a free trade. In the event of repeal would there not be a free trade? Is it not the interest of both countries that there should not be any commercial restrictions? Ireland consumes £7,000,000

of your manufactures — you consume several millions of her produce. How would it be your interest to restrict her trade, when she affords you your best, nearest, and safest market? Are not the people of England clamoring for a free trade with France? Would they refuse it to Ireland? I deny — (and I know it is the sentiment of the great body of my countrymen) — that a repeal of the Union would produce an abolition of the free trade between the two countries. Will the Vice-President of the Board of Trade assert that repeal ought to lead to a cessation of free trade between Ireland and England, when he maintains the utility of free trade with all the world. But, then, it is said that, in consequence of the Union, Ireland has the exclusive market of England. If that has hitherto been the case, how long will you pledge yourselves that this advantage shall continue? Will you pledge yourselves that the present corn laws shall stand? Will the English manufacturer concur in such a pledge? and if he will not, what becomes of this argument? Place the integrity of the empire in one scale, and a quartern loaf in the other, and on which side, in the mind of a political economist, will the preponderancy be found? But after all, is it here, in a debate like this, that questions so complicated are to be determined?

Give me leave to ask of those who have heard the honorable member for Dublin, and who have listened to the member for Cambridge, whether the arithmetic of both parties, is not a much fitter subject for investigation in a committee, than for discussion, or rather retorts, and derisions, and invective, and acclamation here? Was Ireland prosperous before the Union? Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, and a crowd of other authorities, have been cited to establish it. But it may be said that the antecedent prosperity of Ireland does not touch the main question. If so, why did the right honorable gentleman think it necessary to advert to it? He has taken from it every quality of impertinence, and given it relevancy and value. To one prominent point in this part of the case I shall apply myself. Indeed, with respect to finance, there is but one observation which I desire to make, and in that I believe myself to be well founded, for I am borne out in it by the authority of a gentleman who was once Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland — Sir John Newport; and this opinion is sustained by that of Lord Plunket. I will not trouble the house by quoting their opinions at length, but I will give

the substance of them; and if anyone doubts the accuracy of my statement, I can produce the passages to which I refer. Ireland, at the time of the Union, was charged with the contribution of two-seventeenths to the general expenditure of the two kingdoms. Was that fair? Sir John Newport pronounced it to be most unjust — so did Lord Plunket; but the fact goes further than their authority, for it turned out that Ireland was unable to pay the share she had contracted to contribute. What was the consequence? It was necessary to make up the deficiency by successive loans. Where was the money borrowed? In England; and the revenue of Ireland was applied to paying the interest on those loans. How many millions were paid by Ireland in consequence of that injustice? Between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000 a year up to 1816. You have got so much, then, of the revenue of Ireland, which you ought never to have received. Has no injustice been done to Ireland in this respect? But you will tell me that you have cured all this by the consolidation of the exchequers of the two countries. You have not; because at the time of the Union, you agreed that the surplus revenue of Ireland should be spent in Ireland: there would have been a surplus, but for the charge of two-seventeenths. You consolidated the exchequers on account of the excessive charge, and now the whole of our revenue comes to your exchequer. By the return, a clear surplus beyond our expenditure appears; that surplus you receive.

You talk of British capital flowing into Ireland — you might as well talk of infusing blood into the veins, while you were opening the arteries. The Secretary for Ireland says absenteeism existed before the Union. Yes; but you have aggravated the disease, and taken away the cure. Do you deny that the evil has been augmented? The Secretary for the Treasury tells us that Dublin is more prosperous. Hear the report of a committee of this house, in 1825: —

"Your committee feel an earnest hope that the peculiar situation in which the city of Dublin has been placed by the Union will not be lost sight of by this house. Prior to that event, ninety-eight Peers and a proportionate number of wealthy Commoners inhabited the same. At present the number of resident Peers does not exceed twelve."

At the present moment there are not more than two. Ninety-eight

resident Peers before the Union — at present two! The report of committee contains these additional words: —

"Thus the effect of the Union has been to withdraw from Dublin many of those who were likely to contribute most effectually to its opulence and prosperity."

The same opinion was expressed by Sir John Newport, on the 22nd of April, 1822, in a debate in this house, in which the Right Honorable Secretary to the Treasury took part.

"Before the Union (said Sir John) the progress of taxation in Ireland had been comparatively moderate, and I am perfectly convinced that had parliament, since the Union, pursued the course which wisdom dictated with respect to this object, it would have been precisely the reverse of that which they have adopted. It is manifest that one of the evils of Ireland, confessedly prominent in the list of those under which she suffers, is the magnitude and number of her absentee proprietors. By their absence the people are deprived of those to whom they could with confidence look up."

Is the absence of the nobility and chief gentry of that country of no account? I admit that some noblemen, like the Duke of Devonshire, Lords Hertford, Lansdowne, Camden, Fitzwilliam, Essex, and others, must remain residents in this country. Some arrangement might be made by an Irish Parliament in their regard; but the necessity of attending the two houses here has caused the absence of others, who otherwise would live in Ireland. An Irish Parliament would tax absenteeism. The Secretary for Ireland, the member for Staffordshire, between whom and the honorable member for Belfast, there last night passed an interchange of parliamentary endearments, spoke of a tax upon the property of absentees as amounting to confiscation. Are the acts of the Irish Parliament void? You would resent a hint touching the invalidity of the Act of Union: extend to other acts the benefit of your doctrine. We have acts of the Irish Parliament (Richard II. and Henry VIII.), by which the proprietors of estates were subject to a heavy forfeiture during their absence. This principle of taxation was adopted by an English Parliament when the kings of England had dominions in France, and their subjects preferred residence on their estates in that country. Look at the inconvenience of the tax on the one hand, and the misery of the

people of Ireland on the other, and then tell me which ought to weigh most in the consideration of the legislature.

When you expatiate on the increased prosperity of the country as proved by its exports, do you forget that when converted into money, it is in the palaces, the banquets and saloons of this metropolis, that the fruits of Irish labor are expended? What is the condition of the mass of the people? The population of Ireland has doubled since the Union. Has her capital increased in the same proportion — and is there not a far greater mass of misery than there was before? "The greater happiness of the greater number" being applied as a test, in what light shall we see the results of the Union to the people, the state of the people? The exports of Ireland, forsooth — go — let the right honorable gentleman take his stand on the quay of the city which he once represented; let him look on whole fleets upon the Shannon, freighted to the water's edge with grain, the produce of myriads of acres, and with flocks and herds innumerable, depastured upon the land on which heaven has rained fertility, and after he shall have contemplated the spectacle on which it does the heart of an economist good to rest, let him turn round and look on the starving peasantry by whom all these materials for absentee splendor have been created — behold the famine, the wretchedness, and the pestilence of the Irish hovel, and if he have the heart to do so, let him mock at the calamities of his country, and proceed in his demonstration of the prosperity of Ireland. The mass of the people are in a condition more wretched than that of any nation in Europe; they are worse housed, worse covered, worse fed than the basest boors in the provinces of Russia; they dwell in habitations to which your swine would not be committed; they are covered with rags which your beggars would disdain to wear; and not only do they never taste the flesh of the animals which crowd into your markets, and while the sweat drops from their brows, they never touch the bread into which their harvests are converted. For you they toil; for you they delve; they reclaim the bog, and drive the plough to the mountain's top for you. And where does all this misery exist? In a country teeming with fertility, and stamped with the beneficent intents of God. When the famine of Ireland prevailed; when her cries crossed the channel, and pierced your ears, and reached your hearts, the granaries of Ireland were bursting with their contents,

and while a people knelt down, and stretched out their hands for food, the business of deportation, the absentee tribute was going on. Talk of the prosperity of Ireland! Talk of the external magnificence of a poorhouse, gorged with misery within. I am glad that I have recollected the poor laws. Wherefore are half this house favorable to an Irish poor law! Is it not because the people are reduced to straits at which humanity recoils? And how does your sympathy with the Irish poor at one moment accord with your expatiations on Irish prosperity at another? But let me be just. I do not accuse the Secretary for the Treasury of being favorable to poor laws He sees the poor laws from the Shannon, as he sees repeal from the Thames. He takes a treasury view of the one, and a Mount Trenchard view of the other. We propose repeal — others propose poor laws. What does he suggest? What nostrum will he produce from the Downing-street dispensary of political empiricism? All that Ireland requires is good government? Has she been well governed? "Yes," says the Secretary of the Treasury. I proceed to the political head of this great question.

The right honorable gentleman, on this part of the case has spoken with more than his usual talent — which is saying much; and with more than his usual earnestness — which is saying a good deal. He designates himself as a West Briton. He does himself injustice, for he is more than English. It was said of the English colonist, that he was *Hibernis Hibernior*. He improved upon our indigenous barbarism. British civilization has produced an opposite result, in a proportionate degree of refinement on the mind of the right honorable gentleman. All the mud of his native Shannon has not only been washed off by his ablutions in the Cam, but he comes more fresh and glossy from the academic water, than those who at their birth were immersed in the classic stream. But did the right honorable gentlemen always see the government of Ireland in the same light — or does the configuration, and do the colors of objects depend on the position from which they are seen? There was a time when the right honorable gentleman saw nothing but gloom in the political horizon; but now every cloud is filled with the radiance of his imagination, and he beholds nothing but brightness, gorgeousness, and gold. He has represented the conduct of the Imperial Parliament towards his native country as wise and generous. I shall be able to

prove from the uniform tenor of the right honorable gentleman's speeches in opposition, that until he came into office he regarded the system by which Ireland was governed as fraught with injustice. He has picked from the speeches delivered by the member for Dublin every loose expression, every careless phrase which he could apply to his purposes. Blame us not if in this, as in other particulars, we presume to follow your example. Since you rely upon the ebullitions of popular excitement at public meetings, and upon those thoughtless and inconsiderate declamations which are thrown off in utter recklessness amidst casual gatherings of the people — since you quote after-dinner orators, and rely upon the rhetoric of the Corn Exchange; permit us, on the other hand, to refer to your own solemn and reiterated declarations made in your legislative capacity in this house, and to exhibit the enormity of the contradiction that exists between your conduct in office and that which you adopted before you arrived at power. How has Ireland been governed since the Union? Whigs of 1834 — how have the forebodings of the Whigs of 1799 been fulfilled? They foretold the result of that vile exchange, that base swap by which Ireland was forced to give up the entirety of her legislature for a miserable sixth in that imperial co-partnership, and became dependant upon majorities composed of men who care little about the welfare, sympathize less with the feelings, and know nothing of the interests of Ireland. Let us see the evidences of British magnanimity, British generosity, and British justice? The Secretary for the Treasury has gone through a variety of details to establish the undeviating beneficence of an Imperial Legislature. Hear the language (let him listen to it) uttered by himself on the 22d of April, 1822. Thus speaks the member for Limerick: —

"What was the first tribute which the Imperial Parliament of 1801 tendered to Ireland in their first notice of the situation of that country after the Union? Their first statute was the Irish Martial Law Bill."

On Wednesday the right honorable gentleman recapitulated the acts which the Imperial Parliament had passed for Ireland. He went through acts for lighting and paving the streets — he enlarged on the achievements of pure legislation — he recounted the provisions of various statutes on small subjects — but never once alluded

to the questions which touch the heart of the country to the core; and entirely forgot that, in 1822, he had exclaimed that the renewal of martial law in 1801, was the first piece of legislation adopted by the Imperial Parliament with respect to Ireland. But I will not do him the injustice of suppressing the rest of his observations in that remarkable declaration. The right honorable gentlemen went on, and said that the spirit in which the British Parliament legislated for Ireland had been in accordance with the principle on which the act establishing martial law was founded. He added —

"In tracing the history of Irish legislation, both before and since the Union, there appeared as it were, two streams passing through the channel of Parliament. In one flowed acts of strenuous finance, or equally strong coercion — the one with great malice, the other with great power. In the other channel the struggle was made, but made in vain, to procure an examination into the state and condition of the people, in the hope of discovering and applying some remedy for their evils."

Will the right honorable gentlemen give us a committee to examine into them now?

"It was curious," he continued, "in tracing these proceedings, to observe with what a singularly felicitous uniformity the channel of coercion always flowed, and that of inquiry was always resisted and impeded."

Thus spoke the right honorable gentlemen in 1822. Now hear his amendment of 1834. See what a metamorphosis the right honorable gentleman has undergone? Peruse the address in which he sets forth the wisdom of British legislation, and reconcile the member for Limerick with the Secretary for the Treasury if you can. I could quote fifty speeches of the right honorable gentlemen of the same character, but I have not time; let us turn from him, and in a rapid retrospect, look at the policy pursued by the Imperial Parliament since the Union. Not a mere hint, not an insinuation whispered by a secretary into the ear of a Catholic peer at the Castle, but a pledge was given (the more obligatory because it rested upon honor for its fulfillment), that the Union should be followed by emancipation. How was that pledge redeemed? What evidence was afforded of the liberal and enlightened spirit of the Imperial Legislature? Panegyrists of the Union try it by its fruits, and look

to historical notorieties, as well as to treasury calculations. Mr. Pitt could not carry the question — he was compelled to resign. 1801, 1802, 1803 and 1804 passed by. The question was not even introduced; it would have been treated as repeal is to-night. Henry Grattan himself did not, until 1805, venture to raise his voice in the cause of his country. At length Mr. Fox, in 1805, moved for a committee. The proposition was spurned at: the Whigs came in. The "no popery" howl is raised — the Catholic question is left to the umpirage of a ferocious multitude, and the rights of millions of your fellow-subjects are trampled under foot by the infuriated populace which Protestantism has summoned to its aid. The Whigs are driven from office — not for having proposed emancipation, but for having made the humble suggestion that men who shed their blood for England, should be capable of honor. The new parliament assembles. Ireland asked for freedom, and she received the Insurrection Act. In 1812 an ordinance issues, signed "Wellesley Pole," from the Castle, and the Catholic committee is dispersed. Mr. Saurin tries the Catholic delegates and fails. He mends his hand, packs a jury, and procures a conviction. The jury was packed — the panel was sent marked and dotted from the Castle. Who were the loudest to proclaim, and to reprobate the practice by which justice was polluted to its source? The very men who now see nothing in the government of Ireland but matter for admiration, and persevere in the very course which they had formerly held up to the execration of the country. In 1814, the Insurrection Act is renewed; the Whigs hurled the thunders of their eloquence against it. Would that I could here make some pause, in order to lay before the house some of those masterpieces of eloquence in which they held up to indignation the outrage committed on the constitution. But I must hurry on; seven years go by; nothing is done for Ireland, and yet all this while there has been a vast majority of Irish members in favor of Catholic emancipation. Their remonstrances, their entreaties for justice were spurned and derided. By whom was Ireland oppressed and degraded? By whom was the penal system (the parent of such a brood of evil) maintained? Englishmen, by you! and yet, in the face of these facts, an Irishman asks you to pronounce a retrospective panegyric upon the fanaticism by which the measures of thirty years were distinguished. In 1821, George the Fourth

goes to Ireland; in our loyalty he finds evidence of our felicity. In 1822, Lord Wellesley (the present viceroy) recommends the renewal of the Insurrection Act. It was consistent to send him to administer the coercive bill. No one was more prominent than the Secretary for the Treasury in reprobating the principles on which that unconstitutional proceeding was founded. In 1824, the Insurrection Act was again renewed, and again the Whigs declaimed and stormed. In the interval the Catholic Association was created. By whom? Not by the Catholic gentry — not by the men who denounce repeal and repealers — but, with the aid of the people, by a man, who, whatever estimate may be formed of this question in this house, has done great things; has written his name in ineffaceable permanence in the records of his country, and built himself on the liberty of Ireland a monument which will never fall.

The agitation and organization of Ireland proceeded. In 1825 the Catholic delegates arrived in London. How many of the evils that have since arisen might have been prevented if the terms which were tendered by Ireland had not been rejected. Mr. Canning comes into office, gives up Catholic emancipation, and is denounced for apostacy by Lord Grey. Why did Mr. Canning give up that measure? Was it from any renegade spirit? It was because he knew it was hopeless to attempt to carry the question in the Imperial Parliament, "which has passed," according to the Secretary of the Treasury, "so many salutary and beneficial measures for the people of Ireland." We were as much at your mercy then as we were before 1782. The prejudices of England were insuperable. The Goderich Administration, Lansdowne, Herries & Co., succeeded Canning. It died in its cradle. At length — (there was one Arthur Wellesley, member for Trim, in the Irish House of Commons, who asserted the necessity of emancipation in 1793) — at length the Duke of Wellington consummated in the cabinet that renown which he had obtained in the field, and, with the aid of a man who did incalculable services by inestimable sacrifices, gave freedom to 7,000,000 of his fellow-citizens; but with what injustice was it accompanied? The Irish Parliament bestowed upon the forty-shilling freeholders of Ireland the elective franchise. It remained for the Imperial Parliament to deprive them of the right. This proceeding was denounced as spoliation. By whom? By Lord Brougham, by Lord Grey—the

men who would not commit the robbery, but who, when the Reform Bill came on, refused restitution. Are not these facts? Have I said a word that is not the fact? And to all this what does the Secretary for the Treasury reply? At the end of almost every fourth sentence in one part of his speech (I was surprised, knowing his command of language and the copiousness of his vocabulary,) the right honorable gentleman exclaimed "nonsense;" then he cried out "trash," and afterwards "stuff." Ah, sir, there is in this melancholy detail, truth, dismal, disastrous truth. Your delay of emancipation was fatal. If you had passed the Catholic Relief Bill years before, none of the results which you so much lament would have been produced. You were wrong; you know it, and yet I scarce condemn you for it. I blame the Union, which left the people of Ireland at the mercy of the fanatical passions by which the legislature was controlled. But the Secretary for the Treasury exclaims, "If the agitators would but let us alone, and allow Ireland to be tranquil." The agitators, forsooth! Does he venture—has he the intrepidity to speak thus? Agitators! Against deep potations let the drunkard rail; at Crockford's let there be homilies against the dice box; let every libertine lament the progress of licentiousness when his Majesty's ministers deplore the influence of demagogues and Whigs complain of agitation.

How did you carry Reform? Was it not by impelling the people almost to the verge of revolution? Was there a stimulant for their passions—was there a provocative for their excitement, to which you did not resort? If you have forgotten, do you think that we shall fail to remember your meetings at Edinburgh, at Paisley, at Manchester, at Birmingham? Did not 300,000 men assemble? Did they not pass resolutions against taxes? Did they not threaten to march on London? Did not two of the cabinet ministers indite to them epistles of gratitude and of admiration? and do they now dare, have they the audacity, to speak of agitation? Have we not as good a title to demand the restitution of our parliament as the ministers to insist on the reform of this house? Wherefore should we not adopt the same means to effect it? The member for the county of Wexford has had the imprudence to talk of Catholic bishops being treated with disrespect, and of excesses committed by the populace. Bishops! What, is it only in Ireland that it is a crime to

assail a bishop? And have the flames of Bristol left no reflection behind?

I have demonstrated that at least for twenty-nine years Ireland was misgoverned. Twenty-nine years of agitation, and at length justice was extorted from an Imperial Parliament! But since emancipation, since the Whigs have come into office, has all gone well? Let us pass over some smaller details — the Alms Bill, the jury packing, the exclusion of Catholics on tithe questions, the infusion of theology into the police; let us go to great and essential incidents. I shall dwell on no more than three. In your Reform Bill you adopted population as a standard here; you did not employ it in Ireland. You gave Wales, with 800,000 people, three additional representatives, eight to Scotland with 2,500,000, and five to Ireland with her 8,000,000. You did not restore the forty-shilling freeholders. You have left towns in Ireland with 12,000 people without a representative; and you have left your paltry boroughs here. It was either necessary, or it was not, to pass your Coercion Bill. It was either necessary, or it was not, for the opponents of the Insurrection Act to put upon the statute-book a precedent for tyranny, and to supersede the tribunals of the country with the legislation of the Horse-Guards and the judicature of the barrack-yard. If it was unnecessary, it was detestable and atrocious; and if it was necessary for Lord Grey to introduce a bill which passed without dissent in the Lords, and which there were men who support ministers who declared that they would rather die than support it in that shape; if that was necessary, by whom was the necessity created? You have had Ireland for thirty-three years under your rule; you have been her absolute and undisputed masters; and if her condition be deplorable, if atrocities have been perpetrated which call for rigorous laws, are you not responsible for this disastrous state of things — and to you, and to your Union, which armed you with power unlimited for good or evil, is it not to be referred? So much for your coercive measure; but for its severity you made up (did you not?) by your Tithe and Church Bills, your 147th clause, and those absurd and cruel experiments — absurd in theory and cruel in result — with which you have endeavored to reconcile that most monstrous of all anomalies — a church of one religion and almost an entire nation of another.

I turn to the member for Paisley, and other Scotchmen who appeal to the results of the Scotch Union. Was such an article, as the fifth article of the Act of Union, giving eternity to the Protestant Church, among the terms on which Scotland gave up her legislature? If any attempt had been made to establish episcopacy by her Union, if a mitred pontificate had been inflicted upon her, what would have been the consequences? She would not have for a moment endured it. Her people would have risen almost to a man against such a Union — to the death they would have resisted it — the country would have been deluged in blood. And if at last England and episcopacy had prevailed, they must have reared their altars in a desert, for Scotland would have left them nothing but a wilderness for their worship.

I cannot sit down without adverting to two points: first, the probable constitution of an Irish Parliament; secondly, the likelihood of separation. As to the first, let the Whigs recollect that, on the Reform question, it was urged that this house would be filled by men of an inferior station. It was answered, property must prevail; wherefore should it not prevail in Ireland as well as here? Is it not manifest that, in a little while after the repeal had been carried, the Irish nation would follow the example of all other nations, and select men of influence, from fortune or talents (which give a higher title to respect), as the depositaries of the legislative trust? The qualification of the Irish voter (£10 a-year rent), ought surely to secure a highly respectable representation. Besides, observe that if the evil is to take place after repeal, it must take place without it. If Ireland would then return 300 unworthy men, she will return 105 of the same character; and thus you entail on yourselves as great an evil as that which you apprehend as a consequence of repeal. The arguments which are urged against repeal, were the very same as those which were pressed by Conservatives against reform. They said that a collision would take place between Lords and Commons, and saw as many calamities in that collision, as you foresee in the anticipated disagreements of the Irish and English Parliaments. No man pointed out these consequences with more force than Mr. Canning — an authority which the noble lord the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the President of the Board of Control, once held in some regard. But was Lord Grey terrified by the phantom of revolution?

Why should he expect that we should be dismayed by another spectre, which was as huge and hideous in 1800, when he looked at it without dismay. Is the argument more valid now than it was then? It is built on this abstract proposition; two parliaments cannot amicably co-exist. He then said they could. He was not a beardless politician at that epoch; he had already proposed his great plan of Reform; he was about the age of the Secretary for the Colonies; had reached the age of discretion, and had passed the period at which men might be led away by a juvenile enthusiasm, when the understanding may be obscured by the mists which arise from the boiling emotions of the heart. Lord Grey's assertion is as valid as it was thirty-four years ago; it is one of those propositions which time cannot impair.

What was then a sophism cannot grow into a reason, as into a sophism a reason cannot degenerate. Let it be borne in your minds that although some of the arguments against a union were founded on temporary and transient circumstances, yet others (like that grounded on the fear of separation) were permanent, and are now just as good as they were a quarter of a century ago. The authority of Plunket and Bushe, and Saurin, and, above all, the authority of Grattan, is as powerful as it ever was. The Secretary for the Treasury insists that Grattan had changed his mind. His son has proved the contrary. He read his answer in 1810, declaring that he desired the restoration of the Irish Parliament. To what document was that answer a response? To an address from the grand juries of Dublin, in which they describe the evils of the Union, and call on Mr. Grattan to employ his great faculties in accomplishing its repeal. Mr. Grattan did not change his mind. But what is the crime of the repealers? This — that they consider Lord Grey a good statesman, when he is old, but a better prophet when he was young. I blame him not for having altered his opinion; but I own myself to be surprised that he should lavish in the speeches, for the utterance of which he avails himself of the royal enunciation, such unqualified and almost contumelious condemnation of those with whom he strenuously coincided when he was upwards of thirty years of age. But have we no better argument than that which Lord Grey so often urged against Mr. Pitt, when he reproached him with a desertion of his former opinions. How stands history? It is asked, when did

two parliaments long co-exist in friendship? Show me an instance in which 8,000,000 of people in one island submitted to a parliament held in another, and containing such proportions as exist in this assembly. The case of America is obvious; but look to two strong instances — Sweden and Norway have one king and two parliaments. Since the year 1815, there has been no quarrel between the legislatures. Turn to Belgium. Does not the example bear us out? Hear an extract from the declaration of Belgian independence. After alleging that the Union was obtained by fraud, the document goes on and states that —

"An enormous debt and expenditure, the only portion which Holland brought to us at the time of our deplorable Union — taxes overwhelming by their amount — laws always voted by the Dutch for Holland only (and always against Belgium), represented so unequally in the States-General — the seat of all important establishments fixed in Holland — the most offensive partialities in the distribution of civil and military employments — in a word, Belgium treated as a conquered province, as a colony: everything rendered a revolution inevitable."

Do you mark this? You were instrumental in effecting the Union of Belgium and Holland. Lord Castlereagh, who carried the Irish Union, represented you at the Congress in which the different arrangements with respect to Belgium and Holland were made. You have yourselves recently been parties to that separation which Belgium demanded, and you assented to the grounds on which it was required. All the public establishments removed to Holland! What has become of our Custom House, of our Stamp Office? Our Royal Hospital too, built by a contribution made among the Irish soldiers, raised out of a sixpence which they joyfully gave to provide for them an asylum, that institution, connected with our national pride, associated with our best feelings of country, you, for the sake of some miserable saving, have determined to annihilate. Take warning — you have made experiments enough. Be taught not by the failures of others, but by your own. Go on as you have hitherto proceeded, and you will soon find the entire of Ireland united for repeal. A reference has been made to the small number of signatures to petitions. If there shall be a million next year, what will you say? We are told that the Irish people do not desire repeal.

Are thirty-eight Irish members out of one hundred and five nothing? What other test do you demand? The last election ought to exhibit the truth. The last election verified the prediction which I made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer: I went to him when the Tithe Bill was pending in 1832, — I told him what would happen. I exclaimed, "You are on the eve of a general election; you are driving the Irish to fury by your tithe measures, and the result will be, that on every hustings in the south, the standard of repeal will be planted." It is said that the gentry are against repeal. How fast do the gentry of every country fall into the mass of the people! They desert one by one, and the moment it is their interest, they combine with the class once designated as the multitude. How soon the populace becomes the people! Let a few years go by, Catholic and Protestant will be reconciled — the national mind will become one mass of hot emotion — the same disregard for the interests and feelings of Ireland will be displayed in this assembly; and, if there should be an outbreak of popular commotion here — if the prediction of the Conservatives should be fulfilled — and if your alliance with France, which is as unstable as its dynasty, should give way, you may have cause to lament, when lamentation will be unavailing, that to seven millions of Irishmen justice was refused.

Orange Lodges.

Speech in the House of Commons, August 11, 1835.

IT is remarkable that the gallant colonel (Verner), the Deputy Grand Master of Ireland and Viceroy to the Duke of Cumberland, has not stated that he was ignorant of the existence of Orange lodges in the army. This omission is the more deserving of notice, because he was colonel of the 7th dragoons — because he was examined twice before the committee — and because the several other functionaries of the Orange body have declared their utter ignorance of that which they ought to have known so well. Independently of these considerations, it appears by a report of the proceedings of the English Grand Lodge, that the gallant colonel was present when (the Duke of Cumberland being in the chair) a resolution respecting the establishment of Orange lodges in the army was moved. Is it true that he was present?

Colonel Verner. — I was never asked, in the committee, whether I knew of the existence of Orange lodges in the army. I now declare that I was utterly ignorant of the fact; and I do not remember whether I was or was not present when the resolution, to which the honorable gentleman adverts, was carried in the English Grand Lodge.

Mr. Sheil. — How far the answer fits the question let the house judge. It appears that the gallant colonel did attend the English Grand Lodge, on what occasion he does not distinctly recollect — his memory is misty — but it would be important that he should state how far the impression is correct, that Orange lodges have been established in the army with the sanction of the Duke of Cumberland, and by virtue of resolutions, passed when the Orange Grand Lodge was graced by the presence of his Royal Highness! I turn from the

gallant colonel to the general question. At the commencement of the session I charged the Conservative government with having advanced Orangemen to places of high station, and having given to Orange lodges answers amounting to a recognition of their public usefulness. This motion was not unattended with a salutary effect; immediately after the member, for Kilkenny,* to whom the country is greatly indebted for the disclosures which he has been instrumental in producing, moved the appointment of the committee. On that committee the leading functionaries of the Orange body were placed. And yet it is said that the committee was packed; but let us see who were the members of it: — the honorable members for Sligo and for Cavan were upon it; and there were also Mr. Jackson, Mr. Wilson Patten — I suppose that he is a Conservative — Colonel Wood, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Nicholl, Sir James Graham — (I really do not know with which party to class him) — Colonel Conolly and Colonel Perceval. I do not think that this selection can be said to be an unfair one, but it is alleged that the mode in which the witnesses were examined was unjust. The Grand Master, and the Grand Treasurer, and the Grand Secretary were examined — (they are all Grand) — the order of investigation was altogether inverted, and the Orange party were allowed to open the case themselves, and for a number of days none but Orange witnesses were examined. Colonel Verner was twice examined — first on the 7th of April, 1835, and again on the 9th of April. Then came the Reverend Mortimer O'Sullivan — certainly a very competent witness to give evidence with respect to both religions, for with regard to one he could indulge in the "Pleasures of Memory," and to the other, he, doubtless, looked with the "Pleasures of Hope;" Mr. M. O'Sullivan, the Grand Chaplain, was produced, and was examined on the 13th of April, on the 21st and 26th of May, and again on the 27th of May: so many days expended upon theology and the Reverend Mortimer O'Sullivan. Then came Mr. Swan, the Deputy Grand Secretary; next came Mr. Stewart Blacker, the Assistant Grand Treasurer, who was examined on the 8th, 10th, 12th, and 13th, of June; next Mr. W. Ward, the solicitor of the Orange body, who was produced to show that they never in any way interfered with the administration of justice; then again, on the 15th of June came Mr. Mortimer O'Sullivan

* Mr. Finn.

— *ecce iterum Crispinus!* — and lastly came Mr. Hugh Baker. Yet it is alleged that there was unfair dealing in the examination of witnesses, although every word of the resolutions of the honourable member for Middlesex is founded, not upon the testimony of a party adverse to Orangeism, but upon the testimony of Orangemen supported by the journals and the records they themselves produced. What appears to be the state of Ireland in reference to the Orange institution, from the evidence adduced by Orangemen themselves? A confederacy exists, exclusively sectarian. It consists of 150,000 men; the members are initiated with a solemn and mysterious ritual — they enter into a compact of religious and political brotherhood — signs and pass-words are employed by them for the purposes of clandestine recognition — their proceedings are regulated by a code of laws, the most specific and the most minute — they are governed by a great representative assembly called the Grand Lodge of Ireland, consisting of delegates from every part of Ireland — the whole country is divided into departments, in which lodges affiliated and corresponding to each other are established — and this enormous mass of organized Protestantism is in arms, while a Prince of the Blood, not next but near the throne, is at its head!

How has this unparalleled institution worked? Let us enquire what has been its effect with respect to the administration of justice and the peace of the country, and ask how has it been employed as a political engine for the purpose of persecution, and under what circumstances and with what cognizance it has extended itself into the army? The Orange Grand Lodge have defended a series of prosecutions instituted against the members of this turbulent fraternity, by the crown. An Orangeman, in the streets of Dundalk, strikes a Roman Catholic dead; he is prosecuted by the crown, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. His defence was conducted by the Orange body, and the Orange lodges came to a resolution to support him. Certain Orange rioters at Newry were sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment by a Protestant magistrate; to these malefactors the Grand Orange Lodge extended their pecuniary aid, and they conducted their defence. They not only defended but prosecuted. Three magistrates in Cavan dispersed an Orange procession; the Grand Orange Lodge determined to institute a prosecution against the civil authorities

who had the audacity to interfere with them; they sent down to Cavan their solicitor, and the grand jury threw out the bills. At the last Meath election a body of 200 Orangemen, gathered from the adjacent counties, entered the town of Trim. They fill the Court-house; a dagger is seized in the hand of one of them by the High Sheriff; they spread confusion and dismay, and after having enacted their part, return to the town of Kells. Here they meet a Roman Catholic, and put him to death; they are prosecuted, and the Grand Orange Lodge, by a specific resolution, advances money to conduct the defence. An Orangeman is indicted; in the jurors' box twelve Orangemen are placed; the magistrates, if the case be tried at quarter sessions, are members of this fatal fraternity; under these circumstances, what a mockery is the administration of justice! Sir Frederick Stovin speaks of it as a subject of public ridicule and contempt. But facts are better than opinions. Take the following: — In a prayer-book a notice of Orange assassination is written; Sir Frederick Stovin and his subordinate, Duff, who was employed in the police, had incurred the displeasure of the Orangemen of Tyrone, and in the prayer-book belonging to the wife of Mr. Duff — left in the church that she had been in the habit of attending — an Orange notice, threatening death to Sir Frederick Stovin and to her husband, is written. Almost immediately after a meeting is called at Dungannon at which the Lord Lieutenant of the county of Tyrone attends, and the Orangemen appear in considerable force, with military music, and invested with their factious decorations. A scene of excitement ensues — shots are discharged — a musket is levelled at Sir Frederick Stovin, and the ball whistles at his ear; and all this occurs in the pacific province of Ulster.

What, the house will ask — atrocious as the circumstances may appear — what has all this to do with the administration of justice? At that meeting, attended with so many incidents of a revolting character, Lord Claude Hamilton was made an Orangeman — he was initiated at the house of a publican of the name of Lilburne; and immediately afterwards he was made a magistrate. In this state of things, what other feeling but one of dismay amongst Roman Catholics, and one of impunity can exist amongst the Orange population of the country? I appeal to a fact again: At the last spring assizes for the county of Armagh, three Orangemen were prosecuted

for marching in a procession. Baron Pennefather suggested to them, with a view to a mitigation of their sentence, that they ought to express regret for having violated the law. Did they intimate their contrition? Did they declare their determination never to commit a similar outrage on the public peace again? In open court, and in the face of the judge, these audacious confederates whistled an air, called "The Protestant Boys." And what was the course taken by indignant justice? — what, do you conjecture, was their sentence? Not two years' imprisonment — not one year — not six months. The learned judge tempers justice with mercy, and sentences these presumptuous delinquents to an imprisonment of three weeks. The Dorchester laborers were sentenced to transportation for seven years, and the Orange malefactors to an imprisonment for three weeks. But how has the Orange Society affected the peace of the country? We are told that Ulster is in a state of profound and prosperous repose; but by the evidence, what appears? In the broad day, on the 17th of January last, a body of Orange incendiaries enter a Roman Catholic village, called Anagagh, and, in the face of the noontide sun, set fire to the houses of the Roman Catholic inhabitants; they then retire to a hill called Pinigo, to the number of near 200, form themselves in military array — Sir Frederick Stovin advances at the head of the military, with a piece of artillery, in order to disperse them — the magistrate, by whom he is attended, declines giving an order to fire — and the Orangemen, in martial order, and with martial music, bidding and looking defiance, march away. And how are they armed? With yeomanry muskets. The entire yeomanry force of Ireland is, in fact, enrolled in the Orange associations, and when a conflict ensues with the people the consequences are easily foreseen: witness the slaughters of which they have been guilty, the blood in which they have waded, the horrors which they have perpetrated: witness Newtownbarry! How has the Orange institution been employed as a political engine? To their declaration of allegiance a condition is attached. They engage to maintain the throne, so long as by the throne Protestant ascendancy is supported. They expel from their society every member who does not comply with their ordinances at elections. They issue proclamations commanding every Orangeman to petition parliament for or against specific measures — and they are armed with what must be considered formidable

instruments of supplication. At the close of the last year it was determined by a cabal that Lord Melbourne should be driven from office. At Hillsborough 75,000 Orangemen are assembled to sustain the Conservative adventurers in their daring and desperate enterprise, and to prove that they are not the remnant of a despicable faction. But will it be said, "Had they not a right to all this? Had they not the advice of the king to speak out? Had they not a right to petition parliament, and address the crown at Hillsborough?" Be it so. Granting them their prerogative at Hillsborough, what have they to do with Quebec? The house seems startled with the question. It is readily explained. The Orangemen of Ireland have passed resolutions for the extension of their society into Upper and Lower Canada. The Grand Lodge of England have appointed a Grand Secretary to visit the British colonies of North America, with directions to communicate with the Grand Master. Why is this? Upon what pretence? For what purpose? Is their object defensive? What, in God's name, have the Irish or English Orangemen to do with Lower Canada, whose religion is Catholic, whose established church is Catholic, whose legislature is Catholic — for eighteen out of twenty of the inhabitants are Catholics? Are they not contented with striking the baneful roots of their confederacy into the heart of the British empire, but they must extend ramifications across the Atlantic, in order to supply the North American colonies with their poisoned fruits?

I come to the army, the most important topic. This loyal brotherhood, the guardian of peace, the promoter of tranquility, despite of the notorious rules of the Horse Guards, and in violation of every principle of military discipline, have introduced into the army its secret, its factions and mutinous organization? The fact is beyond all dispute; but there are circumstances connected with it, which are not a little remarkable. There is, in the code of Orange legislation, an ordinance that all regiments in the army shall be considered as districts. It is the 15th rule of 1824. So late as this very year in the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, a warrant was granted to create a lodge in the army; and who was in the chair: Mr. Cromelin, the Grand Master of the county of Down. This resolution and the presidency of Mr. Cromelin on the occasion, appear in the appendix to the report. But let the house mark the following resolution,

"That the next warrant should be granted to the 66th Regiment." Who was it moved that resolution? No ordinary individual — a man, holding, in the Orange body, the highest position, but who began his political life as a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, (of which the Duke of Cumberland is chancellor), who has since figured in Brunswick clubs, and has exhibited, on various occasions, at public meetings in England, — the Rev. Charles Boyton, the associate of Mr. Mortimer O'Sullivan, the Grand Chaplain of the Orange Grand Lodges, and — mark it! — the Chaplain to the Earl of Haddington, the late Lord Lieutenant. But all the functionaries of the Orange body, despite all this, were ignorant of what was going on in the army. The knowledge of some people is wonderful; but not half so marvellous as the ignorance of others. The next time the honorable gentleman opposite, the Grand Treasurer, late Treasurer to the Ordinance, who was admitted, with the Duke of Wellington, a doctor of common law at Oxford, visits that learned and loyal establishment, I pray of him to revive the old college play of "Ignoramus;" the principal characters to be performed by Alexander Perceval, Henry Maxwell, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. His Royal Highness has written a letter. He never heard of Orange lodges in the army — never heard of the orders of 1822 and 1829 — of the rule of the Orange body, that every regiment should be considered a district — of the majority of the Grand Lodge having carried a resolution, on a division, to establish Orange lodges in the army — of the printed book of warrants, in which the list of military warrants is contained; — neither does his Royal Highness recollect having been present when, in 1831, 1832, 1833 and 1835, warrants were granted, whilst he was in the chair, to military men, and actually a soldier attended as representative of his regiment. His Royal Highness does not bear all this in mind, and is utterly ignorant of the introduction into the army, of the lodges of which he is the Grand Master. Heaven forbid that I should question the truth of his Royal Highness's allegation; I fly in the midst of difficulties, which might startle the belief of men of less accommodating credulity than mine. *Credo quia impossible est.* But, Sir, there is a consideration of infinite importance connected with his Royal Highness, and independent of his knowledge or his ignorance. Is it befitting that any British subject should possess the power of

which he has made himself the master? Is it safe that a prince of the blood should be invested with this portentous authority? He is declared, by the rules of the English Grand Lodge, to be absolute and uncontrollable: he is addressed with a species of prophetic greeting — "Hail, that shall be king hereafter!" an aphorism of theology. If that prediction shall be verified; if, by some fatality, England shall be deprived of the princess who is the object of her affection and of her hope — that princess who, if maternal virtues be hereditary, must be wise, and gentle and good — if, Sir, the Imperial Grand Master be fated to be the Sovereign of this vast empire, I trust that by 100,000 Irish Janissaries the throne of Ernest the First will never be surrounded!

One, and the most important, of all questions, remains. What are the house and the government to do under the existing facts of the case? That something must be done, is manifest. You cannot tolerate this institution. If you do what will be the result? How will the Roman Catholic soldiers feel, with whom your army is filled, who have fought your battles, participated in your glory, and furnished the raw material out of which the standard of victory has been wrought? If, by your connivance, you convert this confederacy into a pattern, and if a counter organization shall be formed — if we, the Irish millions, shall enrol ourselves in some analogous organization, if its members shall be admitted with a solemn religious ceremony, if the obligation of a political fraternity shall be inculcated, if signs, and tests, and pass-words shall be employed, if a representative assembly, consisting of deputies from every Irish county shall be held in the metropolis, and subordinate lodges shall be held in every department into which the country shall be subdivided, what will befall? To the vanquished, and to the victors — woe! The gulf of civil warfare will yawn beneath the feet of Ireland, and in the abyss all her hopes will be swallowed. Avert, avert the calamity, which, if I have anticipated, it is only to shudder at its prospects. Save us from these terrible possibilities! Adopt a measure which, by its timely application, may prevent these terrific results from coming to pass. If I relied upon them less, I should warn them more. I will not tell them that I expect — I know — that they will do their duty.

IRISH MUNICIPAL BILL.

SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FEBRUARY 22, 1837.

THE right honorable baronet (Sir James Graham) began the speech, in many particulars remarkable, which he has just concluded amidst the applauses of those, whose approbation, at one period of his political life, he would have blushed to incur, by intimating that he was regarded as a "bigot" on this side of the house. Whether he deserves the appellation by which he has informed us that he is designated, his speech to-night affords some means of determining. I will not call him a bigot, I am not disposed to use an expression in any degree offensive to the right honorable baronet, but I will presume to call him a convert, who exhibits all the zeal for which conversion is proverbially conspicuous. Of that zeal we have manifestations in his references to pamphlets about Spain, in his allusions to the mother of Cabrera, in his remarks on the Spanish clergy, and the practice of confession in the Catholic Church. I own that, when he takes in such bad part the strong expressions employed in reference to the Irish Church (expressions employed by Protestants, and not by Roman Catholics), I am surprised that he should not himself abstain from observations offensive to the religious feelings of Roman Catholic members of this house. The right honorable baronet has done me the honor to produce an extract from a speech of mine, delivered nearly two years ago at the Coburg Gardens; and at the same time expressed himself in terms of praise of the humble individual who now addresses you. I can assure the right honorable baronet that I feel at least as much pleasure in listening to him, as he has the goodness to say that he derives from hearing me. He has many of the accomplishments

attributed by Milton to a distinguished speaker in a celebrated council. He is "in act most graceful and humane, his tongue drops manna." I cannot but feel pride that he should entertain so high an opinion of me, as to induce him to peruse and collect all that I say even beyond these walls. He has spent the recess, it appears, in the diligent selection of such passages as he has read to-night, and which I little thought, when they were uttered, that the right honorable baronet would think worthy of his comments. However, he owes me the return of an obligation. The last time I spoke in this house, I referred to a celebrated speech of his at Cockermouth, in which he pronounced an eloquent invective against "a recreant Whig;" and as he found that I was a diligent student of those models of eloquence which the right honorable baronet used formerly to supply, in advocating the popular rights, he thought himself bound, I suppose, to repay me by the citation, which has, I believe, produced less effect than he had anticipated. The right honorable baronet also adverted to what he calls "the Lichfield House compact." It is not worth while to go over the same ground, after I have already proved, by reading in the house the speech which has been the subject of so much remark — how much I have been misrepresented; I never said that there was a "compact;" I did say, and I repeat it, that there was "a compact alliance." Was that the first occasion on which an alliance was entered into? Was Lichfield House the only spot ever dedicated to political reconciliations? Has the right honorable baronet forgotten, or has the noble lord (Stanley) who sits beside him, succeeded in dismissing from his recollection, a meeting at Brookes's Club, at which the Irish and English reformers assembled, and, in the emergency which had taken place, agreed to relinquish their differences and make a united stand against the common foe? Does the noble lord forget an admirable speech (it was the best post-prandial oration it was ever my good fortune to have heard) delivered by a right honorable gentleman who was not then a noble lord, and was accompanied by a vehemence of gesture and a force of intonation not a little illustrative of the emotions of the orator, on his anticipated ejectment from office? That eloquent individual, whom I now see on the Tory side of the house, got up on a table, and with vehement and almost appalling gesture, pronounced an invective against the Duke of Wellington, to which, in the

records of vituperation, few parallels can be found. I shall not repeat what the noble lord then said.

Lord Stanley — You may.

Mr. Sheil — No; my object is not to excite personal animosities among new, but ardent friends. I have no malevolent motive in adverting to that remarkable occasion. If I have at all referred to it, it is because the right honorable baronet has been sufficiently indiscreet to talk of Lichfield House: — let him, for the future, confine himself to the recollections of Brookes's, instead of selecting as the subject of his sarcasms the meeting in which that reconciliation took place to which Ireland is indebted for the exclusion of the noble lord opposite, and his associates, from power. The right honorable baronet has been guilty of another imprudence: he has charged Lord Mulgrave with the promotion of Mr. Pigot to a forensic office in Dublin Castle. Mr. Pigot's offence, it seems, consists in his having been a member of the Precursor Association. Does the right honorable baronet recollect where he sits in this house — with whom he is co-operating — with what party he and the noble lord opposite have entered into confederacy — when he makes matters of this kind the groundwork of imputation? Who were the first men selected for promotion by the Tories? To what association did they belong? Let the honorable baronet look back, and behind him he will see the treasurer, the grand treasurer, of the Orange Association, whom the member for Tamworth appointed Treasurer of the Ordnance — when his Sovereign placed him at the head of the government of his country. What are the offences of the National Association, when compared with the proceedings of the Orange Institution? Are our proceedings clandestine? Are figures and symbols resorted to by us? Have we tampered with the army, as the Orange Society has been convicted by a committee of this house of having done?

Colonel Perceval — I deny that the Orange Society tampered with the army. I admit that such warrants were issued.

Mr. Sheil — I will not dispute with the gallant colonel about a word. If the phrase "tampered" be objected to, I will adopt any word the gallant colonel will do me the favor to suggest, in order to express a notorious and undisputable fact. It was proved beyond all doubt, and even beyond all controversy, that the Orange Society made the utmost efforts to extend itself into the army; that a num-

ber of regimental warrants were issued, and that resolutions were actually passed, at meetings of the society, upon the subject. From this society, the gallant officer, who was one of its functionaries, was selected, in order to place him in the Ordnance; and, by a curious coincidence, having been treasurer to the Orange Institution, he was appointed to the same fiscal office in the Ordnance, to whose treasureship he was raised. How, then, can gentlemen be guilty of the imprudence of talking of Mr. Pigot's appointment — (he is a gentleman conspicuous for his talents and high personal character) — when their own party made, within a period so recent, such an appointment as that to which I have reluctantly but unavoidably adverted. But, Sir, can we not discuss the great measure of municipal reform without descending to such small and transitory considerations as the selection of this or that man for office? Talk of Lord Mulgrave's government as you will, you cannot deny that his administration has been, beyond all example, successful. He has acted on the wise and obvious policy of adapting the spirit of his government to the feelings of the numerous majority of that Irish nation by whom he is respected and beloved. His measures have been founded on the determination to regard the rights of the many, instead of consulting the factious interests of the few; and, by the just and wise system on which he has acted, he has effected a complete reconciliation between the government and the people. You speak of his liberating prisoners from gaols: — I disdain even to advert, in reply, to the comments which have been made on this act of clemency by men who are naturally the advocates of incarceration. I meet these gentlemen with the broad fact, that the country has, under Lord Mulgrave's government, made a great progress towards that pacification which I make no doubt that, under his auspices, Ireland will attain. Look to the county which I have the honor to represent, and which has been unhappily conspicuous for the disturbances of which it was once the scene. Mr. Howley, the assistant-barrister for that county — a gentleman whose authority is unimpeachable, and who, by his impartial conduct, his admirable temper, his knowledge, and his talents, has won the applause of all parties — states, in his charge delivered at Nenagh, that there is an end to the savage combats at fairs; and, in a return made by the clerk of the crown for the county, it appears that, in every class of

crime, there has been, within the last year, a most extraordinary diminution. This surely is better evidence than the assertions made in Tory journals, and adopted by gentlemen whose political interests are at variance with their amiable aspirations for the establishment of order in their country. But, sir, the most remarkable incident to the administration of my Lord Mulgrave has been, its effect upon the great political question which, not very long ago, produced so much excitement in one country, and not a little apprehension in the other. Without having recourse to coercive bills — without resorting to a single measure of severity — by impressing the people of Ireland with a conviction that he was determined to do them justice, Lord Mulgrave has laid the Repeal question at rest. It is, if not dead, at least deeply dormant; and, although such a policy as that of the noble lord opposite would soon awaken or resuscitate it again, as long as the principles on which the government of Lord Mulgrave and of the noble lord the member for Yorkshire* is carried on, are adhered to, so long you will find that the people of Ireland will remain in a relation not only of amity, but of attachment to the administration. It may be asked, how the good results of the policy I have been describing can affect the question before the house? Thus: — the executive has, by its judicious measures, by adapting itself to the political condition of the country, and by its preference of the nation to a faction, completely succeeded. It has held out a model which the legislature ought to imitate. Let the parliament enact laws in the spirit in which the laws, even as they stand, have been carried into effect in Ireland. Let the good of the country, instead of the monopoly of a party, supply the standard by which parliament shall regulate its legislation; and to what the Irish government has so nobly commenced, a perfect and glorious completion will one day be given.

I turn from the consideration of those topics connected with the existing condition of affairs in Ireland, to the discussion of the broader ground on which the question ought to be debated. I ask you to do justice to Ireland. Every man in this house will probably say, that he is anxious to do Ireland justice. But what is justice to Ireland? It will assist us, in investigating that question, to determine, in the first place, what is justice

* Lord Morpeth.

to England? In this country the Corporation and Test Acts were always regarded as the muniments of the churches and corporations, through their effects, as its chief bulwarks. Mr. Canning was so strongly persuaded of this, that in 1827, while he declared himself the advocate of emancipation, he announced his firm resolve to stand by the Protestant corporations, and not to consent to the repeal of the law which gave them their peculiar character, and connected them with the establishment. Those laws were, however, repealed by the member for Tamworth; he could not help repealing them: he then began to undergo that process of soft compulsion, in submitting to which he afterwards acquired those habits of useful complaisance — in which we shall furnish him with the strongest motives to persevere. The Test and Corporation Acts having been repealed, still, through the machinery of self-election, the body of the people were deprived of the practical advantages which ought to have resulted from that repeal. The reformed House of Commons determined to place corporations under popular control. The Lords thought it imprudent to resist. No one was found bold enough to state that because a transfer of power would take place from the Tories to the Reformers, therefore corporations should be abolished. Take Liverpool as an example. A transfer of influence has taken place there, to such an extent that, very much to the noble lord's astonishment, his plan for the mutilation of the Word of God has been adopted in the schools under the superintendence of the corporations. Let us now pass to Ireland. I will admit for the sake of a gument, that corporations were established to protect the Protestant Church; they would thus rest on the same ground as the Test and Corporation Acts: the latter having been abandoned in England, and having been followed by corporate reform, the same reasons apply to the relinquishment of the principle of exclusion in Ireland, which is utterly incompatible with the ground on which Catholic Emancipation was acknowledged to have been conceded. What took place when emancipation was carried? Was it intimated that we should be excluded from corporations? The direct contrary was asserted. "Roman Catholics [said the right honorable member for Tamworth, in the admirable speech in which he acknowledged the gentle violence by which the rights of Ireland were ravished from his reluctant coyness], Roman Catholics shall be admitted to all cor-

porate offices in Ireland." This was strong; but he did more. In the bill framed under his superintendence, two clauses were introduced providing for the admission of Catholics into corporations. Was the right honorable gentleman sincere? Did he intend that to the heart of Ireland, beating as it was with hope, the word of promise should be kept? Who can doubt it? Who can believe that the right honorable baronet would be capable of practising a delusion? What he did, he did unwillingly; but he did with honesty whatever he did. His act of enfranchisement was baffled in this regard, and, by a combination among corporators, Catholics were excluded. From that day to this, not a single Roman Catholic — not one — has been admitted into the corporations attached to the metropolis of our country. I boldly ask the right honorable baronet whether he approves of this exclusion, and of the means by which it was effected? Was it not a fraud upon us, and upon the law, by which, clearly and unequivocally, admission into corporations was secured to us? If it was intended that we should not have the benefit of Catholic Emancipation in this particular, it ought, in common candour, to have been told us; but to pass an act making us admissible — to allow seven years to pass, and permit the law to be frustrated in that interval — and then when a measure is brought forward in order to give us the advantage of that law, to destroy corporations lest we should be admitted — is not consistent with English fairness, with that honest dealing for which you are conspicuous, nor, let me add, with the personal character of the right honorable baronet. Ay, but the church may be injured. Why did you not think of that when emancipation was being carried? Why make your argument in favor of the church posterior to your legislation against it? I call on the right honorable baronet, not only in the name of justice to us, but in the name of his own dignity, as he would preserve that amity with himself which results from the consciousness of honest and noble dealing — I call on him to abandon his party, in adherence to his pledge; and if, between his politics and his integrity, he must make a choice, I know that he will not hesitate, for a moment, in making his election.

He fears an injury to the church. This church, by which a single object contemplated in a national establishment has never yet been attained — this church of yours is made the burden of every speech

by which the cause of Toryism is sought to be maintained; and to every project for the improvement of the country, and the assertion of the people's rights, is presented as an insuperable object. When we call on you to abolish the fatal impost which keeps the country in a paroxysm of excitement, you cry out, "the Church!" When we bid you rescue the country from the frightful litigation which turns our courts of justice into an arena for the combat of the political passions, you cry out, "the Church!" And when we implore you to fulfil your contract at the Union, to redeem your pledge, given with emancipation, to extend to us British privileges, and grant us British institutions, you cry out "the Church!" The two countries must have the same church, and for that purpose the two countries must not have the same corporations! They are incompatible, we must then elect between them; which shall we prefer — the church of one million, or the corporations of seven. What an argument do the auxiliaries of the establishment advance, when they admit that the sacrifice of the national rights is necessary for its sustainment. But if this position be founded, wherefore was parliamentary reform ever conceded to us? Are we qualified to elect members of the House of Commons, but unfit to elect members of the Common Council? Are we unworthy of being the managers of our own local concerns — while here, in this great Imperial assembly, with the legislators of the British empire, with the arbiters of the destiny of the noblest nation in the world, we stand on a lofty level? Never was there any inconsistency comparable to this! I have a right to rise up here, and to demand justice for my country, as representative of the second county in Ireland; and I am unworthy of being a corporator of Cashel or of Clonmel. I may be told that the Tories resisted the extension of parliamentary reform to Ireland, and on the very grounds on which they oppose the application of corporate reform. I must acknowledge it: they did insist that the close boroughs of Ireland were intended as the bulwarks of the Protestant interest; they did contend that a Catholic ascendency would be the result of a parliamentary reform; and they urged with great zeal and strenuousness, that the demolition of the Established Church would be its inevitable consequence. In what a burst of lofty eloquence did the noble lord, who now sits opposite, refute them! "What!" he exclaimed, "deny to Ireland the benefits of the

reform you give to England — withhold from Ireland the advantages which, at the Union, you pledged yourselves to grant her! deny her a community in your privileges, and an equal participation in your rights! Then you may repeal the Union at once, for you will render it a degrading and dishonorable compact." But I do injustice to that admirable passage; and as the noble lord may have forgotten it, as his recollections may be as evanescent as his opinions, I think it better to read what, from memory, I have imperfectly referred to. The passage will be found in the 17th volume of "The Mirror of Parliament," page 2288. He begins with a panegyric on the Irish members. We were agitators then, just as much as we now are; we held and professed exactly the same opinions; we had an association at full work, just as we now have; but the noble lord did not, at that time, think it judicious to appeal to passages to which he has since addressed himself. The passage runs thus: —

"We have been told that the English bill does not in any case apply to Ireland, and that the circumstances of the two countries are different: but I am sure that honorable gentleman will find that the principle of reform is the same, whether it applied to England or Ireland; and if it be just here, so it must be just there. I would entreat those who advocate the Conservative interests, and who consider themselves the supporters of Protestant institutions, to look to the danger to which these institutions will be exposed in Ireland by withholding the privileges which this bill is to confer. If they wish to give Ireland a real, solid, substantial grievance — if they wish to give some handle to excitement, and to present a solid argument for the repeal of the Union — they need only show that, in the British House of Commons, English interests are treated in one way, and Irish interests in another, that in England the government rule by free representation, and by the voice of the people — while in Ireland that voice is stifled, and the people are shut out from a fair share in the choice of their representatives. I fear that, if we do not concede in a spirit of fairness and justice, agitation will break out in a manner which it has never done before. I cannot conceive anything more clear than that the present measure is only the extension of the principle of the English bill to Ireland. I cannot conceive upon what principle we can refuse to place both countries on an equality, and make the same principle applicable to the

election of all members of the united Legislature of the British empire."

The house has heard this passage with surprise; and although every sentence that I have read has produced a sensation, there is not, in the entire, a sentiment which has called forth more astonishment than the reference made to the repeal of the Union, as a result of the denial of equal privileges to the English and to the Irish people. And here let me turn to the right honorable member for Cumberland and ask him, what he now thinks of his expostulation with the Irish Attorney-General, on his assertion that injustice would furnish an argument for repeal. Did not his noble friend, when in office, when secretary for Ireland, solemnly assert the same thing? I will read the passage again — "If they wish to give Ireland a real, solid, substantial grievance — if they wish to give some handle to excitement, and to present a solid argument for the repeal of the Union — they need only show that in the British House of Commons, English interests are treated in one way, and Irish interests in another." This is nobly expressed; but, in the midst of our admiration of such fine sentiments, founded on such lofty principles, and conveyed in language at once so beautiful and so perspicuous, what melancholy feelings, what mournful reflections arise! Alas! that the man who uttered what I have just read, who was capable of feeling and of expressing himself thus, in whom such a union of wisdom and eloquence was then exhibited — alas! that he should now be separated from his old associates, and that, united to his former antagonists, he should not only act on principles diametrically the reverse, but denounce his colleagues, and enter with men whom he formerly represented as the worst enemies of his country into a derogatory league. But, not contented with joining them, in the transports of his enthusiasm he has gone beyond them; and on the first night of this debate, taking up the part of a prophet, when he had ceased to perform that of a statesman, he told the people of Ireland, in a burst of intemperate prediction, that never — no, never — should the municipal privileges, granted to the people of England, be extended to them.

Lord Stanley — I never said so.

Mr. Sheil — Then the noble lord has been grievously misrepresented. I acknowledge that I was not present when he spoke, but I was told

by several persons that he had stated that this measure never should be carried.

Lord Stanley — I did not state that the measure never should be carried. I did state that the people of England would not yield to alarm and intimidation, and that the advocates of this measure were taking the worst means to effect their object. The honorable and learned gentlemen confesses that he was not present when I spoke, and he should therefore be cautious in attributing to me the opinions which he has ascribed to me, in this attack which he has been making, knowing, as he does, that it is out of my power to reply.

Mr. Shiel — When the noble lord denies the use of certain expressions, and disclaims the sentiment conveyed by them, I at once accede to his interpretation of what he said, or rather meant to say. The noble lord observes that I am making an attack on him, knowing that he has no reply. The noble lord is well aware, from experience, that whether he has a right to reply or not, I never have the least dread of him, and that on no occasion in this house, have I ever, in the performance of my duty to my country, shrunk from an encounter with him. He calls my speech an attack on him. I am not pronouncing a personal invective against the noble lord. I am not exceeding the limits of fair discussion, or violating either the ordinances of good breeding or the rules of this house. I am exhibiting the inconsistencies and incongruities of the noble lord, and stripping his opinions of any value which they may possess, by proving him, at a period not remote, to have acted on, and to have enforced, principles directly opposite to those of which he is now the intolerant advocate. This is the extent of my attack on him. He will, however, pardon me for suggesting to him, that, if I did assail him with far more acrimony than I am disposed to do, he is the last man in this house who ought to complain. Who is there that shows less mercy to a political adversary? Who is so relentless in the infliction of his sarcasms, even on his old friends and associates? However, I ought not to feel much surprise that he should be so sensitive as he shows himself to be: no man fears an operation so much as a surgeon, and the drummer of a regiment trembles at the lash. But the noble lord mistakes; it is not an attack from me which he has cause to apprehend;—he bears that within his own bosom which reproaches him far more than I do. But, from his emotions, from his resentments,

and from his consciousness, let us turn to something more deserving of regard, and consider how far it is probable that this measure can be successfully resisted. I wish to avoid all minacious intimations, and, therefore, I will not say that it must and shall be carried; but, adopting the calmer tone of deliberation, I entreat the noble lord opposite, and the house, to consider what the probabilities are which are connected with this question, and whether it is likely that the demand made by Ireland for justice can be long treated by any branch of the legislature with disregard?

I assert that Ireland, sustained as she is by the sympathies of a very large portion of the people in this country, must prevail in the cause in which her feelings are so deeply engaged, and on whose prosecution she is firmly and unalterably determined. I undertake to prove this proposition, and it will certainly be felt to be most important to consider whether it be just; for if men are once persuaded that this measure must ultimately be carried, they will feel that it is better to do, at once, what must be done at last, and that discussion ought to cease where necessity has begun to operate. I put the case of Ireland thus: — if the Catholic millions, by their union, by their organization, by their associated power, carried their emancipation, what is the likelihood of their success in the pursuit of their present objects? If we forced the right honorable member for Tamworth to yield to us (a man not only of as great eloquence in debate, but of great discretion, of great influence, free from ebullitions of intemperance, and whose personal character entitles him to the confidence of his party), shall we not now overcome any obstacles which the noble lord may present to our progress? Let him remember that our power is more than trebled, and if, contending with such disadvantages as we had to struggle with, we prevailed, where are the impediments by which our career in the pursuit of what remains to be achieved for the honor of our country, shall be even long retarded? It behoves the noble lord to look attentively at Ireland. Wherever we turn our eyes, we see the national power dilating, expanding, and ascending: never did a liberated nation spring on in the career that freedom throws open towards improvement with such a bound as we have; in wealth, in intelligence, in high feeling, in all the great constituents of a state, we have made in a few years an astonishing progress. The character of our country is completely

changed: we are free, and we feel as if we never had been slaves. Ireland stands as erect as if she had never stooped; although she once bowed her forehead to the earth, every mark and trace of her prostration have been effaced. But these are generalities; these are vague and abstract vauntings, without detail. Well, if you stand in need of specification, it shall be rapidly, but not inconclusively, given. But hold: I was going to point to the first law offices in the country, filled by Roman Catholics; I was going to point to the second judical office in Ireland filled by a Roman Catholic; I was going to point to the crowds of Roman Catholics who, in every profession and walk of life, are winning their way to eminence in the walks that lead to affluence or to honor. But one single fact suffices for my purpose: emancipation was followed by reform, and reform has thrown sixty men, devoted to the interests of Ireland, into the House of Commons. If the Clare election was a great incident; if the Clare election afforded evidence that emancipation could not be resisted, look at sixty of us (what are Longford and Carlow but a realization of the splendid intimations that Clare held out), look, I say, at sixty of us, — the majority, the great majority of the representatives of Ireland, — leagued and confederated by an obligation and a pledge as sacred as any with which men, associated for the interests of their country, were ever bound together. Thank God, we are here! I remember the time when the body to which I belong was excluded from all participation in the great legislative rights of which we are now in the possession. I remember to have felt humiliated at the tone in which I heard the cause of Ireland pleaded, when I was occasionally admitted under the gallery of the House of Commons. I felt pain at hearing us represented as humble suppliants for liberty, and as asking freedom as if it were alms that we were soliciting. Perhaps that tone was unavoidable: thank God, it is no longer necessary or appropriate. Here we are, in all regards your equals, and demanding our rights as the representatives of Britons would demand their own. We have less eloquence, less skill, less astuteness than the great men to whom, of old, the interests of Ireland were confided; but we make up for these imperfections by the moral port and national bearing that become us. In mastery of diction we may be defective; in resources of argument we may be wanting; we may not be gifted with the accomplishments by which

persuasion is produced; but in energy, in strenuousness, in union, in fidelity to our country and to each other, and above all in the undaunted and dauntless determination to enforce equality for Ireland, we stand unsurpassed. This, then, is the power with which the noble lord courts an encounter, foretells his own victories, and triumphs in their anticipation in the House of Commons. Where are his means of discomfiting us? To what resources does he look for the accomplishment of the wonders which he is to perform? Does he rely upon the excitement of the religious and national prejudices of England; and does he find it in his heart to resort to the "no Popery" cry! Instead of telling him what he is doing, I'll tell the country what, thirty years ago, was done. In 1807, the Whigs were in possession of Downing-street, and the Tories were in possession of St. James's Palace, but, without the people, the possession of St. James's was of no avail. The Whigs proposed that Roman Catholics should be admitted to the higher grades in the army and navy. The Tories saw that their opportunity was come, and the "no Popery" cry was raised. There existed, at that time, a great mass of prejudice in England. You had conquered Ireland and enslaved her; you hated her for the wrongs that you had done her, and despised her, and perhaps justly, for her endurance: the victim of oppression naturally becomes the object of scorn; you loathed our country, and you abhorred our creed. Of this feeling, the Tories took advantage; the tocsin of fanaticism was rung; the war-whoop of religious discord, the savage yell of infuriated ignorance, resounded through the country. Events, that ought to have been allowed to remain buried in the oblivion of centuries, were disinterred; every misdeed of Catholics, when Catholics and Protestants imbrued their hands alternately in blood, was recalled; the ashes of the Smithfield fires were stirred, for sparks with which the popular passions might be ignited. The re-establishment of Popery; the downfall of every Protestant institution; the annihilation of all liberty, civil or religious, these were the topics with which crafty men, without remorse of conscience, worked on the popular delusion. At public assemblies, senators, more remarkable for Protestant piety than Christian charity, delivered themselves of ferocious effusions amidst credulous and enthusiastic multitudes. Then came public abuses, at which libations to the worst passions of human nature were prodigally poured out. "Rally

round the King, rally round the church, rally round the religion of your forefathers," these were the invocations with which the English people were wrought into frenzy; and having, by these expedients, driven their antagonists from office, the Tories passed, themselves, the very measure for which they made their competitors the objects of their denunciation. Are you playing the same game? If you are, then shame, shame upon you! I won't pronounce upon your motives: let the facts be their interpreters. What is the reason that a new edition of Fox's Martyrs, with hundreds of subscribers, and with the name of the Duke of Cumberland at their head, has been announced? Wherefore, from one extremity of the country to the other, in every city, town, and hamlet, is a perverse ingenuity employed, in order to inspire the people of this country with a detestation of the religion of millions of their fellow-citizens. Why is Popery, with her racks, her tortures, and her faggots, conjured up in order to appal the imagination of the English people? Why is perjury to our God, treason to our Sovereign, a disregard of every obligation, divine and human, attributed to us? I leave you to answer those questions, and to give your answers, not only to the interrogatories which thus vehemently, and, I will own, indignantly I put to you, but to reply to those which must be administered to you, in your moments of meditation, by your own hearts. But, whatever be your purpose in the religious excitement which you are endeavoring to get up in this country, of this I am convinced, that the result of your expedients will correspond with their deserts, and that as we have prevailed over you before, we shall again and again discomfit you. Yes, we, the Irish millions, led on by men like those that plead the cause of those millions in this house, must (it is impossible that we should not) prevail: and I am convinced that the people of England, so far from being disposed to array themselves against us, despite any remains of the prejudices which are fast passing away in this country, feel that we are entitled to the same privileges, and extend to us their sympathies in this good and glorious cause.

What is that cause? I shall rapidly tell you. You took away our parliament — you took from us that parliament, which, like the House of Commons of this country, must have been under the control of the great majority of the people of Ireland, and would

not, and could not, have withheld what you so long refused us. Is there a man here who doubts that if the Union had not been conceded, we should have extorted emancipation and reform from our own House of Commons? That House of Commons you bought, and paid for your bargain in gold; aye, and paid for it in the most palpable and sordid form in which gold can be paid down. But, while this transaction was pending, you told us that all distinctions should be abolished between us, and that we should become like unto yourselves. The great minister of the time, by whom that unexampled sale of our legislature was negotiated, held out equality with England as the splendid equivalent for the loss of our national representation; and, with classical references, elucidated the nobleness of the compact into which he had persuaded the depositants of the rights of their countrymen to enter. The act of Union was passed, and twenty-nine years elapsed before any effectual measure was taken to carry its real and substantial terms into effect. At last, our enfranchisement was won by our own energy and determination; and, when it was in progress, we received assurances that, in every respect, we should be placed on a footing with our fellow-citizens; and it was more specially announced to us, that to corporations, and to all offices connected with them, we should be at once admissible. Pending this engagement a bill is passed for the reform of the corporations of this country; and in every important municipal locality in England, councillors are selected by the people as their representatives. This important measure having been carried here, the Irish people claim an extension of the same advantages; and ground their title on the Union, on Emancipation, on Reform, and on the great principle of perfect equality between the two countries, on which the security of one country and the prosperity of both must depend. This demand, on the part of Ireland, is rejected; and that, which to England no one was bold enough to deny, from Ireland you are determined, and you announce it, to withhold. Is this justice? You will say that it is, and I should be surprised if you did not say so. I should be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot on the shore of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their deep anxiety to do us justice: — even Strafford, the deserter of the people's cause — the

renegade Wentworth, who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character — even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland. What marvel is it, then, that gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations? There is, however, one man, of great abilities, not a member of this house, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party — who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country — abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide their motives — distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity, and religion — to be aliens —to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion.* Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty"? The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply — I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. "The battles, sieges, fortunes that he has

*Lord Lyndhurst was sitting under the gallery during Mr. Sheil's speech. Mr. Sheil looked and shook his head indignantly at him at this part of his speech. The effect produced was remarkable. The whole house turned towards Lord Lyndhurst, and the shouts of the ministerialists, encountered by the vehement outcries of the Conservatives, continued for minutes.

The "Times" next morning observed: "A scene of the Corn-Exchange character occurred in the course of Mr. Sheil's speech, when referring to the expressions said to have been used by Lord Lyndhurst with respect to 'aliens.' The honorable member for Tipperary turned towards the benches allotted to the peers, where Lord Lyndhurst was sitting. This was the signal for the most infuriate yelling from the ministerial benches."—"Times," February 23, 1837.

passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable — from Assaye to Waterloo — the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory, — Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest —. Tell me, for you were there — I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge) from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; — tell me, for you must needs remember — on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance — while death fell in showers — when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science — when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset — tell me if, for an instant, when, to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked, was at last let loose — when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault — tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; — in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited — the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust — the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril — in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

IRETON CONDEMNING THE BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

The Catholics of Ireland.

Speech at Penenden Heath, 24th October, 1828.

LET no man believe that I have come here, in order that I might enter the lists of religious controversy and engage with any of you in a scholastic disputation. In the year 1828, the Real Presence does not afford an appropriate subject for debate, and it is not by the shades of a mystery that the rights of a British citizen are to be determined. I do not know whether there are many here by whom I am regarded as an idolater, because I conscientiously adhere to the faith of your forefathers, and profess the doctrine in which I was born and bred; but if I am so accounted by you, you ought not to inflict a civil deprivation upon the accident of the cradle. You ought not to punish me for that for which I am not in reality to blame. If you do, you will make the misfortune of the Catholic the fault of the Protestant, and by inflicting a wrong upon my religion, cast a discredit upon your own. I am not the worse subject of my king, and the worse citizen of my country, because I concur in the belief of the great majority of the Christian world; and I will venture to add, with the frankness and something of the bluntness by which Englishmen are considered to be characterised, that if I am an idolater, I have a right to be one, if I choose; my idolatry is a branch of my prerogative, and is no business of yours. But you have been told by Lord Winchelsea that the Catholic religion is the adversary of freedom. It may occur to you, perhaps, that his lordship affords a proof in his own person, that a passion for Protestantism and a love of liberty are not inseparably associated; but without instituting too minute or embarrassing an inquiry into the services to freedom, which in the course of his political life have been conferred by my Lord Winchelsea, and putting aside all per-

sonal considerations connected with the accuser, let me proceed to the accusation. Calumniators of Catholicism, have you read the history of your country? Of the charges against the religion of Ireland, the annals of England afford the confutation. The body of your common laws was given by the Catholic Alfred. He gave you your judges, your magistrates, your high sheriffs — (you, sir, hold your office, and have called this great assembly, by virtue of his institutions) — your courts of justice, your elective system, and, the great bulwark of your liberties, the trial by jury. When Englishmen peruse the chronicles of their glory, their hearts beat high with exultation, their emotions are profoundly stirred, and their souls are ardently expanded. Where is the English boy, who reads the story of his great island, whose pulse does not beat at the name of Runnemede, and whose nature is not deeply thrilled at the contemplation of that great incident, when the mitred Langton, with his uplifted crosier, confronted the tyrant, whose sceptre shook in his trembling hand, and extorted what you have so justly called the Great, and what, I trust in God, you will have cause to designate as your everlasting Charter? It was by a Catholic Pontiff that the foundation-stone in the temple of liberty was laid; and it was at the altars of that religion, which you are accustomed to consider as the handmaid of oppression, that the architects of the constitution knelt down. Who conferred upon the people the right of self-taxation, and fixed, if he did not create, the representation of the people? The Catholic Edward the First; while, in the reign of Edward the Third, perfection was given to the representative system, parliaments were annually called, and the statute against constructive treason was enacted. It is false, foully, infamously false, that the Catholic religion, the religion of your forefathers, the religion of seven millions of your fellow-subjects, has been the auxiliary of debasement, and that to its influences the suppression of British freedom can, in a single instance, be referred. I am loath to say that which can give you cause to take offence; but when the faith of my country is made the object of imputation, I cannot help, I cannot refrain, from breaking into a retaliatory interrogation, and from asking whether the overthrow of the old religion of England was not effected by a tyrant, with a hand of iron and a heart of stone; whether Henry did not trample upon freedom, while upon Catholicism he set his

foot; and whether Elizabeth herself, the virgin of the Reformation, did not inherit her despotism with her creed; whether in her reign the most barbarous atrocities were not committed; whether torture, in violation of the Catholic common law of England, was not politically inflicted, and with the shrieks of agony the Towers of Julius, in the dead of night, did not re-echo? And to pass to a more recent period, was it not on the very day on which Russell perished on the scaffold, that the Protestant University of Oxford published the declaration in favor of passive obedience, to which your Catholic ancestors would have laid down their lives rather than have submitted? These are facts taken from your own annals, with which every one of you should be made familiar; but it is not to your own annals that the recriminatory evidence, on which I am driven to rely, shall be confined. If your religion is the inseparable attendant upon liberty, how does it come to pass that Prussia, and Sweden, and Denmark, and half the German states, should be Protestants, and should be also slaves? You may suggest to me, that in the larger portion of Catholic Europe, freedom does not exist; but you should bear in mind that at a period when the Catholic religion was in its most palmy state, freedom flourished in the countries in which it is now extinct. Look at Italy, not indeed as she now is, but as she was before Martin Luther was born, when literature and liberty were associated, and the arts imparted their embellishments to her free political institutions. I call up the memory of the Italian Catholic republics in the great cause which I am sufficiently adventurous to plead before you. Florence, accomplished, manufacturing, and democratic, the model of your own municipal corporations, gives a noble evidence in favor of Catholicism; and Venice, Catholic Venice, rises in the splendor of her opulence and the light of her liberty, to corroborate the testimony of her celebrated sister with a still more lofty and majestic attestation. If from Italy I shall ascend the Alps, shall I not find, in the mountains of Switzerland, the sublime memorials of liberty, and the reminiscences of those old achievements which preceded the theology of Geneva, and which were performed by men, by whom the ritual of Rome was uttered on the glaciers, and the great mystery of Catholicism was celebrated on the altars which nature had provided for that high and holy worship? But Spain, I may be told, Spain affords the proof that to the purposes of

despotism her religion has always lent its impious and disastrous aid. That mistake is a signal one, for when Spain was most devotedly Catholic, Spain was comparatively free; her Cortes assumed an attitude nobler even than your own parliament, and told the king, at the opening of every session in which they were convened, that they were greater and invested with a higher authority than himself. In the struggles made by Spaniards, within our own memory, we have seen the revival of that lofty sentiment: while amongst the descendants of Spaniards, in the provinces of South America, called into existence in some sort by yourselves, we behold no religion but the Catholic, and no government of which the principle is not founded in the supremacy of the people. Republic after republic has arisen at your bidding through that immeasurable expanse, and it is scarce an exaggeration to say (if I may allude to a noble passage in one of the greatest writers of our time), that liberty, with her "meteor standard" unfurled upon the Andes,

> "Looks from her throne of clouds o'er half the world.

False, I repeat it, with all the vehemence of indignant asseveration, utterly false is the charge habitually preferred against the religion which Englishmen have laden with penalties, and have marked with degradation. I can bear with any other charge but this — to any other charge I can listen with endurance; tell me that I prostrate myself before a sculptured marble; tell me that to a canvass glowing with the imagery of heaven I bend my knee; tell me that my faith is my perdition: — and as you traverse the churchyards in which your forefathers are buried, pronounce upon those who have lain there for many hundred years a fearful and appalling sentence: — yes; call what I regard as the truth not only an error, but a sin to which mercy shall not be extended: — all this I will bear — to all this I will submit — nay, at all this I will but smile: — but do not tell me that I am in heart and creed a slave: — that my countrymen cannot brook; in their own bosoms they carry the high consciousness that never was imputation more foully false or more detestably calumnious. I do not believe that with the passion for true liberty a nation was ever more enthusiastically inspired — never were men more resolved — never were men more deserving to be free than the nation in whose oppression, fatally to Ireland and to themselves, the

statesmen of England have so madly persevered. What have been the results of that system which you have been this day called together to sustain? You behold in Ireland a beautiful country, with wonderful advantages agricultural and commercial — a resting place for trade on its way to either hemisphere; indented with havens, watered by numerous rivers; with a fortunate climate in which fertility is raised upon a rich soil, and inhabited by a bold, intrepid, and, with all their faults, a generous and enthusiastic people. Such is Ireland as God made her — what is Ireland as you have made her? This fine country, swarming with a population the most miserable in Europe, of whose wretchedness, if you are the authors, you are beginning to be the victims — the poisoned chalice is returned in its just circulation to your lips. Harvests the most abundant are reaped by men with starvation in their faces; all the great commercial facilities of the country are lost — the rivers that should circulate opulence and turn the machinery of a thousand manufactures, flow to the ocean without wafting a boat or turning a wheel — the wave breaks in solitude in the silent magnificence of deserted and shipless harbors. In place of being a source of wealth and revenue to the empire, Ireland cannot defray its own expenses; her discontent costs millions of money; she debilitates and endangers England. The great mass of her population are alienated and dissociated from the state — the influence of the constituted and legitimate authorities is gone; a strange, anomalous, and unexampled kind of government has sprung up, and exercises a despotic sway; while the class, inferior in numbers, but accustomed to authority, and infuriated at its loss, are thrown into formidable reaction — the most ferocious passions rage from one extremity of the country to the other. Hundreds and thousands of men, arrayed with badges, gather in the south, and the smaller faction, with discipline and with arms, are marshalled in the north — the country is like one vast magazine of powder, which a spark might ignite into an explosion, and of which England would not only feel, but, perhaps, never recover from the shock. And is this state of things to be permitted to continue? It is only requisite to present the question in order that all men should answer — something must be done. What is to be done? Are you to re-enact the Penal Code? Are you to deprive Catholics of their properties, to shut up their schools,

to drive them from the bar, to strip them of the elective franchise, and reduce them to Egyptian bondage? It is easy for some visionary in oppression to imagine these things. In the drunkenness of sacerdotal debauch men have been found to give vent to such sanguinary aspirations, and the teachers of the Gospel, the ministers of a mild and merciful Redeemer, have uttered in the midst of their ferocious wassails, the bloody orison, that their country should be turned into one vast field of massacre, and that upon the pile of carnage the genius of Orange ascendency should be enthroned. But these men are maniacs in ferocity, whose appetites for blood you will scarcely undertake to satiate. You shrink from the extirpation of a whole people. Even suppose that, with an impunity as ignominious as it would be sanguinary, that horrible crime could be effected, then you must needs ask, what is to be done? In answering that question you will not dismiss from your recollection that the greatest statesmen who have for the last fifty years directed your councils and conducted the business of this mighty empire, concurred in the opinion that, without a concession of the Catholic claims, nothing could be done for Ireland. Burke, the foe to revolution — Fox, the asserter of popular right — Pitt, the prop of the prerogative, concurred. With reference to this great question their minds met in a deep confluence. See to what a conclusion you must arrive when you denounce the advocates of Emancipation. Your anathema will take in one-half of Westminster Abbey; and is not the very dust into which the tongues and hearts of Pitt, and Burke, and Fox have mouldered better than the living hearts and tongues of those who have survived them? If you were to try the question by the authorities of the dead, and by those voices which may be said to issue from the grave, how would you decide? If, instead of counting votes in St. Stephen's, you were to count the tombs in the mausoleum beside it, how would the division of the great departed stand? There would be a majority of sepulchres inscribed with immortal names upon our side. But supposing that authority, that the coincidence of the wisest and of the best in favor of Ireland was to be held in no account, consider how the religious disqualifications must necessarily operate. Can that be a wise course of government which creates not an aristocracy of opulence, and rank, and talent, but an aristocracy in religion, and places

seven millions of people at the feet of a few hundred thousand? Try this fashion of government by a very obvious test, and make the case your own. If a few hundred thousand Presbyterians stood towards you in the relation in which the Irish Protestants stand towards the Catholics, would you endure it? Would you brook a system under which Episcopalians should be rendered incapable of holding seats in the House of Commons, should be excluded from sheriffships and corporate offices, and from the bench of justice, and from all the higher offices in the administration of the law; and should be tried by none but Presbyterian juries, flushed with the insolence of power and infuriated with all the ferocity of passion? How would you brook the degradation which would arise from such a system, and the scorn and contumelies which would flow from it? Would you listen with patience to men who told you that there was no grievance in all this — that your complaints were groundless, and that the very right of murmuring ought to be taken away? Are Irishmen and Roman Catholics so differently constituted from yourselves that they are to behold nothing but blessings in a system which you would look upon as an unendurable wrong? Protestants and Englishmen, however debased you may deem our country, believe me that we have enough of human nature left within us — we have enough of the spirit of manhood, all Irishmen as we are, to resent a usage of this kind. Its results are obvious. The nation is divided into two castes. The powerful and the privileged few are patricians in religion, and trample upon and despise the plebeian Christianity of the millions who are laid prostrate at their feet. Every Protestant thinks himself a Catholic's better; and every Protestant feels himself the member of a privileged corporation. Judges, sheriffs, crown counsel, crown attorneys, juries, are Protestants to a man. What confidence can a Catholic have in the administration of public justice? We have the authority of an eminent Irish judge, the late Mr. Fletcher, who declared that, in the North, the Protestants were uniformly acquitted, and the Catholics were as undeviatingly condemned. A body of armed Orangemen fall upon and put to death a defenceless Catholic; they are put upon their trial, and when they raise their eyes and look upon the jury, as they are commanded to do, they see twelve of their brethren in massacre empannelled for their trial; and, after this, I shall be

told that all the evils of Catholic disqualification lie in the disappointed longing of some dozen gentlemen after the House of Commons! No; it is the bann, the opprobrium, the brand, the note and mark of dishonor, the scandalous partiality, the flagitious bias, the sacrilegious and perjured leaning, and the monstrous and hydra-headed injustice, that constitute the grand and essential evils of the country. And you think it wonderful that we should be indignant at all this. You marvel, and are amazed that we are hurried into the use of rash and vehement phrases. Have we alone forgotten the dictates of charity? — have our opponents been always distinguished by their meekness and forbearance? — have no exasperating expressions, no galling taunts, no ferocious menaces, ever escaped from them? Look to the Brunswick orgies of Ireland, and behold not merely the torturers of '98, who, like retired butchers, feel the want of their old occupation, and long for the political shambles again, but to the ministers of the Gospel, by whom their libations to the moloch of faction, in the revelries of a sanguinary ascendancy are ferociously poured out. Make allowances for the excesses into which, with much provocation, we may be hurried, and pardon us when you recollect how, under the same circumstance, you would, in all likelihood, feel yourselves. Perhaps you will say, that while you are conscious that we have much to suffer, you owe it to your own safety to exclude us from power. We have power already — the power to do mischief; give us that of doing good. Disarray us — dissolve us — break up our confederacy — take from the law (the great conspirator) its combining and organizing quality, and we shall no longer be united by the bad chain of slavery, but by the natural bonds of allegiance and contentment. You fear our possible influence in the House of Commons. Don't you dread our actual influence beyond its precincts? Catholics out of the House of Commons: we should be citizens within it. It has been sometimes insisted that we aim at the political exaltation of our church upon the ruins of the establishment — that once emancipated we should proceed to strip your clergy, and to possess ourselves of the opulence of an anti-apostolic and anti-scriptural establishment. Never was there a more unfounded imputation. The whole body of the Irish Catholics look upon a wealthy priesthood with abhorrence. They do not desire that their bishops should be invested with ponti-

fical gorgeousness. When a bill was introduced in order to make a small, and no more than a decent provision for the Catholic clergy, did they not repudiate the offer, and prefer their honorable poverty and the affections of the people to the seductions of the crown? How did the people act? Although a provision for the priesthood would relieve them from a burden, did they not deprecate all connection with power? The Catholics of Ireland know that if their clergy were endowed with the wealth of the establishment, they would become a profligate corporation, pampered with luxury, swelling with sacerdotal pride, and presenting in their lives a monstrous contrast with that simplicity and that poverty of which they are now as well the practisers as the teachers. They know that, in place of being, as they now are, the indefatigable instructors of the peasantry, their consolers in affliction, their resource in calamity, their preceptors and their models in religion, their visitors in sickness, and their companions at the bed of death; they would become equally insolent to the humble, and sycophantic to the great — flatterers at the noble's table and extortioners in the poor man's hovel; slaves in politics, and tyrants in demeanor, who from the porticoes of palaces would give their instructions in humility; who from the banquets of patricians would prescribe their lessons in abstinence; and from the primrose path of dalliance would point to the steep and thorny way to heaven. Monstrous as the opulence of the establishment now is, the people of Ireland would rather see the wealth of Protestant bishops increased tenfold, and another million of acres added to their episcopal territories, than behold their pure and simple priesthood degraded from their illustrious humility to that dishonorable and anti-Christian ostentation which, if it were once established, would be sure to characterize their church. I speak the sentiments of the whole body of my countrymen, when I solemnly and emphatically reiterate my asseveration that there is nothing which the Roman Catholic body would regard with more abhorrence than the transfer of the enormous and corrupting revenues of the establishment to a clergy who owe their virtues to their poverty and the attachment of the people to their dignified dependence upon the people for their support.

I should have done; and yet before I retire from your presence, indulge me so far as to permit me to press one remaining topic upon

you. I have endeavored to show you that you have mistaken the character and political principles of my religion; I have endeavored to make you sensible of the miserable condition of my country; to impress upon you the failure of all the means which have been hitherto tried to tranquillize that unhappy country, and the necessity of adopting some expedient to alleviate its evils. I have dwelt upon the concurrence of great authorities in favor of concession; the little danger that is to be apprehended from that concession, and the great benefit which would arise from religious peace in Ireland. I might enlarge upon those benefits, and show you that when factions were reconciled, when the substantial causes of animosity were removed, the fierce passions which agitate the country would be laid at rest, that English capital would, in all likelihood, flow into Ireland; that English habits would gradually arise; that a confidence in the administration of justice would grow up; that the people, instead of appealing to arms for redress, would look to the public tribunals as the only arbiters of right; and that the obstacles which now stand in the way of education would be removed; that the fierceness of polemics would be superseded by that charity which the Christian extends to all mankind; that a reciprocal sentiment of kindness would take place between the two islands; that a real union, not depending upon acts of parliament, but upon mutual interest and affection, would be permanently established; that the empire would be consolidated, and all dangers from the enemies of Great Britain would disappear: I might point out to you, what is obvious enough, that if Ireland be allowed to remain as it now is, at no distant period the natural foes of Great Britain may make that unfortunate country the field of some formidable enterprise; I might draw a picture of the consequences which would arise if an enormous population were to be roused into a concurrent and simultaneous movement, but I forbear from pressing such considerations upon you, because I had much rather rely upon your own lofty-mindedness, than upon any terrible contingency; I therefore put it to you, that independently of every consideration of expediency, it is unworthy of you to persevere in a system of practical religious intolerance, which Roman Catholic states, who hold to you a fine example in this regard at least, have abandoned, I have heard it said that the Catholic religion was a persecuting religion. It was, and so was

every other religion that was ever invested with authority. How easily I could retort on you the charge of persecution; remind you that the early reformers, who set up a claim to liberty of conscience for themselves, did not indulge others in a similar luxury; tell you that Calvin, having obtained a theological masterdom in Geneva, offered up the screams of Servetus to the God of mercy and of love; that even your own Cranmer, who was himself a martyr, had first inflicted what he afterwards suffered, and that this father of your church, whose hand was indeed a guilty one, had, even in the reign of Edward the Sixth, accelerated the progress of heretics to immortality, and sent them through fire to heaven. But the truth is, that both parties have, in the paroxyms of religious frenzy, committed the most execrable crimes, and it might be difficult, if their misdeeds were to be weighed, to adjust the balance of atrocity between them. But Catholics and Protestants have changed, and with the alteration of time we ourselves have undergone a salutary reformation. Through the whole continent religious distinctions have begun to vanish, and freedom of conscience is almost universally established. It is deplorable that England should be almost the only country where such disqualifications are maintained. In France, where the religion of the state is that of Rome, all men are admissible to power, and no sort of sectarian distinction is instituted by the law. The third article of the French charter provides that every French citizen, no matter of what denomination, shall be capable of holding every office in the state. The Chamber of Deputies is filled with Protestants, who are elected by Roman Catholics; and Protestants have held places in the cabinet of France. In Hungary, in the year 1791, Protestants were placed by a Roman Catholic government on a perfect level with their fellow-citizens. In Bavaria the same principle of toleration was adopted. Thus the Catholics of Europe have given you an honorable example, and, while they have refuted the imputation of intolerance, have pronounced upon you a practical reproach. You are behind almost every nation in Europe. Protestant Prussia has emancipated her Catholic subjects, and Silesia is free. In Germany the churches are used indiscriminately by Protestants and Catholics, the Lutheran service, in happy succession, follows the Catholic mass, or the Catholic mass follows the Lutheran service. Thus in every state in Europe the spirit of religious tolera-

tion has signally advanced, while here, in this noble island, which we are wont to consider the asylum of civil liberty, the genius of persecution has found a refuge. In England, and in England only, deprivations and dishonor are inflicted upon those whose conscience inhibits their conformity with the formulas of your worship, and a vast body of Englishmen in this one of your finest counties, are called upon to offer up a gratuitous invocation to the legislature to rivet the fetters of their Catholic fellow-subjects. Do not undertake so ungenerous an office, nor interpose for the low-hearted purposes of oppression. I have heard since I came here that it is a familiar saying, that "the men of Kent have been never conquered." That you never will be vanquished in any encounter where men shall be arrayed in arms against you is my belief and my desire, but while in this regard you will always prove unconquered and unconquerable, there is one particular in which I hope that proof will be afforded that you can be subdued. Be no longer invincible, but let the victory be achieved by yourselves. The worst foes with which you have to contend are lodged in your own breasts — your prejudices are the most formidable of your antagonists, and to discomfit them will confer upon you a higher honor than if in the shouts of battle you put your enemies to flight. It is over your antipathies, national and religious, that a masterdom should be obtained by you, and you may rest assured that if you shall vanquish your animosities, and bring your passions into subjection, you will, in conquering yourselves, extend your dominion over that country by which you have been so long resisted, your empire over our feelings will be securely established, you will make a permanent acquisition of the affections of Irishmen, and make our hearts your own.

Speech in Reply to Mr. M'Clintock.

Mr. M'Clintock, a Protestant gentleman of rank and fortune in the county of Louth, having attended a Roman Catholic Meeting, held in the chapel of Dundalk, and delivered a speech containing strictures on the Catholic religion,

MR. SHEIL rose immediately after Mr. M'Clintock had concluded and said, The speech of Mr. M'Clintock (and a more singular exhibition of gratuitous eloquence I have never heard) calls for a prompt and immediate expression of gratitude. He has had the goodness to advise us (for he has our interests at heart) to depute certain emissaries from the new Order of Liberators to his Holiness at Rome, for the purpose of procuring a repeal of certain obnoxious canons of the Council of Lateran. If Mr. M'Clintock had not assured us that he was serious, and was not actuated by an anxiety to throw ridicule upon the religion and proceedings of those whom he has taken under his spiritual tutelage, I should have been disposed to consider him an insidious fanatic, who, under the hypocritical pretence of giving us a salutary admonition, had come here with no other end than to fling vilification upon our creed, and to throw contumely upon the persons who take the most active part in the conduct of our cause. But knowing him to be a person of high rank and large fortune, and believing him to possess the feelings as well as the station of a gentleman, I am willing to acquit him of any such unworthy purpose, and do not believe that his object in addressing us, was to offer a deliberate and premeditated insult. He did not, I am sure (for it would be inconsistent with the character which I have ascribed to him) enter this meeting for the purpose of venting his bile in our faces, and voiding upon his auditory the foul calumnies against the religion of his countrymen, which furnish the ordinary materials of

rhetoric in the Bible Societies, of which he is so renowned a member. He did not come here to talk of the Pope's golden stirrups to a mass of ignorant and unenlightened people, and to turn their belief into ridicule with his lugubrious derision. The topics which he selected were, indeed, singularly chosen, and when he talked of the Order of Liberators, I was disposed to take him for a wag. — But I raised my eyes and looked him in the face, and perceiving a person, whose countenance would furnish Cruikshank with a frontispiece to the Spiritual Quixote, I at once acquitted him of all propensities to humour, and could not bring myself to believe it possible that Mr. M'Clintock had ever intended to be droll. At one moment I confess I was in pain for him, for I was apprehensive that the language in which he expressed himself in regard to our clergy, and the forms and habitudes of Popery, would be apt to excite the indignation of a portion of this immense auditory, but the spirit of courtesy prevailed over the feelings of the people, and so far from having been treated with disrespect, he was listened to with more than ordinary indulgence. He excited less of our anger than of our commiseration. I am upon this account rejoiced that he should have undertaken an exploit of this kind. We have given him evidence, at all events, that however intolerant the theory of our religion may appear to him, we are practically forbearing and indulgent. We allowed him to inveigh against the bridle and saddle of the Pope, without a remonstrance; we permitted him to indulge in his dismal merriment, and his melancholy ridicule, without a murmur; he will therefore have derived a useful lesson from his experiment upon the public patience, and when he shall recount to his confederates of the Bible Society his achievements amongst us, he will have an opportunity of telling them that we are far more tolerant of a difference of opinion than the pious auditory which Mr. M'Clintock is in the habit of addressing. I have occasionally attended meetings of the Bible Society, and observed that whoever ventured to remonstrate against the use of the Apocalypse as a Spelling Book, incurred the indignation of the assembly. I remember to have heard it suggested, that the amatory pictures which are offered to the imagination in the Canticle of Canticles, were not exactly fitted to the private meditation of young ladies, when the countenances of the fair auditors immediately assumed an expression

of beautiful ferocity, and they looked like angels in a passion. Henceforth, however, Mr. M'Clintock may be able to refer to the example of his Roman Catholic auditors in recommending to his pretty votaries at the Bible Society, that meekness and forbearance of which the Roman Catholic ladies have this day afforded a model. In this view the exhibition of Mr. M'Clintock may be considered as likely to be productive of some utility. But, after having thus endeavored to convey to him an expression of the gratitude which we feel for this interposition of his advice, it is right that I should, after giving him every credit for the benevolent sincerity of his motives, examine into the details of his admonition, and endeavor to ascertain how far it is judicious upon our part to follow the course which he has taken on himself to point out; let me, however, be allowed to make one preliminary remark. On rising he informed us, that he merely obeyed the impulse of the moment and yielded to the sudden suggestions of the Spirit, in communicating his advice. I was not a little surprised that he immediately afterwards produced a series of voluminous extracts from the theological history of the Catholic Church, which, together with certain facetious references to the Cardinals, constituted the substance of his discourse. In any other man I should take this elaborate accumulation of ecclesiastical learning as evidence that he had made some preparation for a somewhat adventurous enterprise, and that he had come furnished with a panoply from the armory of heaven. I should have supposed that he had taken some time in collecting so many weapons of celestial temper. But Mr. M'Clintock is a peculiar favorite above; he was supplied, no doubt, with these valuable notes by a preternatural means; some angelic influence must have been exercised in his favor, and a hand invisible to our profaner eyes, furnished him on the instant with those large extracts from the Canons of the Council of Lateran.

[Here Mr. M'Clintock rose with some appearance of displeasure, and said that Mr. Sheil was misrepresenting him. He stated that he had the notes for some time in his pocket.]

Mr. Sheil — I certainly had understood that Mr. M'Clintock intimated that he had come without preparation to this meeting. I am now, however, to understand that he is not indebted for his

recondite erudition to any sudden irradiation from heaven, but that he previously accumulated this mass of citations against Popery. Indeed, the external aspect of the document sustains his present allegation, for the "Sybilline leaves" which were produced by him, seemed a little sear and faded. I perceive that Mr. M'Clintock does not take the remarks which I have presumed to make in very good part. In the Evangelical Societies where he makes so conspicuous a figure, he has it all his own way. He is not much accustomed to the collisions of intellect which are incident to popular debate; but he must not expect that a person having so much veneration as I have for the Pope's bridle and saddle, to which he has adverted with such a pleasant unction, should not return his compliment to my religion and give him a few hints upon his own. Mr. M'Clintock is no ordinary person. He is the uncle of Lord Roden, and the near relative of Lord Oriel; he is, besides, nearly allied to the Archbishop of Tuam, of Biblical renown, and has obtained no little notoriety by his epistolary controversies with Doctor Curtis. The observations of such a man ought not to be allowed to pass without comment; I shall, therefore, proceed. Mr. M'Clintock recommends us to procure a repeal of the Canons of the Council of Lateran. I am apprehensive that Mr. M'Clintock has blinded himself with the dust of those ponderous folios which he must needs have studied, in order to exhibit such a farrago of theology as he has produced to-day. The Councils of Nice, of Constance, of Lateran, and of Trent, are as familiar to him as "household words." He has thrown them into what the lawyers call a hotch-potch together. I shall not undertake to follow him through so much dark and mysterious erudition; but, at the same time, I shall grapple with the principle upon which his reference to the Councils are founded. He tells us that we ought to procure a repeal of the denunciations against heresy before we can expect emancipation. I beg leave to suggest the propriety of putting Mr. M'Clintock into Parliament in place of his kinsman, Mr. Leslie Foster, in order to enable him to move for a repeal of the laws against witchcraft, passed by a Protestant Legislature in the reign of James I. Thus a three-fold object will be attained. We shall, in the first place, get rid of Mr. Leslie Foster; in the second place we shall reward Mr. M'Clintock for his well-meant admonitions; and in the third place

we shall afford an opportunity to Mr. M'Clintock of giving the same earnest exhortations to his fellow-legislators to relieve their religion from the odium with which the enactments of superstition ought to be pursued. But let me put the language of mockery aside, and ask Mr. M'Clintock whether it be not as unjust to charge the Catholics of the nineteenth century with edicts passed some centuries ago, as it would be to impute to the Protestant religion the fanatical absurdity which dictated the statute against the "feeders of evil spirits." It is perfectly obvious that Mr. M'Clintock has conveyed a charge of intolerance in the shape of advice. He deserves a serious answer. I shall, in the first place, point out the circumstances under which any denunciations against heresy were pronounced by the assembled hierarchy of the Christian world. I shall show, in the second place, that the spirit of Protestantism was, at one period, fully as sanguinary and ferocious as that which Mr. M'Clintock has ascribed to the genius of Popery, in what he might call the night of its darkest domination. And I shall give proof to Mr. M'Clintock in the third place, that while the faith of Roman Catholics remains unchanged, the principles by which the civil executive enforced an uniformity of creed have been long since abandoned.

If, like Mr. M'Clintock, I were a reader of Saint Peter without note or comment I might refer him to the second chapter, in which he speaks of "false teachers who shall bring in damnable heresies"; but I know that Mr. M'Clintock has no great relish for St. Peter, or for his successors. The Roman Catholic divines were sufficiently fluent in quoting the authority of the Scriptures, when the State deemed it expedient to call their sanction in aid of the enactments of civil policy. Good warrant for the writ, "*de hæretico comburendo*," might readily be found in the Testament, both Old and New. But I thank God that it was never a part of the faith of Roman Catholics, that the light of the Gospel ought to be propagated with the faggot, or that the darkness of heresy ought to be dispelled with the flames of an *auto de fe*. There is a manifest distinction between faith, which consists of a belief in certain religious tenets, and the practical measures by which that faith is sought to be enforced. A belief in transubstantiation is a part of our creed, but the punishment of heresy is a matter not of belief but of regulation, and cannot be said to constitute any portion of the Roman Catholic faith. It is perfectly

true, that at a period when the Roman Catholic religion was the only form under which Christianity was professed, a system of discipline was adopted, of which the object was to repress innovation, and it would be easy to find many plausible arguments among Protestant divines in support of that restraint upon novelties in religion, which, under the pretence of preserving the repose of society, were introduced by the lawgivers of a darker age. The intimate connexion between the State and the Church, produced ordinances in the one, which were intended to be the props of the other. By a reciprocity of corruption, they infected each other — statesmen were turned into divines, and divines into statesmen. This was an unnatural transformation, and produced the worst results. If we enter into a comparison of the enormities committed by the Catholics in opposing, or the Protestants in extending the doctrines of the Reformation, perhaps it would be difficult to strike a balance of atrocity between them. If any excuse could be urged (but there can be none) it might be suggested on the part of the professors of the old religion that they were, to use a legal illustration, in possession of the estate, and opposed to every casual ejector, who came to trespass on their exclusive property in heaven. The Protestants who throw imputations on our Church, should consider the position from which their projectiles are flung, and should remember that they live in houses of brittle materials. It is notorious that almost, with the single exception of Melancthon, all the earlier Reformers were infuriated persecutors. After hunting Popery down, they turned like mad wolves upon each other. The progress of the Reformation is tracked with fire and blood. It is unnecessary to go through the details of enormity on the Continent, but as Mr. M'Clintock seems to belong to the Calvinistic department of Christianity (I should so collect from his aspect) he will pardon me for referring him to Geneva, that metropolis of orthodoxy, for illustrations of the peaceful and forbearing spirit with which the Fathers of the Reformed Religion enforced their revelations. They tortured, they emboweled, they consumed with slow fires whoever presumed to question their delegation from heaven. But let us turn to England. It is but a few days since I perused a letter by that martyr of the Reformation, the detestable Cranmer, in which he writes, that inasmuch as one Fryth did not think it necessary to believe in the corporal presence of Christ in the

Sacrament, and held, in this point, much after the opinion of Œcolampadius, it was necessary to hand him over to the secular power, "where," as Cranmer says, "he, Fryth, looked every day to go to the fire." Well might he exclaim, "this guilty hand"; well might the Patriarch of the Reformation, while he was himself perishing at the stake, utter that terrific cry; but he should have applied it, not to the recantation of his opinions, but to the sanguinary misdeeds to which that hand had given its sanction. If the mother of Fryth had stood beside him, might she not have cried, "Your groans are like the groans of my son, and your screams remember me of his cries." But why refer to Cranmer, when I may resort to the amiable and benevolent Henry, the Father of the English Reformation. Protestants disclaim that celebrated Prince; but really they should be held responsible for his barbarities, when they impute to us every delinquency practiced by the professors of our creed. Let them deny it as they will; if we trace the Protestant religion to its fountain head, however it may have been purified in its progress, we shall find its sources stained with blood. But perhaps Mr. M'Clintock will say, that it pleased Providence to choose an unworthy instrument, in the ferocious Henry, for the accomplishment of its sacred purposes; and that when we find the cradle of their religion rocked in murder, adultery, and incest, we see an exemplification of the tendency of Heaven to deduce good from ill. It must be confessed, that Providence displayed a somewhat fantastic and capricious taste in choosing an execrable tyrant for the execution of his holy designs. It may be said, that the light only dawned in the mind of Henry; that the Spirit did not visit him in its fullest illumination; and that although the morning of the Reformation was dark and gloomy, and many a bloody cloud attended the ascending luminary, yet that in a little while the truth appeared in all its glory, and spread into the full splendor of day. Well, let me pass at once to the 27th of Elizabeth, by which it was enacted, that "every Romish Priest should be hanged until he was half dead, then he should have his head taken off, and his body cut in quarters; that his bowels should be drawn out and burned, and his head fixed upon a pole in some public place." What will Mr. M'Clintock say to this? Does he think the charge of intolerance is justly confined to the religion of Rome? I will not pursue the spirit of persecution through the variety of legislative enactments

in which it is exemplified. What need I do more than refer to the Penal Code enacted in this country, by which the son was incited to revolt against the father, and parricide was converted into a sort of political duty by the law. It was of this code that Sir Toby Butler said, "It is enough to make the hardest heart bleed to think on't." It would be an almost endless labor to go through all the proofs, with which history may be said to teem, of the ferocious spirit by which sectarian power has been almost uniformly displayed. I can readily produce gibbet for gibbet against Mr. M'Clintock; and the only difference between us would be, that Catholics had a larger field for the exercise of that unfortunate tendency, which appears to belong to the nature of man. The Protestants, however, made good use of their time. The truth is, both parties are to blame, and should avoid this recriminating retrospect. How much more wise it would be of Mr. M'Clintock, instead of referring us to the Council of Lateran, to refer his fellow-believers to the progress of events, to the universal diffusion of intelligence, and the material change which the religion both of Catholics and of Protestants has undergone. The sphere of human knowledge has advanced, and the Catholic Church has been carried along in the universal progression. Our faith is the same, but our system of ecclesiastical government is wholly changed. Persecution cannot be considered as an ingredient of a man's creed. It may, indeed, be the result of his principles, but cannot be considered as of the essence of his belief. It were wiser for Mr. M'Clintock to look at the declarations of the Catholic Universities, denying the abominable doctrines imputed to us, — to the recent protest of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, and to the oath which every Roman Catholic takes, than to the moth-eaten volumes with which he has been replenishing his mind. Let him beware of these studies — "the insect takes the color of the leaf upon which it feeds," and I know of no worse color than the black letter repertories, of theology which have supplied his intellectual nourishment. But let us go beyond protests, and oaths, and declarations, and come to facts. The liberality of Catholics is not confined to mere speculation. Look at Hungary, where, for upwards of forty years, all distinctions between Protestant and Catholic have been abolished. Mr. M'Clintock has, *en passant*, inveighed against Charles X. and the Jesuits. Poor gentleman, he has the same fear of the Jesuits as *Scrub* in the

play, who rushes out in agony of terror, and exclaims, "Murder! robbery! the Pope and the Jesuits!" It is not my office to defend the intellect of Charles X. I believe that if the brains of Protestant and Catholic royalty were to be weighed, the scales would be found in a state of complete equipoise. I hardly think that the Guelphs would weigh the Capets to the beam, and if the head of his Royal Highness the Duke of York were to be examined by Professor Spurzheim, he would, probably, find in it an equally faithful exemplification of his theory. On the head of the Duke of Cumberland, indeed, some bumps, as they are technically called, might be discovered, which the ghost of Selis should be conjured to explain. But a truce to laughter. Protestants complain of the intolerant spirit of the French law. In the first place the Huguenots are provided with churches at the public expense. In the Rue St. Honore, in Paris, they have a splendid place of worship given them by the State, and their clergy are not only paid as well, but much better, than the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. They receive one-third more. Let Mr. M'Clintock look to the French charter, and he will find that by the third article, "all Frenchmen are equally admissible to all civil and military employments," and by the fifth, "each individual is allowed to profess his religion with an equal freedom, and obtains for his form of worship, the same protection." But all these arguments, derived both from reason and from fact, have no weight, as long as we consider the Pope infallible. Mr. M'Clintock informs us, that no human being is exempt from frailty, and refers to King David, and the interesting story of Bathsheba. He has also quoted the uxorious propensities of his son.

Mr. M'Clintock seems well versed in the Old Testament, and appears well qualified to make elegant extracts of its more enticing incidents for the meditation of young ladies. They would make a neat volume, especially if adorned with prints, and some fair devotee well skilled in drawing should be applied to, to throw her imagination into the pencil, and furnish illustrations. A pretty subject that of David and Bathsheba, to which Mr. M'Clintock has adverted. He passed with much rapidity of transition to his holiness, and I own I expected a few anecdotes of the Borgina family, to beguile the tedium of debate. However, he confined himself to the equestrian habitudes of his holiness. I beg to apprise Mr. M'Clintock that I,

for one, do not consider the Pope infallible, nor is such an opinion entertained in our church. Roman Catholics indeed believe that truth resides in their church, as most people believe their own to be the best religion. Mr. M'Clintock will allow me to interpret the Scriptures as I think proper. St. Paul and he differ, indeed, on that head, as St. Paul condemns "private interpretation." But I meet Mr. M'Clintock on his own ground, and tell him that I find texts in Scripture which, according to my private construction, warrant a belief in the infallibility of the church. I may be wrong, but I deduce that position from the Scriptures, and the first use I make of them is, to bow down my judgment to the church. I need not repeat the text: "Thou art Peter." "Lo, I will be with you to the end of time," and so forth. I by no means insist on Mr. M'Clintock adopting my construction, but upon his own principles, he must not quarrel with the inference which I draw from the Bible. I have as much right to draw that conclusion from the Bible as he has to believe in his election from eternity, which he derives from the same source. Why, then, should I be debarred of my civil rights for believing that truth must reside somewhere, and for choosing to give it a residence in the Catholic church, instead of the bottom of a well. At all events, the arguments on my side are plausible enough to have imposed on many great and good men, and I must be pardoned for following, like Mr. M'Clintock, my own vagary in religion. There is, in my mind, this difference between Mr. M'Clintock and myself. I believe the church to be infallible, and he believes himself to be so.

Mr. M'Clintock — Not at all.

Mr. Sheil — I shall show Mr. M'Clintock that this conclusion is the necessary consequence of his premises. If every Protestant is entitled to draw his religion from the Bible, it follows that he must be capable so to do. If he be capable so to do, he must be enlightened by heaven, and if enlightened by heaven, as God does not lead us astray, he must be infallible. A member of the Bible Society gives the Scriptures to his child, and desires him to make out his faith from them. "Here, (he says), my sweet little divine, is the Book of Life, do not attend to what the priests and cardinals tell you, but study the Trinity by yourself; investigate the mystery of the Incarnation, and solve the prophetical problems of the Apocalypse;

and, my dear boy, if ever you are in want of amusement, read the pleasant story of David and Bathsheba, and the other instructive anecdotes which you will find interspersed in this holy book; God will preserve your imagination from taint, and fill with his divine grace every little theologian of thirteen. And now good bye, and go and play with the gospel at 'hide and go seek.'" So much for divinity in its teens. But seriously speaking, if the boy be not infallible, why give the Bible to the boy? It comes to this: I am for corporate, and Mr. M'Clintock for individual infallibility. I prefer the decrees of councils; he prefers the rhapsodies of conventicles. I like the religion of Pascal, and Fenelon, and Bossuet, and Arnaud, while Mr. M'Clintock and the ladies of Dublin have a predilection for the new apostle of the Gentiles — Baron Munchausen Katerfelto Ferdinand Mendez Pinto Wolff, formerly of Monmouth street, London, lately of the Propaganda in Rome, and now Chief Propagator to the Ladies' Auxiliary Bible Society, Dublin. Kirwan used to say, that the teachers of new religions were like the soldiers who tore the seamless garment of our Saviour to pieces. This converted Hebrew, after selling old clothes through Germany, comes hawking some shreds of new-fashioned christianity in Dublin. The fellow's name and aspect reminds me of Dryden's description of the fanatics:

> More haughty than the rest, the *Wolffish* race —
> Appear with belly gaunt and famished face —
> Never was so deformed a beast of grace.

I commend Mr. M'Clintock to this worthy missionary from Syria, of whose infallibility and fidelity in the commemoration of his own wonders, I presume he makes no question, and gives him a decided preference to Prince Hohenloe. Good heaven! to what a pitch fanaticism has arrived! An ignorant Israelite arrives in Dublin, defies all the doctors of the Church of Rome, in the world, to meet him in intellectual combat, directs that answers should be inclosed from all the universe to Mr. Hogan, of York street, and is forthwith encompassed with all the rank and beauty of Dublin. Warren, with his blacking, is nothing to this; and Ingleby, "the emperor of conjurors," who defied every other juggler, sinks into miserable diminution before this master of celestial legerdemain. But, sir, enough of these topics, which are very foreign from those on which I had

intended to address you. Mr. M'Clintock has broken in upon the ordinary course of our discussions, and has, perhaps, enlivened this meeting with some diversity of matter. I hope we shall often see him amongst us, and that some of his associates of the Bible Society will do us the favor to accompany him; for, although we are greatly surpassed by them in the riches of diction, extent of acquirement, grace of elocution, and power of reasoning, yet the truth upon our side almost renders us their match. Having spoken thus much, I shall not enter into any of the subjects suggested by your resolutions, but shall content myself with simply stating, that for the vote of thanks you have given me for my professional exertions at the election, to the success of which you are pleased to say that I contributed, I am deeply grateful.

Speech on the Duke of York.

I HAVE waited until the chair had been left, and the meeting of the Association had terminated, in order to introduce a subject which, as it is of a purely political nature, I refrained from mentioning during the discussions of the Association, lest it should give them a character of illegality, and expose me to the imputation of having violated the law. I refer to the recent observations which have been made in the London papers upon the report of a speech of mine at a public dinner. I hope that I shall not be considered guilty of an overweening egotism, in drawing the attention of the individuals who happen to be assembled here to what may appear to relate to myself. But the topics on which I mean to address you are of public as well as of personal interest. The truculent jocularity and the spirit of savage jest which have been ascribed to me, in expatiating on the infirmities of an illustrious person, have been regarded as characteristic of the moral habitudes of the body to which I belong. Thus, my vindication (for I do not rise to make an apology) extends beyond myself. Yet let me be permitted to suggest, that it is most unfair to impute to a whole people the feelings or the sentiments of any single man. The Catholics of Ireland have been repeatedly held responsible for the unauthorised and unsanctioned language of individuals. Every ardent expression, every word that overflows with gall, every phrase uttered in the suddenness of unpremeditated emotion, are converted into charges against seven millions of the Irish people. It is dealing rather hardly with us, to make a loose after-dinner speech, (the mere bubble of the mind,) thrown off in the heedlessness of conviviality, a matter of serious accusation against a whole community. I am not endeavoring to excuse myself upon any such plea as the Bishop of Kilmore might resort to, in extenuating his late oration in

Cavan; on the contrary, I am prepared to show the circumstances which, in my mind, gave warrant to what I said. But I deprecate the notion that the language employed either by myself or by any other individual should be held to represent the opinions of the Irish Catholics. It has been stated that laughter was produced by an ebullition of disastrous merriment. I will suppose that some two or three dozen of individuals in an obscure country town, did not preserve the solemnity with which any allusion to the maladies of an illustrious person ought to have been received, yet it is wholly unjust to hold the Irish Catholics responsible for their lack of sensibility. Having said this much, in order to rescue my fellow-laborers in the cause of emancipation from any responsibility for individual demerit, I shall proceed to state what, in my judgment, affords a justification of the language employed upon the occasion to which I refer. I shall not deny that I entertain a solicitude upon this subject. It is affectation on the part of any man to say that he holds the censure of the press in no account. I cannot but be sensible that I am, from my comparative want of personal importance, more exposed to the injurious consequence of such a simultaneous assault. But I do not complain; whoever intermeddles in public proceedings must be prepared for occasional condemnation. It is one of the necessary results of notoriety, and I submit to it as a portion of my fate. I shall not, therefore, insinuate that there is any mock sentimentality in the amiable indignation with which the writers of the Whig journals have vented their censures upon what they call the barbarous hilarity of an after-dinner harangue. I will not say that it is easy to procure a character for high sentiment by indulging in a paroxysm of editorial anger. Nay, I will give the gentlemen who have put so much sentiment into type credit for sincerity, and without attempting to retaliate, without referring them to their own comments upon the illustrious immoralities of the distinguished person to whom I have alluded, I shall state the grounds of which I conceive that I have been unjustly assailed. It is right that I should at once proceed to mention exactly what took place. The chairman of the meeting in question deviated from the ordinary usage at Roman Catholic dinners, and, in compliance with what, from his inexperience, he considered to be a sort of formula of convivial loyalty, proposed the health of a man who is an object, to use the

mildest phrase, of strong national disrelish. This, I confess, excited my indignation. I felt indignation, and where is the man who has one drop of manly blood in his heart, who would not feel indignation at being called on to offer a public homage to the individual who "has an oath in heaven" against his country. I was tempted at first to remonstrate in the language of violent reproof against such an obnoxious toast, and I own that I felt it difficult to restrain the emotions which, in common with every Roman Catholic, I entertain towards the man who is the avowed and devoted antagonist of Ireland. I recollected, however, that the chairman had done no more than comply with what he conceived to be a mere form, and I, therefore, preferred a mockery of the sentiment to any solemn denunciation. To the toast the expression of a hope was annexed, that with the restoration of health his feelings towards this country should undergo an alteration. "My gorge rose" at the notion of a man whose hereditary obstinacy has been confirmed by an adjuration of his God, becoming a valetudinarian convert to liberal opinions. The transition from anger to derision is an easy one, and I could not help indulging in the luxury of scorn (for it is not without its gratification,) and in the spirit of a gay malevolence, but not of heartless ridicule, I stated that I did not despair of seeing a consummation of the pious aspirations in which I had been called to join, when I recollected that protestations in politics might be as fleeting as those in love, and that as "Jove laughs at lover's perjuries," I apprehended an unfortunate stability in "so help me God!" It was not unnatural that in this mood of unpremeditated mockery I should make citations from certain celebrated epistles, where vows of everlasting attachment were succeeded by infidelities of so much infelicitous renown. The report of what I said was not full, and although I do not affect to say that the expressions imputed to me were not used, yet they are presented to the public eye without much concomitant matter, which would show them in, perhaps, a different light. I am sorry that the references to those celebrated letters were omitted. The following were among the passages to which I alluded, and which I think will bear me out — "How can I sufficiently express to my sweetest, my darling love, the delight which her dear, her pretty letter gave me — millions of thanks for it, my angel. Doctor O'—— delivered your letter. He wishes much to

preach before royalty, and if I can put him in the way of it I will. What a time it appears to me, my darling, since we parted, and how impatiently I look forward to next Wednesday night. God bless you, my dear love; ah! believe me, even to my last hour, yours, and yours alone." Thus, you perceive, that his affection was sealed with as strong a vow as his antipathy. The next letter gives vent to still more impetuous emotions. "How can I express to my darling love my thanks for her dear, dear letter. Oh! my angel, do me justice, and be convinced that there never was a woman adored as you are. There are still, however, two whole nights before I shall clasp my dear angel in my arms. Clavering is mistaken, my dear, in thinking there are any new regiments to be raised. (Thereby hangs a tale.) Thanks, my love, for the handkerchiefs, which are delightful, and I need not, I trust, assure you of the pleasure I feel in wearing them, and thinking of the dear hands who made them for me. Adieu, my sweetest love, until the day after to-morrow; and be assured, that until my last hour, I shall remain yours, and yours alone." It would be doing injustice to the celebrated writer of these exotic effusions if I did not add that his recommendation of an Irish divine was fully justified by the result, for the "Morning Post" mentions that while the doctor, with the Irish Omega in his name, was preaching, the father of the illustrious individual was very attentive, and his mother and sisters were melted into tears. There is an amusement of a demi-literary kind, commonly called "*cross reading*." I have sometimes put the "so help me God" oration into juxtaposition with the amatory lucubrations from which I have given a few extracts, and the reading stood thus: "It was connected with the serious illness of one now no more. Doctor O'—— wishes much to preach before royalty. I have never seen any reason to regret or change the line which I then took." "Oh! my angel, do me justice, and be convinced that there never was a woman adored as you are — there are still, however, two whole nights before I can clasp my angel in my arms." I feel very strongly on the whole subject — "ten thousand thanks, my love, for the handkerchiefs, which are delightful." Here he became sensibly affected. "I have been brought up all my life in these principles, and be assured that, to my last hour, I shall ever remain yours, and yours alone, 'so help me God!'" This amalga-

mation of his passions and his politics, in which his vices and his virtues are fused together, presents his character in a just light. But I should lay aside the language of derision. Why have I made these references to transactions, which but for his relentless antipathies to my country, I should readily have forgotten? It is not in the spirit of wanton malignity and inglorious revenge. It is for the purpose of recalling to the commentators upon myself the period at which that illustrious person was an object of as much aversion in England as he is in Ireland at this day. It is for the purpose of branding his protestations about conscience with all the scorn which they merit; it is in order to exhibit, in their just light, his appeals to heaven; to put his morality into comparison with his religion, and to tear off the mask by which the spirit of oppression is sought to be disguised. Conscience, forsooth! It is enough to make one's blood boil to think on't! That he who had publicly and in the open common day thrown off every coverlet of shame — who had wallowed in the blackest stye of profligate sensuality, an avowed and ostentatious adulterer, whose harlot had sustained herself by the sale of commissions, and turned footmen into brigadiers! that he — yet hot and reeking from the results of a foul and most disgraceful concubinage — should, without sense or memory or feeling, before the eyes of the whole empire, with the traces of his degradation still fresh upon him, presume to call upon the name of the great and eternal God, and in all the blasphemy of sacrilegious cant, dedicate himself with an invocation of heaven to the everlasting opression of my country! This it is that sets me, and every Irish Catholic, on fire. This is it which raises, excites, inflames, and exasperates! This it is that applies a torch to our passions. This it is that blows our indignation into flame. And it is this which, in the eyes of men, who stand the cold spectators of our sufferings and yield us a fastidious sympathy in our wrongs, makes us appear factious, virulent, and ferocious. This it is which makes them think that our mouths are foaming with rabid froth, and that there is poison mixed with madness in our fangs. I will furnish our antagonists with expressions of condemnation: I will assist their vocabulary of insult — I will allow them to heap contumely upon contumely, and reproach upon reproach, and I will only answer, that if they were similarly situated, they would feel with the same poignancy

and speak with the same turbulent virulence as ourselves, — I will only say, in the language of the great master of human nature —

"You should not speak of what you cannot feel."

They cannot feel our condition, or appreciate our injuries to their full extent, I cannot say the same thing of the illustrious person to whom I have alluded. He has been placed in circumstances somewhat analogous. Good God! that such a man should tell us that we labor under no privation, and are subject to no wrong! What were his own feelings — how did his heart beat when he was driven by the loud and reiterated cries of the English people, from his high office! We are told by him that an exclusion from the honors of the State is no substantive injury. Did he forget his own letter to the House of Commons, in which he offered up an act of contrition for the consequences of his impure connection, and, acknowledging that his heart was almost broken, resigned his office! Did the sacrifice cost him no pang? Did the oblation which he made to the public feeling awake no painful sensation in his mind? Did not his cheek burn, and was not his face turned into scarlet, when he took the pen with a trembling hand (for it must have trembled) and signed the instrument of his resignation! What a palsy must have seized his arm when he let the truncheon fall! And if in that dreadful crisis he felt a deep agony of heart, should he not make some allowance for those who, for no other cause than a conscientious adherence to the religion in which they were born and trust to die, are excluded from those honors which are accessible to every other class of British subjects? What, then, is the charge against me? That I have not enough of Joseph Surface in my character to express a wish that the great obstacle to my liberty should not be removed! My crime is, that I am not a hypocrite so base, as to allow a public libation to his name to pass without a comment. It was extorted from me, and my observations were not dictated by any cold and deliberate malice towards the individual, but by the feeling of distaste which the announcement of such a toast produced in my mind. The sarcasm was directed to the sentiment and not to the man. With respect to the individual himself, I doubt not that in private life he is not destitute of good qualities. It is said that he is a person of honor, and of a kindly disposition. This I am not inclined to controvert; and it would be

an injustice not to add, that in many particulars, in his official capacity, he is entitled to praise. Diligence, punctuality, and an attention to the interests of the inferior class of persons, who are placed under his superintendence, are among his merits. But what compensation does good nature afford for the denial of liberty? The mistakes of men in his condition are equivalent in their consequences to acts of deliberate criminality. Imbecility of understanding, and obstinacy of character, generate as many evil results as depravity of disposition, and, if I may employ the phrase, tyranny of heart. If I have adverted to conduct, which, in a court, is called folly, but which in lower departments of society is called vice, it is not that I am anxious to exaggerate those weaknesses which exposed him to ridicule, into enormity. The absurdities in love, into which he fell, should rest in oblivion, if he did not, by talking of the pain to which the royal conscience would be exposed, provoke a contrast between his life and his protestations, and make us tear open the tattered curtains of concubinage, in order to draw arguments against him from an adulterous bed. Who, we inevitably ask, is the man who appeals to heaven? Who is the man that entreats the house to consider the torture of conscience in which the sovereign is thus placed? Who is it that lifts up his hands and exclaims, "so help me God"? Is he a man of pure and unblemished life? Is he a man of bright and immaculate morality? Is he a man distinguished for his fidelity to his pecuniary contracts, and who never allowed his humble creditors to be the victims of a licentious prodigality? These are the interrogatories which this appeal to Almighty God necessarily forces upon us. We are rendered astute in the detection of errors, by the anxiety to find fault, and look into the life of such a person with a microscopic scrutiny. It is much to be regretted that he has exhibited a solicitude to be hated by the Irish people. He has lost no opportunity to gather about his name the antipathies of this country. Witness his having accepted the office of Grand Master of an illegal association of men, combined together for the oppression of their fellow-countrymen, and who, perverting the word of God into the signal of massacre, employed as a motto of their sanguinary institution, "Thy foot shall be steeped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dog shall be red with the lapping thereof." Is it, then, to be expected, that, for the ex-Grand Master of an Orange

Lodge we should entertain much tenderness and anxiety, or that any man who has taken the active part which I have, in Catholic affairs, should allow his name, when held up as an object of sympathy, to pass without some reprehensive comment? I do not exult in any corporal suffering which he may endure. If he suffers pain, and it were in my power to alleviate it, I should obey the instincts of my nature, and, dismissing my political detestations, bear him relief. But if I am asked whether I should desire to see the misfortunes of my country prolonged, I answer, "the liberty of Ireland is too dear." He is, beyond all doubt, the great obstacle to concession. What, then, do our opponents expect from us? If they require that excess of Christian philosophy, which should teach us to offer up our orisons for the degradation of our country, they ask too much. What would Catholic Emancipation produce? It would promote a whole people to their just level in the State; it would create tranquillity, and open the sources of national wealth in a land which is impoverished by its distractions; it would bind us in harmony together, and put an end to those dissensions by which we are rent asunder, and by which all the charities of life are blasted; it would remove that spirit of animosity and virulence which fills the hearts of men with the worst passions, and makes them turn with an emulation of hatred upon each other; it would, in one word, produce a great and permanent national reconciliation, and fix the stability of the British empire upon an everlasting foundation. These would, in my mind, be the glorious results of Catholic Emancipation; and I am only speaking the feeling of the whole Irish people, when I avow that I do not desire the perpetuation of the chief impediment that stands in its way, and thus obstructs a consummation which every lover of his country must most devoutly wish.

SELECT SPEECHES.

BY

RIGHT HON. HENRY GRATTAN.

[537]

HON. HENRY GRATTAN

Declaration of Irish Rights.

April 19, 1780.

On this day came on the most important subject that had ever been discussed in the Irish Parliament, — the question of independence — the recovery of that legislative power, of which, for centuries, Ireland had been so unjustly deprived.

Her right to make laws for herself, was first affected by the act of the 10th of Henry the Seventh, in a parliament, held at Drogheda, before the then Deputy, Sir Edward Poynings. It was there enacted that no parliament should be holden in Ireland, until the Lord-lieutenant and Privy Council should certify to the King under the great seal of Ireland, the causes, considerations, and acts that were to pass; that the same should be affirmed by the King and council in England, and his license to summon a parliament be obtained under the great seal of England. This was further explained by the 3d and 4th of Philip and Mary, whereby any change or alteration in the form or tenor of such acts to be passed after they were returned from England, was prohibited. Thus, by these laws the English privy council got the power to alter or suppress, and the Irish parliament were deprived of the power to originate, alter, or amend.

By these acts were the legislative rights of Ireland invaded: her judicial rights, however, remained untouched, till, in 1688, a petition and appeal was lodged with the House of Lords of England, from the English society of the new plantation of Ulster, complaining of the Irish House of Lords, who had decided in a case between them and the Bishop of Derry. Upon this the English House of Lords passed an order declaring, that this appeal was *coram non judice*. To this order fourteen reasons and answers were written by the celebrated Molyneux, and the appeal gave rise to his famous work, entitled "The Case of Ireland," which excited the hostility of the English House of Commons, and was burned by the hands of the common hangman! The Irish House of Lords then asserted their rights, passed resolutions, and protested against the English proceedings; thus matters remained until 1703, when came on the case of the Earl and Countess of Meath against the Lord Ward, who were dispossessed of their lands by a pretended order of the House of Lords in England, on which the Irish House of Peers adopted the former resolutions, asserting their rights, and restored possession to the Earl and Countess. In 1703, the appeal of Maurice Annesley was entertained in England, and the decree of the Irish House of Lords was reversed; and the English House of Lords had recourse to the authority of the Barons of the Exchequer in Ireland to enforce their order; the Sheriff refused obedience; the Irish House of Lords protected the Sheriff, and agreed to a representation to the King on the subject. This produced the arbitrary act of the 6th of George the First, which declared, that Ireland was a subordinate

and dependent kingdom; that the King, Lords, and Commons of England had power to make Laws to bind Ireland; that the House of Lords of Ireland had no jurisdiction, and that all proceedings before that Court were void. Under this act, and to such injustice, the Irish nation were compelled to submit, until the spirit of the present day arose, and that commanding power which the armed volunteers gave to the country, encouraged the people to rise unanimously against this usurped and tyrannical authority. The efforts of the nation to obtain a free trade, the compliance of the British Parliament with that claim; the British act passed in consequence thereof, which allowed the trade between Ireland and the British colonies and plantations in America and the West Indies, and the British settlements on the coast of Africa, had raised the hopes of the Irish people. The resolutions and proceedings of the volunteers, and the answers to their addresses by the patriotic members, had still further roused the people to a sense of their rights and their condition, and the hour was approaching which was to witness the restoration of their liberty. Mr. Grattan had, on a preceding day, given notice that he would bring forward a measure regarding the rights of Ireland; and in pursuance of that notice he rose and spoke as follows:

SIR, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it.

If I had lived when the 9th of William took away the woollen manufacture, or when the 6th of George the First declared this country to be dependent, and subject to laws to be enacted by the Parliament of England, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power; or, if I had a son, I should have administered to him an oath that he would consider himself a person separate and set apart for the discharge of so important a duty; upon the same principle I am now come to move a declaration of right, the first moment occurring, since my time, in which such a declaration could be made with any chance of success, and without aggravation of oppression.

Sir, it must appear to every person, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar and export of woollens, the people of this country are not satisfied — something remains; the greater work is behind; the public heart is not well at ease. To promulgate our satisfaction; to stop the throats of millions with the votes of Parliament; to preach homilies to the volunteers; to utter invectives against the people, under pretence of affectionate advice, is an attempt, weak, suspicious and inflammatory.

You cannot dictate to those whose sense you are entrusted to represent; your ancestors, who sat within these walls, lost to Ireland trade and liberty; you, by the assistance of the people, have recovered trade, you still owe the kingdom liberty; she calls upon you to restore it.

The ground of public discontent seems to be, "we have gotten commerce, but not freedom": the same power which took away the export of woollens and the export of glass, may take them away again; the repeal is partial, and the ground of repeal is upon a principle of expediency.

Sir, expedient is a word of appropriated and tyrannical import; expedient is an ill-omened word, selected to express the reservation of authority, while the exercise is mitigated; expedient is the ill-omened expression of the Repeal of the American stamp-act: England thought it expedient to repeal that law; happy had it been for mankind, if, when she withdrew the exercise, she had not reserved the right! To that reservation she owes the loss of her American empire, at the expense of millions, and America the seeking of liberty through a sea of bloodshed. The repeal of the woollen act, similarly circumstanced, pointed against the principle of our liberty, present relaxation, but tyranny in reserve, may be a subject for illumination to a populace, or a pretence for apostacy to a courtier, but cannot be the subject of settled satisfaction to a freeborn, an intelligent, and an injured community. It is therefore they consider the free trade as a trade *de facto*, not *de jure*, a license to trade under the Parliament of England, not a free trade under the charters of Ireland, as a tribute to her strength; to maintain which, she must continue in a state of armed preparation, dreading the approach of a general peace, and attributing all she holds dear to the calamitous condition of the British interest in every quarter of the globe. This dissatisfaction, founded upon a consideration of the liberty we have lost, is increased when they consider the opportunity they are losing; for if this nation, after the death-wound given to her freedom, had fallen on her knees in anguish, and besought the Almighty to frame an occasion in which a weak and injured people might recover their rights, prayer could not have asked, nor God have furnished, a moment more opportune for the restoration of liberty, than this, in which I have the honor to address you.

England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; the doctrine of Imperial legislature she feels to be pernicious; the revenues and monopolies annexed to it she has found to be untenable; she lost the power to enforce it; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection, you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy. Besides, there does, of late, a certain damp and spurious supineness overcast her arms and councils, miraculous as that vigor which has lately inspirited yours; — for with you everything is the reverse; never was there a parliament in Ireland so possessed of the confidence of the people; you are the greatest political assembly now sitting in the world; you are at the head of an immense army; nor do we only possess an unconquerable force, but a certain unquenchable public fire, which has touched all ranks of men like a visitation.

Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire it; where do you find a nation who, upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity or justice? not the set phrase of scholastic men, not the tame unreality of court addresses, not the vulgar raving of a rabble, but the genuine speech of liberty, and the unsophisticated oratory of a free nation.

See her military ardor, expressed not only in 40,000 men, conducted by instinct as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble; let the enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety and this hour of redemption. Yes; there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar; they stand there with the compact of Henry, with the charter of John, and with all the passions of the people. "Our lives are at your service, but our liberties — we received them from God; we will not resign them to man." Speak-

ing to you thus, if you repulse these petitioners, you abdicate the privileges of Parliament, forfeit the rights of the kingdom, repudiate the instruction of your constituents, bilge the sense of your country, palsy the enthusiasm of the people, and reject that good which not a minister, not a Lord North, not a Lord Buckinghamshire, not a Lord Hillsborough, but a certain providential conjuncture, or rather the hand of God, seems to extend to you. Nor are we only prompted to this when we consider our strength; we are challenged to it when we look to Great Britain. The people of that country are now waiting to hear the Parliament of Ireland speak on the subject of their liberty: it begins to be made a question in England whether the principal persons wish to be free: it was the delicacy of former parliaments to be silent on the subject of commercial restrictions, lest they should show a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation; you have spoken out, you have shown a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation. On the contrary, you have returned thanks for a partial repeal made on a principle of power; you have returned thanks as for a favor, and your exultation has brought your charters as well as your spirit into question, and tends to shake to her foundation your title to liberty: thus you do not leave your rights where you found them. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation, in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. It is very true you may feed your manufacturers, and landed gentlemen may get their rents, and you may export woollen, and may load a vessel with baize, serges, and kerseys, and you may bring back again directly from the plantations, sugar, indigo, speckle-wood, beetle-root, and panellas. But liberty, the foundation of trade, the charters of the land, the independency of Parliament, the securing, crowning, and the consummation of everything are yet to come. Without them the work is imperfect, the foundation is wanting, the capital is wanting, trade is not free, Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter, and you are a provincial synod without the privileges of a parliament.

I read Lord North's proposition; I wish to be satisfied, but I am controlled by a paper, I will not call it a law, it is the sixth of George the First. [The paper was read.] I will ask the gentlemen of the

long robe is this the law? I ask them whether it is not practice? I appeal to the judges of the land, whether they are not in a course of declaring that the Parliament of Great Britain, naming Ireland, binds her? I appeal to the magistrates of justice, whether they do not, from time to time, execute certain acts of the British Parliament? I appeal to the officers of the army, whether they do not fine, confine, and execute their fellow-subjects by virtue of the Mutiny Act, an act of the British Parliament; and I appeal to this House whether a country so circumstanced is free. Where is the freedom of trade? where is the security of property? where is the liberty of the people? I here, in this Declamatory Act, see my country proclaimed a slave! I see every man in this House enrolled a slave! I see the judges of the realm, the oracles of the law, borne down by an unauthorized foreign power, by the authority of the British Parliament against the law! I see the magistrates prostrate, and I see Parliament witness of these infringements, and silent (silent or employed to preach moderation to the people, whose liberties it will not restore)! I therefore say, with the voice of 3,000,000 of people, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar, beetle-wood, and panellas, and the export of woollens and kerseys, nothing is safe, satisfactory, or honorable, nothing except a declaration of right. What! are you, with 3,000,000 of men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free people? Are you, the greatest House of Commons that ever sat in Ireland, that want but this one act to equal that English House of Commons that passed the Petition of Right, or that other that passed the Declaration of Right, are you afraid to tell that British Parliament you are a free people? Are the cities and the instructing counties, who have breathed a spirit that would have done honor to old Rome when Rome did honor to mankind, are they to be free by connivance? Are the military associations, those bodies whose origin, progress, and deportment have transcended, equalled at least, anything in modern or ancient story — is the vast line of northern army, are they to be free by connivance? What man will settle among you? Where is the use of the Naturalization Bill? What man will settle among you? who will leave a land of liberty and a settled government, for a kingdom controlled by the Parliament of another country, whose liberty is a thing by stealth, whose trade a thing by permission,

whose judges deny her charters, whose Parliament leaves everything at random; where the chance of freedom depends upon the hope that the jury shall despise the judge stating a British act, or a rabble stop the magistrate executing it, rescue your abdicated privileges, and save the constitution by trampling on the government, by anarchy and confusion.

But I shall be told, that these are groundless jealousies, and that the principal cities, and more than one half of the counties of the kingdom, are misguided men, raising those groundless jealousies. Sir, let me become, on this occasion, the people's advocate, and your historian; the people of this country were possessed of a code of liberty similar to that of Great Britain, but lost it through the weakness of the kingdom and the pusillanimity of its leaders. Having lost our liberty by the usurpation of the British Parliament, no wonder we became a prey to her ministers; and they did plunder us with all the hands of all the harpies, for a series of years in every shape of power, terrifying our people with the thunder of Great Britain, and bribing our leaders with the rapine of Ireland. The kingdom became a plantation, her Parliament deprived of its privileges, fell into contempt; and, with the legislature, the law, the spirit of liberty, with her forms vanished. If a war broke out, as in 1778, and an occasion occurred to restore liberty and restrain rapine, Parliament declined the opportunity; but, with an active servility and trembling loyalty, gave and granted, without regard to the treasure we had left, or the rights we had lost. If a partial reparation was made upon a principle of expediency, Parliament did not receive it with the tranquil dignity of an august assembly, but with the alacrity of slaves.

The principal individuals, possessed of great property but no independency, corrupted by their extravagance, or enslaved by their following a species of English factor against an Irish people, more afraid of the people of Ireland than the tyranny of England, proceeded to that excess, that they opposed every proposition to lessen profusion, extend trade, or promote liberty; they did more, they supported a measure which, at one blow, put an end to all trade; they did more, they brought you to a condition which they themselves did unanimously acknowledge a state of impending ruin; they did this, talking as they are now talking, arguing against trade

as they now argue against liberty, threatening the people of Ireland with the power of the British nation, and imploring them to rest satisfied with the ruins of their trade, as they now implore them to remain satisfied with the wreck of their constitution.

The people thus admonished, starving in a land of plenty, the victim of two Parliaments, of one that stopped their trade, the other that fed on their constitution, inhabiting a country where industry was forbid, or towns swarming with begging manufacturers, and being obliged to take into their own hands that part of government which consists in protecting the subject, had recourse to two measures, which in their origin, progress, and consequence, are the most extraordinary to be found in any age or in any country, viz., a commercial and military association. The consequence of these measures was instant; the enemy that hung on your shores departed, the Parliament asked for a free trade, and the British nation granted the trade, but withheld the freedom. The people of Ireland are, therefore, not satisfied; they ask for a constitution; they have the authority of the wisest men in this House for what they now demand. What have these walls for this last century, resounded? The usurpation of the British Parliament, and the interference of the privy council. Have we taught the people to complain, and do we now condemn their insatiability, because they desire us to remove such grievances, at a time in which nothing can oppose them, except the very men by whom these grievances were acknowledged?

Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, and we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease — never! so long as the Parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country: so long as this shall be the case, that very free trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment will be the cause of new discontent; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character: had he intended to make Ireland a slave, he should have kept her a beggar; there is no middle policy; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally

destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland — they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge of us with a true knowledge of, and just deference for, our character — that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

I admire that public-spirited merchant (Alderman Horan), who spread consternation at the Custom-house, and, despising the example which great men afforded, determined to try the question, and tendered for entry what the British Parliament prohibits the subject to export, some articles of silk, and sought at his private risk the liberty of his country; with him I am convinced it is necessary to agitate the question of right. In vain will you endeavor to keep it back, the passion is too natural, the sentiment is too irresistible; the question comes on of its own vitality — you must reinstate the laws.

There is no objection to this resolution, except fears; I have examined your fears; I pronounce them to be frivolous. I might deny that the British nation was attached to the idea of binding Ireland; I might deny that England was a tyrant at heart: and I might call to witness the odium of North and the popularity of Chatham, her support of Holland, her contributions to Corsica, and the charters communicated to Ireland; but ministers have traduced England to debase Ireland; and politicians, like priests, represent the power they serve as diabolical, to possess with superstitious fears the victim whom they design to plunder. If England is a tyrant, it is you have made her so: it is the slave that makes the tyrant, and then murmurs at the master whom he himself has constituted. I do allow, on the subject of commerce, England was jealous in the extreme, and I do say it was commercial jealousy, it was the spirit of monopoly (the woollen trade and the act of navigation had made her tenacious of a comprehensive legislative authority), and having now ceded that monopoly, there is nothing

in the way of your liberty except your own corruption and pusillanimity; and nothing can prevent your being free except yourselves. It is not in the disposition of England; it is not in the interest of England; it is not in her arms. What! can 8,000,000 of Englishmen, opposed to 20,000,000 of French, to 7,000,000 of Spanish, to 3,000,000 of Americans, reject the alliance of 3,000,000 in Ireland? Can 8,000,000 of British men, thus outnumbered by foes, take upon their shoulders the expense of an expedition to enslave you? Will Great Britain, a wise and magnanimous country, thus tutored by experience and wasted by war, the French navy riding her Channel, send an army to Ireland, to levy no tax, to enforce no law, to answer no end whatsoever, except to spoliate the charters of Ireland and enforce a barren oppression? What! has England lost thirteen provinces? has she reconciled herself to this loss, and will she not be reconciled to the liberty of Ireland? Take notice, that the very constitution which I move you to declare, Great Britain herself offered to America: it is a very instructive proceeding in the British history. In 1778 a commission went out, with powers to cede to the thirteen provinces of America, totally and radically, the legislative authority claimed over her by the British Parliament, and the Commissioners, pursuant to their powers, did offer to all, or any, of the American States, the total surrender of the legislative authority of the British Parliament. I will read you their letter to the Congress. [Here the letter was read, surrendering the power as aforesaid.] What! has England offered this to the resistance of America, and will she refuse it to the loyalty of Ireland? Your fears then are nothing but an habitual subjugation of mind; that subjugation of mind which made you, at first, tremble at every great measure of safety; which made the principal men amongst us conceive the commercial association would be a war; that fear, which made them imagine the military association had a tendency to treason; which made them think a short money-bill would be a public convulsion; and yet these measures have not only proved to be useful but are held to be moderate, and the Parliament that adopted them, praised, not for its unanimity only, but for its temper also. You now wonder that you submitted for so many years to the loss of the woollen trade and the deprivation of the glass trade; raised above your former abject state in

commerce, you are ashamed at your past pusillanimity; so when you have summoned a boldness which shall assert the liberties of your country — raised by the act, and reinvested, as you will be, in the glory of your ancient rights and privileges, you will be surprised at yourselves, who have so long submitted to their violation. Moderation is but a relative term; for nations, like men, are only safe in proportion to the spirit they put forth, and the proud contemplation with which they survey themselves. Conceive yourselves a plantation, ridden by an oppressive government, and everything you have done is but a fortunate phrenzy: conceive yourselves to be what you are, a great, a growing, and a proud nation, and a declaration of right is no more than the safe exercise of your indubitable authority.

But, though you do not hazard disturbance by agreeing to this resolution, you do most exceedingly hazard tranquillity by rejecting it. Do not imagine that the question will be over when this motion shall be negatived. No; it will recur in a vast variety of shapes and diversity of places. Your constituents have instructed you in great numbers, with a powerful uniformity of sentiment, and in a style not the less awful because full of respect. They will find resources in their own virtue if they have found none in yours. Public pride and conscious liberty, wounded by repulse, will find ways and means of vindication. You are in that situation in which every man, every hour of the day, may shake the pillars of the state; every court may swarm with the question of right; every quay and wharf with prohibited goods; what shall the Judges, what the Commissioners, do upon this occasion? Shall they comply with the laws of Ireland, and against the claims of England, and stand firm where you have capitulated? shall they, on the other hand, not comply, and shall they persist to act against the law? will you punish them if they do so? will you proceed against them for not showing a spirit superior to your own? On the other hand, will you not punish them? Will you leave liberty to be trampled on by those men? Will you bring them and yourselves, all constituted orders, executive power, judicial power, and parliamentary authority, into a state of odium, impotence, and contempt: transferring the task of defending public right into the hands of the populace, and leaving it to the judges to break the laws, and to the

people to assert them? Such would be the consequence of false moderation, of irritating timidity, of inflammatory palliatives, of the weak and corrupt hope of compromising with the court, before you have emancipated the country.

I have answered the only semblance of a solid reason against the motion; I will remove some lesser pretences, some minor impediments; for instance, first, that we have a resolution of the same kind already on our Journals, it will be said; but how often was the great charter confirmed? not more frequently than your rights have been violated. Is one solitary resolution, declaratory of your right, sufficient for a country, whose history, from the beginning unto the end, has been a course of violation? The fact is, every new breach is a reason for a new repair; every new infringement should be a new declaration; lest charters should be overwhelmed with precedents to their prejudice, a nation's right obliterated, and the people themselves lose the memory of their own freedom.

I shall hear of ingratitude: I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it: I know the men who use it are not grateful, they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their own emolument: I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be meted and parcelled out in gratitude: no man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor nation of her liberty: there are certain unimpartable, inherent, invaluable properties, not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says, that Ireland is insatiable; saying, that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges; to say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade and a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

I shall be told that we hazard the modification of the law of Poyn-

ings and the Judges' Bill, and the Habeas Corpus Bill, and the Nullum Tempus Bill; but I ask, have you been for years begging for these little things, and have not you yet been able to obtain them? and have you been contending against a little body of eighty men in Privy Council assembled, convocating themselves into the image of a parliament, and ministering your high office? and have you been contending against one man, an humble individual, to you a Leviathan — the English Attorney-general — who advises in the case of Irish bills, and exercises legislation in his own person, and makes your parliamentary deliberations a blank, by altering your bills or suppressing them? and have you not yet been able to conquer this little monster! Do you wish to know the reason? I will tell you: because you have not been a parliament, nor your country a people. Do you wish to know the remedy? — be a parliament, become a nation, and these things will follow in the train of your consequence. I shall be told that titles are shaken, being vested by force of English acts; but in answer to that, I observe, time may be a title, acquiescence a title, forfeiture a title, but an English act of parliament certainly cannot: it is an authority, which, if a judge would charge, no jury would find, and which all the electors in Ireland have already disclaimed unequivocally, cordially, and universally. Sir, this is a good argument for an act of title, but no argument against a declaration of right. My friend who sits above me (Mr. Yelverton), has a Bill of Confirmation; we do not come unprepared to Parliament. I am not come to shake property, but to confirm property and restore freedom. The nation begins to form; we are moulding into a people; freedom asserted, property secured, and the army (a mercenary band) likely to be restrained by law. Never was such a revolution accomplished in so short a time, and with such public tranquillity. In what situation would those men who call themselves friends of constitution and of government have left you? They would have left you without a title, as they state it, to your estates, without an assertion of your constitution, or a law for your army; and this state of unexampled private and public insecurity, this anarchy raging in the kingdom for eighteen months, these mock moderators would have had the presumption to call peace.

I shall be told, that the judges will not be swayed by the resolu-

tion of this House. Sir, that the judges will not be borne down by the resolutions of Parliament, not founded in law, I am willing to believe; but the resolutions of this House, founded in law, they will respect most exceedingly. I shall always rejoice at the independent spirit of the distributors of the law, but must lament that hitherto they have given no such symptom. The judges of the British nation, when they adjudicated against the laws of that country, pleaded precedent and the prostration and profligacy of a long tribe of subservient predecessors, and were punished. The judges of Ireland, if they should be called upon, and should plead sad necessity, the thraldom of the times, and above all, the silent fears of Parliament, they, no doubt, will be excused: but when your declarations shall have protected them from their fears; when you shall have emboldened the judges to declare the law according to the charter, I make no doubt they will do their duty; and your resolution, not making a new law, but giving new life to the old ones, will be secretly felt and inwardly acknowledged, and there will not be a judge who will not perceive, to the innermost recess of his tribunal, the truth of your charters and the vigor of your justice.

The same laws, the same charters, communicate to both kingdoms, Great Britain and Ireland, the same rights and privileges; and one privilege above them all is that communicated by Magna Charta, by the 25th of Edward the Third, and by a multitude of other statutes, "not to be bound by any act except made with the archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, and freemen of the commonalty," viz., of the parliament of the realm. On this right of exclusive legislation are founded the Petition of Right, Bill of Right, Revolution, and Act of Settlement. The King has no other title to his crown than that which you have to your liberty; both are founded, the throne and your freedom, upon the right vested in the subject to resist by arms, notwithstanding their oaths of allegiance, any authority attempting to impose acts of power as laws, whether that authority be one man or a host, the second James, or the British Parliament!

Every argument for the House of Hanover is equally an argument for the liberties of Ireland: the Act of Settlement is an act of rebellion, or the declaratory statute of the 6th of George the First an act of usurpation; for both cannot be law.

I do not refer to doubtful history, but to living record; to common charters; to the interpretation England has put upon these charters; an interpretation not made by words only, but crowned by arms; to the revolution she had formed upon them, to the king she has deposed, and to the king she has established; and above all, to the oath of allegiance solemnly plighted to the House of Stuart, and afterwards set aside, in the instance of a grave and moral people absolved by virtue of these very charters.

And as anything less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland, so is it dangerous to Great Britain. We are too near the British nation, we are too conversant with her history, we are too much fired by her example, to be anything less than her equal; anything less, we should be her bitterest enemies — an enemy to that power which smote us with her mace, and to that constitution from whose blessings we were excluded: to be ground as we have been by the British nation, bound by her parliament, plundered by her crown, threatened by her enemies, insulted with her protection, while we returned thanks for her condescension, is a system of meanness and misery which has expired in our determination, as I hope it has in her magnanimity.

There is no policy left for Great Britain but to cherish the remains of her empire, and do justice to a country who is determined to do justice to herself, certain that she gives nothing equal to what she received from us when we gave her Ireland.

With regard to this country, England must resort to the free principles of government, and must forego that legislative power which she has exercised to do mischief to herself; she must go back to freedom, which, as it is the foundation of her constitution, so it is the main pillar of her empire; it is not merely the connection of the crown, it is a constitutional annexation, an alliance of liberty, which is the true meaning and mystery of the sisterhood, and will make both countries one arm and one soul, replenishing from time to time, in their immortal connection, the vital spirit of law and liberty from the lamp of each other's light; thus combined by the ties of common interest, equal trade and equal liberty, the constitution of both countries may become immortal, a new and milder empire may arise from the errors of the old, and the British nation assume once more her natural station — the head of mankind.

That there are precedents against us I allow — acts of power I would call them, not precedent; and I answer the English pleading such precedents, as they answered their kings when they urged precedents against the liberty of England: Such things are the weakness of the times; the tyranny of one side, the feebleness of the other, the law of neither; we will not be bound by them; or rather, in the words of the declaration of right, "no doing judgment, proceeding, or anywise to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example." Do not then tolerate a power — the power of the British Parliament over this land, which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God, — do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind.

Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, that power which shattered your loom, banished your manufacturers, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollen, or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thraldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe — that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude — they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury — and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar, and demand my lib-

erty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go, — assert the law of Ireland, — declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men shall apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

PHILIPPIC AGAINST FLOOD.

OCTOBER 28, 1783.

IT was said "that the pen would fall from the hand, and the fœtus of the mind would die unborn,"* if men had not a privilege to maintain a right in the Parliament of England to make law for Ireland. The affectation of zeal, and a burst of forced and metaphorical conceits, aided by the acts of the press, gave an alarm which, I hope, was momentary, and which only exposed the artifice of those who were wicked, and the haste of those who were deceived.

But it is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man, who has not a bad character, can ever say that I deceived; no country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence; I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the last state of political dissolution.

I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious; that, after an envenomed attack on the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of Government, when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example: when your money bills were altered without reserve by the council; when an embargo was laid on your export trade, and a war declared against the liberties of America. At such a critical moment I will suppose this gentleman to be corrupted by a great sinecure office to muzzle

* Mr. Flood's expression.

his declamation, to swallow his invectives, to give his assent and vote to the ministers, and to become a supporter of Government, its measures, its embargo, and its American war. I will suppose that he was suspected by the government that had bought him, and in consequence thereof, that he thought proper to resort to the arts of a trimmer, the last sad refuge of disappointed ambition; that, with respect to the constitution of his country, that part, for instance, which regarded the mutiny bill, when a clause of reference was introduced, whereby the articles of war, which were, or hereafter might be, passed in England, should be current in Ireland without the interference of her Parliament; when such a clause was in view, I will suppose this gentleman to have absconded. Again, when the bill was made perpetual, I will suppose him again to have absconded. But a year and a half after the bill had passed, then I will suppose this gentleman to have come forward, and to say, that your constitution had been destroyed by the perpetual bill. With regard to that part of the constitution that relates to the law of Poynings, I will suppose the gentleman to have made many a long, very long, disquisition before he took office, but, after he had received office, to have been as silent on that subject as before he had been loquacious. That, when money bills, under color of that law, were altered year after year, as in 1775 and 1776, and when the bills so altered were resumed and passed, I will suppose that gentleman to have absconded or acquiesced, and to have supported the minister who made the alteration; but when he was dismissed from office, and a member introduced a bill to remedy this evil, I will suppose that this gentleman inveighed against the mischief, against the remedy, and against the person of the introducer, who did that duty which he himself for seven years had abandoned. With respect to that part of the constitution which is connected with the repeal of the 6th of George the First, when the adequacy of the repeal was debating in the House, I will suppose this gentleman to make no kind of objection; that he never named at that time, the word renunciation; and that, on the division on that subject, he absconded; but, when the office he had lost was given to another man, that then he came forward and exclaimed against the measure; nay, that he went into the public streets to canvass for sedition, that he became a rambling incendiary, and endeavored to excite a mutiny in the volunteers against an adjust-

ment between Great Britain and Ireland, of liberty and repose, which he had not the virtue to make, and against an administration who had the virtue to free the country without buying the members.

With respect to commerce, I will suppose this gentleman to have supported an embargo which lay on the country for three years, and almost destroyed it; and when an address in 1778, to open her trade was propounded, to remain silent and inactive; and with respect to that other part of her trade, which regarded the duty on sugar, when the merchants were examined in 1778 on the inadequate protecting duty, when the inadequate duty was voted, when the act was recommitted, when another duty was proposed, when the bill returned with the inadequate duty substituted, when the altered bill was adopted, on every one of those questions I will suppose the gentleman to abscond: but a year and a half after the mischief was done, he out of office, I will suppose him to come forth, and to tell his country, that her trade had been destroyed by an inadequate duty on English sugar, as her constitution had been ruined by a perpetual mutiny bill. With relation to three-fourths of our fellow-subjects, the Catholics, when a bill was introduced to grant them rights of property and religion, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forth to give his negative to their pretensions. In the same manner I will suppose him to have opposed the institution of the volunteers, to which we owe so much, and that he went to a meeting in his own county to prevent their establishment; that he himself kept out of their associations; that he was almost the only man in this House that was not in uniform; and that he never was a volunteer until he ceased to be a placeman, and until he became an incendiary.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty; and voted, moreover, for an address to send 4,000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.

Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, com-

meree, toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say: Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible; you began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue: after a rank and clamorous opposition you became on a sudden *silent;* you were silent for seven years: you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money! In 1773, while a negociation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in parliament, you forsook your law of Poynings, you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation; you were not at that period to be found in the House; you were seen, like a guilty spirit, haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish; you were descried with a criminal anxiety, retiring from the scenes of your past glory; or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this House like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways — they were not the ways of honor — you practised pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition: the former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before Parliament; the embargo of 1776, for instance. "O fatal embargo, that breach of law and ruin of commerce!" You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry — the address to support the American war — the other address to send 4,000 men, whom you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend; — you, Sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778, on account of their hostility to America; — you, Sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden, for his anti-American principles; — you, Sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden; — you, Sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America; — and you, Sir, voted 4,000 Irish troops to cut

the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty;* but you found at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning), that the king had only dishonored you; the Court had bought, but would not trust you; and having voted for the worst measures, you remained for seven years the creature of *salary*, without the confidence of Government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity; you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; you give no honest support either to the Government or the people; you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part, you sign no non-consumption agreement, you are no volunteer, you oppose no perpetual mutiny bill, no altered sugar bill; you declare that you lament that the declaration of right should have been brought forward; and observing, with regard to prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign by betraying the Government, as you had sold the people: until at last, by this hollow conduct, and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers, and canvass for mutiny: you announce that the country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is, that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is, an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland, by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British Parliament. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you — the constitutionalist may say to you — the American may say to you — and I, I now say, and say to your beard: Sir, you are not an honest man.

Mr. Flood rose to reply, but after having proceeded some length in his defence, he fell so much out of order, that the Speaker interfered. He declared how much pain he had suffered in permitting this contest to proceed, and that nothing but the calls of the House to hear the two members, should have made him sit so long silent. He requested Mr. Flood would sit down, with which request he complied, and shortly after retired. The speaker issued his warrant to apprehend the parties, and Mr. Flood was shortly after taken into custody. The House then directed that search should be made for Mr. Grattan; and the parties were bound over. It was then moved that the motion of Sir Henry Cavendish be taken into consideration, immediately after a report be made from the committee of accounts; and it passed in the affirmative.

Commercial Propositions.

August 12, 1785.

HOWEVER, lest certain glosses should seem to go unanswered, I shall, for the sake of argument, waive past settlements, and combat the reasoning of the English resolutions, the address, His Majesty's answer and the reasoning of this day. It is here said, that the laws respecting commerce and navigation should be similar, and inferred that Ireland should subscribe the laws of England on those subjects; that is the same law, the same legislature. But this argument goes a great deal too far: it goes to the army, for the mutiny bill should be the same; it was endeavored to be extended to the collection of your revenue, and is in train to be extended to your taxes; it goes to the extinction of the most invaluable part of your parliamentary capacity; it is a union, an incipient and creeping union; a virtual union, establishing one will in the general concerns of commerce and navigation, and reposing that will in the Parliament of Great Britain; a union where our Parliament preserves its existence after it has lost its authority, and our people are to pay for a parliamentary establishment, without any proportion of parliamentary representation. In opposing the right honorable gentleman's bill, I consider myself as opposing a union *in limine*, and that argument for union which makes similarity of law and community of interest (reason strong for the freedom of Ireland!) a pretence for a condition which would be dissimilarity of law, because extinction of constitution, and therefore hostility, not community of interest. I ask on what experience is this argument founded? Have you, ever since your redemption, refused to preserve a similarity of law in trade and navigation? Have you not followed Great Britain in all her changes of the act of navigation during the whole of that

unpalatable business, the American war? Have you not excluded the cheap produce of other plantations, in order that Irish poverty might give a monopoly to the dear produce of the British colonies? Have you not made a better use of your liberty than Great Britain did of her power? But I have an objection to this argument, stronger even than its want of foundation in reason and experiment; I hold it to be nothing less than an intolerance of the parliamentary constitution of Ireland, a declaration that the full and free external legislation of the Irish Parliament is incompatible with the British empire. I do acknowledge that by your external power, you might discompose the harmony of the empire, and I add that by your power over the purse, you might dissolve the state: but to the latter you owe your existence in the constitution, and to the former, your authority and station in the empire: this argument, therefore, rests the connection upon a new and a false principle, goes directly against the root of Parliament, and is not a difficulty to be accommodated, but an error to be eradicated; and if any body of men can still think that the Irish constitution is incompatible with the British empire — doctrine which I abjure as sedition against the connection; but if any body of men are justified in thinking that the Irish constitution is incompatible with the British empire, perish the empire! live the constitution! Reduced by this false dilemma to take a part, my second wish is the British empire, my first wish and bounden duty is the liberty of Ireland.

But we are told this imperial power is not only necessary for England, but safe for Ireland. What is the present question? what but the abuse of this very power of regulating the trade of Ireland by the British Parliament, excluding you and including herself by virtue of the same words of the same act of navigation? And what was the promovent cause of this arrangement? what but the power you are going to surrender — the distinct and independent external authority of the Irish Parliament, competent to question that misconstruction? What is the remedy now proposed? — the evil. Go back to the Parliament of England. I ask again, what were the difficulties in the way of your eleven propositions? what but the jealousy of the British manufacturers on the subject of trade? And will you make them your parliament, and that too forever, and that too on the subject of their jealousy, and in the moment they displayed it! I will

suppose that jealousy realized; that you rival them in some market abroad, and that they petition their Parliament to impose a regulation which shall affect a tonnage which you have and Great Britain has not: how would you then feel your situation, when you should be obliged to register all this? And how would you feel your degradation, when you should see your own manufacturers pass you by as a cypher in the constitution, and deprecate their ruin at the bar of a foreign parliament! Whence the American war? Whence the Irish restrictions? Whence the misconstruction of the act of navigation? Whence but from the evil of suffering one country to regulate the trade and navigation of another, and of instituting, under the idea of general protectress, a proud domination, which sacrifices the interest of the whole to the ambition of a part, and arms the little passions of the monopolist with the sovereign potency of an Imperial Parliament: for great nations, when cursed with unnatural sway, follow but their nature when they invade; and human wisdom has not better provided for human safety than by limiting the principles of human power. The surrender of legislature has been likened to cases that not unfrequently take place between two equal nations, covenanting to suspend, in particular cases, their respective legislative powers for mutual benefit; thus Great Britain and Portugal agree to suspend their legislative power in favor of the wine of the one and the woollen of the other; but if Portugal had gone farther, and agreed to subscribe the laws of England, this covenant had not been a treaty, but conquest. So Great Britain and Ireland may covenant not to raise high duties on each other's manufactures; but if Ireland goes farther, and covenants to subscribe British law, this is not a mutual suspension of the exercise of legislative power, but a transfer of the power itself from one country to another, to be exercised by another hand. Such covenant is not reciprocity of trade; it is a surrender of the government of your trade, inequality of trade, and inequality of constitution. I speak, however, as if such transfer could take place; but in fact it could not: any arrangement so covenanting is a mere nullity; it could not bind you, still less could it bind your successors; for a man is not omnipotent over himself, neither are your parliaments omnipotent over themselves, to accomplish their own destruction, and propagate death to their successors.

There is in these cases a superior relationship to our respective

creators — God and the community, which, in the instance of the individual, arrests the hand of suicide, and in that of the political body, stops the act of surrender, and makes man the means of propagation, and parliament the organ to continue liberty, not the engine to destroy it. However, though the surrender is void, there are two ways of attempting it; one, by a surrender in form, the other, by a surrender in substance; appointing another parliament your substitute, and consenting to be its register or stamp, by virtue of which to introduce the law and edict of another land, to clothe with the forms of your law foreign deliberations, and to preside over the disgraceful ceremony of your own abdicated authority. Both methods are equally surrenders, and both are wholly void. I speak on principle, the principle on which you stand — your creation. We, the limited trustees of the delegated power, born for a particular purpose, limited to a particular time, and bearing an inviolable relationship to the people who sent us to parliament, cannot break that relationship, counteract that purpose, surrender, diminish, or derogate from those privileges we breathe but to preserve. Could the Parliament of England covenant to subscribe your laws? could she covenant that young Ireland should command and old England should obey? If such a proposal to England were mockery, to Ireland it cannot be constitution. I rest on authority as well as principle — the authority on which the revolution rests — Mr. Locke, who, in his chapter on the abolition of government, says: "that the transfer of legislative power is the abolition of the state, not a transfer." Thus, I may congratulate this House and myself that it is one of the blessings of the British constitution that it cannot perish of rapid mortality, nor die in a day, like the men who should protect her. Any act that would destroy the liberty of the people is dead-born from the womb. Men may put down the public cause for a season, but another year would see old Constitution advance the honors of his head, and the good institution of Parliament shaking off the tomb to reascend, in all its pomp, and pride, and plenitude, and privilege!

Sir, I have stated these propositions and the bill as a mere transfer of external legislative authority to the Parliament of Great Britain, but I have understated their mischief; they go to taxation; taxes on the trade with the British plantations, taxes on the pro-

duce of foreign plantations, taxes on some of the produce of the United States of North America; they go to port duties, such as Great Britain laid on America! The mode is varied, but the principle is the same. Here Great Britain takes the stamp of the Irish Parliament; Great Britain is to prescribe, and Ireland is to obey! We anticipate the rape by previous surrender, and throw into the scale our honor as well as our liberty. Do not imagine that all these resolutions are mere acts of regulation; they are solid, substantial revenue, a great part of your additional duty. I allow the bill excepts rum and tobacco; but the principle is retained, and the operation of it only kept back. I have stated that Great Britain may by these propositions crush your commerce, but I shall be told that the commercial jealousy of Great Britain is at an end: but are her wants at an end? are her wishes for Irish subsidy at an end? No; and they may be gratified by laying colony duties on herself, and so raising on Ireland an imperial revenue to be subscribed by our Parliament, without the consent of our Parliament, and in despite of our people. Or, if a minister should please to turn himself to a general excise — if wishing to relieve from the weight of further additional duties the hereditary revenue now alienated — if wishing to relieve the alarms of the English manufacturers, who complain of our exemption from excises, particularly on soap, candles, and leather, he should proceed on those already registered articles of taxation, he might tax you by threats, suggesting that if you refuse to raise an excise on yourself, England will raise colony duties on both. See what a mighty instrument of coercion this bill and these resolutions! Stir, and the minister can crush you in the name of Great Britain; he can crush your imports; he can crush your exports; he can do this in a manner peculiarly mortifying, by virtue of a clause in a British act of Parliament, that would seem to impose the same restrictions on Great Britain; he can do this in a manner still more offensive, by the immediate means of your own Parliament, who would be then an active cypher and notorious stamp in the hands of Great Britain, to forge and falsify the name and authority of the people of Ireland.

I have considered your situation under these propositions with respect to Great Britain: see what would be your situation with respect to the crown. You would have granted to the King a per-

petual money bill, or a money bill to continue as long as the Parliament of Great Britain shall please, with a covenant to increase it as often as the British Parliament shall please. By the resolutions a great part of the additional duty would have been so granted; the trade of the country is made dependent on the Parliament of Great Britain, and the Crown is made less dependent on the Parliament of Ireland, and a code of prerogative added to a code of empire. If the merchant, after this, should petition you to lower your duties on the articles of trade, you answer, "trade is in covenant." If your constituents should instruct you to limit the bill of supply, or pass a short money bill, you answer, "the purse of the nation, like her trade, is in covenant." No more of six months' money bills; no more of instructions from constituents; that connection is broken by this bill. Pass this, you have no constituent; you are not the representative of the people of Ireland, but the register of the British Parliament, and the equalizer of British duties.

In order to complete this chain of power, one link, I do acknowledge, was wanting—a perpetual revenue bill, or a covenant from time to time to renew the bill for the collection thereof. The twentieth resolution, and this bill founded upon it, attain that object. Sir, this House rests on three pillars: your power over the annual mutiny bill; your power over the annual additional duties; your power over the collection of the revenue. The latter power is of great consequence, because a great part of our revenues is granted forever. Your ancestors were slaves; and for their estates, that is, for the act of settlement, granted the hereditary revenue, and from that moment ceased to be a parliament. Nor was it till many years after that parliament revived; but it revived, as you under this bill would continue, without parliamentary power. Every evil measure derived argument, energy, and essence from this unconstitutional fund. If a country gentleman complained of the expenses of the Crown, he was told a frugal government could go on without a parliament, and that we held our existence by withholding the discharge of our duty. However, though the funds were granted forever, the provision for the collection was inadequate; the smuggler learned to evade the penalties, and parliament, though not necessary for granting the hereditary revenue, became necessary for its collection. Here then we rest on three pillars: the annual mutiny

bill, the annual additional supply, and the annual collection of the revenue. If you remove all these, this fabric falls; remove any one of them, and it totters; for it is not the mace, nor the chair, nor this dome, but the deliberate voice resident therein, that constitutes the essence of parliament. Clog your deliberations, and you are no longer a parliament, with a thousand gaudy surviving circumstances of show and authority.

Contemplate for a moment the powers this bill presumes to perpetuate — a perpetual repeal of trial by jury; a perpetual repeal of the great charter; a perpetual writ of assistance; a perpetual felony to strike an exciseman!

The late Chief-Baron Burgh, speaking on the revenue bill, exclaimed: "You give to the dipping rule what you should deny to the sceptre."

All the unconstitutional powers of the excise we are to perpetuate; the constitutional powers of Parliament we are to abdicate. Can we do all this? can we make these bulky surrenders, in diminution of the power, in derogation of the pride of parliament, and in violation of those eternal relationships which the body that represents should bear to the community which constitutes?

The pretence given for this unconstitutional idea is weak indeed: that, as the benefits are permanent, so should be the compensation. But trade laws are to follow their nature, revenue laws to follow their's. On the permanent nature of commercial advantages depends the faith of trade; on the limited nature of revenue laws depends the existence of parliament. But the error of argument arises from the vice of dealing. It is a market for a constitution, and a logic, applicable to barter only, is applied to freedom. To qualify this dereliction of every principle and power, the surrender is made constitutional; that is, the British market for the Irish constitution — the shadow of a market for the substance of a constitution! You are to reserve an option, trade or liberty; if you mean to come to the British market, you must pass under the British yoke. I object to this principle in every shape, whether you are, as the resolution was first worded, directly to transfer legislative power to the British parliament; whether, as it was afterwards altered, you are to covenant to subscribe her acts; or whether, as it is now softened, you are to take the chance of the British market so long as you waive

the blessings of the British constitution — terms dishonorable, derogatory, incapable of forming the foundation of any fair and friendly settlement, injurious to the political morality of the nation. I would not harbor a slavish principle, nor give it the hospitality of a night's lodging in a land of liberty. Slavery is like any other vice — tolerate, and you embrace. You should guard your constitution by settled maxims of honor, as well as wholesome rules of law; and one maxim should be, never to tolerate a condition which trenches on the privilege of parliament, or derogates from the pride of the island. Liberal in matters of revenue, practicable in matters of commerce; on these subjects I would be inexorable. If the genius of old England came to that bar with the British constitution in one hand, and in the other an offer of all that England retains, or all that she has lost of commerce, I should turn my back on the latter, and pay my obeisance to the blessings of her constitution; for that constitution will give you commerce, and it was the loss of that constitution that deprived you of commerce. Why are you not now a woollen country? because another country regulated your trade. Why are you not now a country of re-export? because another country regulated your navigation.

I oppose the original terms as slavish, and I oppose the conditional clause as an artful way of introducing slavery, of soothing a high-spirited nation into submission by the ignominious delusion, that she may shake off the yoke when she pleases, and become once more a free people. The direct unconstitutional proposition could not have been listened to, and therefore resort is had to the only possible chance of destroying the liberty of the people, by holding up the bright reversion of the British constitution, and the speculation of future liberty, as a consolation for the present submission. But would any gentleman here wear a livery to-night, because he might lay it aside in the morning? or would this House substitute another, because next year it might resume its authority, and once more become the Parliament of Ireland? I do not believe we shall get the British, but I do not want to make an experiment on the British market, by making an experiment likewise on the constitution and spirit of the people of Ireland. But do not imagine, if you shall yield for a year, you will get so easily clear of this inglorious experiment; if this is not the British market, why accept the adjust-

ment? and if it is, the benefit thereof may take away your deliberate voice. You will be bribed out of your constitution by your commerce: there are two ways of taking away free will, the one by direct compulsion, the other by establishing a prepollent motive. Thus, a servant of the Crown may lose his free will, when he is to give his vote at the hazard of his office; and thus a parliament would lose its free will, if it acted under a conviction that it exercised its deliberate function at the risk of its commerce. No question would stand upon its own legs, but each question would involve every consideration of trade, and, indeed, the whole relative situation of the two countries. I beseech you to consider that situation, and contemplate the powers of your own country, before you agree to surrender them. Recollect that you have now a right to trade with the British plantations, in certain articles, without reference to British duties; that you have a right to trade with the British plantations in every other article, subject to the British duties; that you have a right to get clear of each and of every part of that bargain; that you have a right to take the produce of foreign plantations, subject to your own unstipulated duties; that you have a right to carry on a free and unqualified trade with the United States of North America; that you have a right to carry on an experimental trade in countries contiguous to which Great Britain has established her monopolies: the power of trade this, and an instrument of power and station, and authority, of the British empire! Consider that you have likewise a right to the exclusive supply of your own market, and to the exclusive reserve of the rudiment of your manufactures; that you have an absolute dominion over the public purse and over the collection of the revenue.

If you ask me how you shall use these powers, I say: For Ireland, with due regard to the British nation. Let them be governed by the spirit of concord, and with fidelity to the connection. But when the mover of the bill asks me to surrender those powers, I am astonished at him. I have neither ears, nor eyes, nor functions, to make such a sacrifice. What! that free trade, for which we exerted every nerve in 1779; that free constitution, for which we pledged life and fortune in 1782! Our lives are at the service of the empire; but our liberties! No; we received them from our Father which is in Heaven, and we will hand them down to our children!

But if gentlemen can entertain a doubt of the mischief of these propositions, are they convinced of their safety -- the safety of giving up the government of your trade? No; the mischief is prominent, but the advantage is of a most enigmatical nature. Have gentlemen considered the subject? have they traced even the map of the countries, the power or freedom of trading with whom they are to surrender forever? Have they traced the map of Asia, Africa, and America? Do they know the French, Dutch, Portuguese, and Spanish settlements? Do they know the neutral powers of those countries, their produce, aptitudes, and dispositions? Have they considered the state of North America — its present state, future growth, and every opportunity in the endless succession of time attending that nurse of commerce and asylum of mankind? Are they now competent to declare on the part of themselves and all their posterity, that a free trade to those regions will never, in the efflux of time, be of any service to the kingdom of Ireland? If they have information on this subject, it must be by a communication with God, for they have none with man: it must be inspiration, for it cannot be knowledge. In such circumstances, to subscribe this agreement, without knowledge, without even the affectation of knowledge, when Great Britain, with all her experience, and every means of information from East Indies, West Indies, America, and with the official knowledge of Ireland at her feet, has taken six months to deliberate, and has now produced twenty resolutions, with a history to each, amounting to a code of empire, not a system of commerce: I say, in such circumstances, for Ireland to subscribe this agreement, would be infatuation — an infatuation to which the nation could not be a party, but would appear to be concluded, or indeed huddled, with all her posterity, into a fallacious arrangement, by the influence of the Crown, without the deliberation of Parliament or the consent of the people! This would appear the more inexcusable, because we are not driven to it; adjustment is not indispensable; the great points have been carried! An inferior question about the home market has been started, and a commercial fever artificially raised; but while the great points remain undisturbed, the nations cannot be committed; the manufacturers applied for protecting duties, and have failed; the minister offered a system of reciprocity, and succeeded in Ireland, but has failed in England;

he makes you another offer, inconsistent with the former, which offer the English do not support, and the Irish deprecate.

We can go on; we have a growing prosperity, and as yet an exemption from intolerable taxes; we can from time to time regulate our own commerce, cherish our manufactures, keep down our taxes, and bring on our people, and brood over the growing prosperity of young Ireland. In the mean time we will guard our free trade and free constitution, as our only real resources; they were the struggles of great virtue, the result of much perseverance, and our broad base of public action! We should recollect that this House may now, with peculiar propriety, interpose, because you did, with great zeal and success, on this very subject of trade, bring on the people; and you did, with great prudence and moderation, on another occasion, check a certain description of the people, and you are now called upon by consistency to defend the people. Thus mediating between extremes, you will preserve this island long, and preserve her with a certain degree of renown. Thus faithful to the constitution of the country, you will command and insure her tranquility; for our best authority with the people is protection afforded against the ministers of the Crown. It is not public clamour, but public injury that should alarm you; your high ground of expostulation with your fellow-subjects has been your services; the free trade you have given the merchant, and the free constitution you have given the island! Make your third great effort — preserve them, and with them preserve unaltered your own calm sense of public right, the dignity of the parliament, the majesty of the people, and the powers of the island! Keep them unsullied, uncovenanted, uncircumscribed, and unstipendiary! These paths are the paths to glory, and, let me add, these ways are the ways of peace: so shall the prosperity of your country, though without a tongue to thank you, yet laden with the blessings of constitution and of commerce, bear attestation to your services, and wait on your progress with involuntary praise!

Anti-Union Speeches.

January 15, 1800.

Mr. Egan had just risen to speak, when Mr. Grattan entered the House, supported (in consequence of illness) by Mr. W. B. Ponsonby and Mr. Arthur Moore.* He took the oaths and his seat, and after Mr. Egan had concluded, in consequence of illness being obliged to speak sitting, he addressed the House as follows: —

SIR, The gentleman who spoke last but one (Mr. Fox) has spoken the pamphlet of the English minister — I answer that minister. He has published two celebrated productions, in both of which he declares his intolerance of the constitution of Ireland. He concurs with the men whom he has hanged, in thinking the constitution a grievance, and differs from them in the remedy only; they proposing to substitute a republic, and he proposing to substitute the yoke of the British Parliament; the one turns rebel to the King, the minister a rebel to the constitution.

We have seen him inveigh against their projects, let us hear him in defence of his own. He denies in the face of the two nations a public fact registered and recorded; he disclaims the final adjustment of 1782, and he tells you that this final adjustment was no more than an incipient train of negotiation. The settlement of which I speak consists of several parts, every part a record, establishing on the whole two grand positions. First, the admission of Ireland's claim to be legislated for by no other parliament but that of Ireland. Secondly, the finality imposed upon the two nations, regarding all constitutional projects affecting each other. On the admission of

* The reporters who have transmitted the account of the debates of the day, state, "Never was beheld a scene more solemn; an indescribable emotion seized the House and gallery, and every heart heaved in tributary pulsation to the name, virtues, and the return to parliament of the founder of the constitution of 1782; the existence of which was then the subject of debate."

TINNEHINCH, HOME OF HENRY GRATTAN.

that claim, the first tracts of this adjustment are two messages sent by his majesty to the parliaments of the different countries, to come to a final adjustment, in order to remove the discontents and jealousies of the Irish; the second, the answer of the Parliament of Ireland to His majesty's message, declaring, among other causes of discontent and jealousy, one great, capital, principal, and fundamental cause, namely, the interposition of the Parliament of Great Britain in the legislative regulation of Ireland, accompanied with a solemn protest against that interposition, and with a claim of right on the part of Ireland — not of the Parliament of Ireland only, but of the people of the realm, whose ancient and unalienable inheritance it was stated in that address to be — a perpetual exemption against the interference of the Parliament of Great Britain, or that of any other Parliament, save only the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. The third part of this adjustment was a resolution voted by the two British Houses of Parliament, in consequence of said address transmitted by His Majesty for their consideration. There were two resolutions transmitted; the first, that the 6th of George I., containing the claim of interference by the British Parliament, should be repealed; the second, that the connection between the countries should be placed by mutual consent, on a solid and permanent foundation. The third part of the covenant was, the address of the two Houses of the Irish Parliament upon the consideration of these two resolutions; which address does, among other things, accept of the proposition contained in the first resolution, and does expressly reject the second; for it says, that we conceive the resolution for unqualified and unconditional repeal of the 6th of George I. to be a measure of consummate wisdom.

I drew that address, and I introduced those words expressly to exclude any subsequent qualifications or limitations, affecting to clog or restrain the operations of that repeal and the plenitude of the legislative authority of the Irish Parliament. The address adds the clause of finality; for instance, that, gratified in these particulars which it states, no "constitutional question between the two nations will any longer exist."

The next part was the measure adopted by the English Parliament upon the consideration of this address; and in that measure they accede to that address entirely and unequivocally; they embrace our

proposition of unconditional and unqualified repeal; and they accordingly introduce a bill for that purpose; and thus they close the final adjustment; our address, though no part of their resolutions, becoming part of their covenant; as their bill of repeal, though no part of our acts, became part of our treaty.

Another instrument in the transaction is the address to His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, touching the finality of this measure, in which are these words: "We have seen this great national arrangement established on a basis which secures and unites the interests of both kingdoms; the objects we have been laboring for have been accomplished."

The next is the declaration of the Irish government, touching the finality of that arrangement, "convince the people that every cause of past jealousy and discontent is finally removed, and that both countries have pledged their good faith to each other, and that their best security will be their inviolable adherence to this compact." There are two other parts which are material; the resolution of the Irish House of Commons, the 18th of June, declaring in substance that the question was not now to be opened, and that the business was done, and in these words, that leave to bring in a bill of right was refused, because the right of legislation in the Irish Parliament in all cases had been already asserted by Ireland, and fully and finally and irrevocably acknowledged by Great Britain.

The next instrument was an address to His Majesty, to beseech him to appoint a day of public thanksgiving for the accomplishment of these great objects, as well as for his victories. Thus it appears that whatever idea might have been conceived in the second resolution of the 17th of May, 1782, it was totally and entirely abandoned. The minister of that time probably intended to make the best bargain he could for England, and therefore conceived it eligible to condition and qualify the acknowledgment of the independency of the Irish Parliament by certain provisions respecting navigation, etc.; but finding that the Irish Parliament would accept of nothing but the unqualified and unconditional repeal, he dropped the fruitless idea. I cannot presume to state his sentiments, but I can state that the Irish proposition of unqualified and unconditional repeal, rejecting the idea of further measures, was adopted in England by her Parliament, which embraced the Irish proposition of unqualified and

unconditional repeal of the 6th of George I., and did repeal it accordingly without qualification, condition, or limitation.

I beg leave to mention two facts, which, though not recorded, are not forgotten; the one is a declaration by Lord Lansdowne, then secretary of state, that the repeal of the 6th George I. was the only measure he meant to propose; the other was a declaration by the representative of the Irish government, in the Irish House of Commons, made after our address of the 27th of May, that no measures were intended to be grounded on the second English resolution of May 17th. I remember the question to have been asked and so answered.

I think I have now shown, from the records quoted, that the argument of the minister is against the express letter, the evident meaning and honest sense of this final settlement, and I beg leave to repeat that finality was not only a part of the settlement, but one of its principal objects. The case is still stronger against him; finality was the principal object of his country, as legislative independency was the obj ct of ours. Ireland wished to seize the moment of her strength for the establishment of her liberties; the court of England wished to conclude the operations of that strength and bind its progress. The one country wished to establish her liberty, the other to check the growth of demand; I say the growth of demand; it was the expression of the time. The court of England came, therefore, to an agreement with this country, namely, to establish forever the free and independent existence of the Irish Parliament, and to preserve forever the unity of empire. The former by the above-mentioned adjustment, the latter by the clause of finality to that adjustment annexed, and by precluding then, and at all times to come, the introduction of any further constitutional questions in either country, affecting the connection which was to rest under solemn covenant, inviolable, impregnable, and invincible to the intrigue or ambition of either country, founded on the prudent, the profound, the liberal, and the eternal principle of unity of empire and separation of parliament.

I might, however, waive all this, and yet the minister would get nothing. I might allow, contrary to common sense, that final adjustment, as proposed by His Majesty, means incipient negotiation. I will suppose, contrary to truth, to public faith, public honor, and

common policy, that the councils of Great Britain at that time meant to leave the Irish constitution open to the encroachments of the British Parliament, and the British empire open to the encroachments of the Irish volunteer; that is, that she meant to expose the solidity of her empire, in order to cheat the Irish, first, of their opportunity, and afterwards of their constitution; and yet he has gained nothing by these preposterous concessions, because he must allow that the arrangement did proceed to certain articles of covenant, and the first article on the part of England excludes his Union, being the assent of the Parliament of Great Britain to the requisition of the people of Ireland, which was to be exempted in all times to come from the interference of British Parliaments, and to have established over them no other legislature whatever, save only that of the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. Admitting, then, the ridiculous idea of ulterior measures to follow final adjustment, a Union could not be one of them. It is hardly necessary to mention that he has been minister ever since that period: that during the whole of that time he never ventured to name Union as one of those measures; not in 1783, when a bill was brought in by the ministry; not in 1785, when he introduced his celebrated propositions, and stated the second resolutions of the 17th of May, 1782, to comprehend, not the constitution, but the commerce of both countries; not in the administration of 1785; not, in short, until he had reduced this country by a train of calamitous measures, to religious divisions, to the condition of a conquest, such as she was when the Parliament of England, at the close of the last century, took away her trade, and in the middle of the present took away her constitution.

The minister proceeds; he impeaches the constitution of 1782; from disavowing an arrangement so adjusted at that time, and an adjustment so concluded, he advances, and calls that adjustment a miserable imperfection; after fifteen years' panegyric, and when he has a great army in Ireland, he has made that discovery, and instead of a constitution which established peace in Ireland, he revives a principle which produced war in America; namely, that two independent legislatures are incompatible. This was the language of Lord North's sword in the colonies; this is the language of Mr. Pitt's sword in Ireland; and this doctrine of imperial legislature which lost Great Britain America, and which Great Britain

surrendered to Ireland, takes once more its bloody station in the speeches of the minister, in defiance of faith, and in contempt of experience. It seems as a British Parliament is disposed to surrender its liberties to the court, the court is disposed to advance its domination over all the British connections; similarity of constitutions is no longer the bond of connection; all are to be swallowed up, according to this doctrine, in one imperial parliament, whose powers increase as the boundaries of the empire contract and the spirit of her liberties declines.

"You abolished," says he, "one constitution, but you forgot to form another."* Indeed! What! does he mean that we should have demolished an usurpation, in order to mangle a constitution? Does he mean that we should have overset the tyranny of one parliament to mangle another? Does he mean that we should have taken away the usurped and tyrannical powers of the legislature of England, in order to restore those usurped and tyrannical powers to that very legislature? In what branches? His propositions have stated them; commerce, etc., the very branches in which they had been by that very legislature, most oppressively and egregiously, obstinately, and transcendently abused. Most certainly the conductors of that settlement on the part of Ireland, did not think proper so to restore the grievance of a foreign legislation, and so to limit the powers of a domestic one. The minister has given in his speech the reason. "All the great branches of trade (by which he must mean the linen trade, the plantation trade, and the import trade) are ascribed to the liberality of England, not to covenant." I deny it; but as ministers may deny covenants, it seemed prudent to reserve the powers of parliament, and accordingly the Irish legislature retains full and ample resources, under the settlement of that time, to incline the counsels of England to remember and observe her compacts with our country, should the British minister be disposed to forget them; thus the parliament of Ireland can so regulate her intercourse with other countries for colonial produce, so regulate her right to an East India trade, and so adjust her channel trade, as to secure a preference in the English market for her linens, and for a direct intercourse with the British plantations. Was Ireland to retain those powers with a view to annoy? No; but she was to

* Mr. Pitt's speech.

retain them, and to retain them, lest Great Britain, instigated by some minister, might be induced to exercise once more those very powers of annoyance with which now the right honorable gentleman threatens Ireland; in short, lest Great Britain should retain all her powers of molestation, and Ireland should surrender all her powers of retaliation. The classic minister must know, Tacitus has told him, that between the powerful and the impotent there can be no peace; the powers I speak of were powers of peace; they were powers of protection; they were the great reserves of the Irish Parliament, to secure the trade of Ireland and the harmony of the empire; the wisdom of the reserve, such a minister as he is was born to establish. Strange ideas this minister entertains of the constitution of an Irish Parliament. It should be incompetent, it should be omnipotent; incompetent to regulate the commerce of the country, omnipotent to give away her constitution: it finds its omnipotence in his mind when it abdicates its trust.

The minister proceeds: he specifies his objections to this settlement of 1782; the case of regency is one, and war is another. Facts are against him in both. He states that it was accident alone, meaning the recovery of his Majesty, that preserved the identity of the executive power at the time of the regency; he misstates that fact totally and entirely; it was not accident, namely, the recovery of the King, that preserved the identity of the executive powers; that identity was preserved amply, carefully, and affectionately, by the determination of the Irish Parliament in choosing for their regent the heir apparent of the Crown, already designated and determined upon, though not in form invested, by the Parliament of Great Britain. The Parliament of Ireland provided in that event not only for the preservation of the monarchical principle, but for the preservation of the connection likewise, and adhered to his country, though they did not link themselves to his party. The principle that came under the consideration of the Irish Parliament was threefold, — the principle of monarchy, the principle of connection, and the principle of party. With regard to the two first, they concurred with the Parliament of England; they chose as regent the next in succession to the Crown, and they chose him after, and not before, the Parliament of Great Britain had signified, with the minister at their head, their determination to appoint him, and in so doing *they* fol-

lowed faithfully the spirit of the act of annexation of the crown, which forms between the two countries their bond and connection, but a bond and connection through the medium of monarchy. I am stating the spirit of that act. I say, the act of annexation, and so the bill of 1782, altering and amending the act of Poynings, and ordaining that Irish bills shall be sent to the King, look to the bond and connection of these islands through the medium of monarchy. A British republic never was in the contemplation of either; but an English monarchy, and no other form of government, was present to the conceptions of both, either giving thereby the royal house, who are the monarchs of Ireland as well as of Great Britain, a double security, and the throne upon which they sit a double root. I say the Parliament of Ireland did adhere to the principles of British connection, and did unite with them the safe and the prescribed principles of monarchical government. They did concur with the Parliament of England in the choice of a regent, in the person of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. But with regard to the third principle, namely, the principle of party, they differed; the Parliament of England thinking proper to incumber the regent with extraordinary limitations, and that of Ireland judging it more eligible to leave him in full exercise of all the executive powers. It therefore rejected a motion of delay, knowing the object of that motion was to postpone the appointment until the then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland should have formed a formidable faction confederated against the future government. In short, the Parliament of Ireland did not think it proper to appoint a regent with less than regential power, and to constitute in opposition a minister with great portions of regal authority. Hence, perhaps, this Union; hence, perhaps, the visitation of calamitous government which has befallen Ireland ever since. One of the minister's instruments in this country has confessed it; he has said, in one of his speeches published by his authority, that all the misfortunes of this country sprung from that resentful period. But who is it that reproaches Ireland upon this subject, most injuriously and unjustly, with the crime of availing herself of the opportunity afforded by the most calamitous event that visited the health of our sovereign? it is that very minister who published that opportunity in the broadest and most unqualified resolution; who told the parliament of both coun-

tries, that they were perfectly competent to supply, in that melancholy moment, the deficiency in the executive magistrate by any method which they thought proper; that is, who told the British Houses they were competent to establish a temporary republic; and told the Irish Houses, of course and by necessary inference, that they were competent to establish a temporary republic, and to accomplish a temporary separation. To have declined the opportunity is called the ambition of one parliament; to have proclaimed the opportunity, is called the moderation of the minister. His partizans in this country went further; he maintained the power of the British convention to bind Ireland:—

Ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram et pleno proluit se auro.

According to the two opinions, the two Houses of the British Parliament could overturn the British monarchy and Irish constitution.

The minister proceeds; he states a second instance, namely, that of war. Here, again, the fact is against him; the Parliament of Ireland have, ever since their emancipation, concurred with England on the subject of war; but they have concurred, with this remarkable difference, that, before their emancipation, their concurrence was barren, and since their emancipation it has been productive. Immediately on the settlement of that emancipation in 1782, they voted a sum for British seamen, and on the apprehension of a war with Spain in 1790, they voted another; and in the present war, under Lord Fitzwilliam's administration, they voted a third; so much more beneficial are the wild offerings of liberty, than the squeezings, and eviscerations, and exenciations of power. But all this is lost upon the minister; fact and bounty make no impression on him; he has against both a fallacious argument and hungry speculation.

He thinks that he foresees that the Parliament of Ireland may dissent from that of Great Britain on the subject of war. He knows that peace and war are in the department of the King, not of Parliament; he knows that, on a proclamation by His Majesty, Ireland is in a state of war, of course, and without the assent of the Houses of Parliament; he knows that the supply of that war depends not on the Parliament of Ireland, but of Great Britain; and therefore the interference of the Parliament of Ireland on that subject is little more

than the declaration of a sentiment. Now, the declaration of a sentiment on such a subject is only valuable as it is the sentiment of the nation; and the concurrence of Ireland in British wars can only be the sentiment of the nation as the constitution of the nation; that is to say, the rights of Ireland, as claimed by herself, to be exempted from the legislative authority of a British Parliament, are tendered, regarded and protected by the British empire. It is not the Isle of Ceylon, the Cape of Good Hope, the Mysore country, nor the dominions of Tippoo, nor yet the feathers of her western wing, that engage the attention or interests of Ireland; it is her own freedom and constitution; it is our own idea of that internal freedom and constitution, not such as British ministers, who have invaded that constitution, shall hold forth; nor such as English or Scotch metaphysicians, who made chains for America, and called them her constitution, and who are ready now to cast links for Ireland; but that constitution which she herself, Ireland, feels, comprehends, venerates and claims; such as she herself expressed in her convention at Dungannon, and through all her counties and cities, and in every description and association of people, and afterwards in full parliament claimed, carried, registered and recorded; it is for the preservation of this constitution that she is interested in British wars. She considers the British empire a great western barrier against invasion from other countries; invasion on what? invasion on her liberties, on her rights and privileges; invasion on self-legislation, the parent and protectress of them all. She hears the ocean protesting against separation, but she hears the likewise protesting against Union; she follows, therefore, her physical destination, and obeys the dispensations of Providence, when she protests, like that sea, against the two situations, both equally unnatural, separation and union.

On these principles, I suppose the dissent of Ireland, on the subject of war, highly improbable, as it is uninstanced; but I should attribute like the minister, infallibility to those councils that engage their country in a war, should I suppose the dissent of Ireland on such a subject at all times to be fatal. Happy had it been for his Majesty, happy had it been for his glory and renown in all time to come, had not the Parliament of Ireland, in an American war, cursed him with her concurrence! What could the tutelary angel of England have done more, if that angel had been Minerva, and that

Minerva sat in Parliament; what, than to have advanced against the councils of that time the shield of her displeasure? Looking back to the wars in which Great Britain has been engaged, I should therefore suggest that she is in less danger from the hesitation of Ireland than from the precipitation of Great Britain. In this part of his argument the minister is weak, but in his remedy he is not only weak, but mischievous. He proposes, by taking away our powers of dissent, to withdraw our motive of concurrence, and, to secure our silence, forfeits our affection; he foresees an improbable event; of that event he greatly exaggerates the danger, and provides a remedy which makes that danger not only imminent, but deadly.

I will put this question to my country; I will suppose her at the bar, and I will ask her: Will you fight for a Union as you would for a constitution? Will you fight for that Lords and that Commons, who in the last century took away your trade, and in the present your constitution, as for that King, Lords and Commons, who have restored both? Well, the minister has destroyed this constitution; to destroy is easy; the edifices of the mind, like the fabrics of marble, require an age to build, but ask only a minute to precipitate; and, as the fall of both is an effort of no time, so neither is it a business of any strength; a pickaxe and a common laborer will do the one — a little lawyer, a little pimp, a wicked minister the other.

The constitution, which, with more or less violence, has been the inheritance of this country for 600 years; that *modus tenendi parliamentum*, which lasted and outlasted of Plantagenet the wars, of Tudor the violence, and of Stuart the systematic falsehood; the condition of our connection — yes — the constitution he destroys — is one of the pillars of the British empire. He may walk round it and round it, and the more he contemplates, the more must he admire; such a one as had cost England of money millions and of blood a deluge — cheaply and nobly expended; whose restoration had cost Ireland her noblest efforts, and was the habitation of her loyalty; we are accustomed to behold the kings of these countries in the keeping of parliament; I say of her loyalty as well as of her liberty, where she had hung up the sword of the volunteer, her temple of fame, as well as of freedom; where she had seated herself, as she vainly thought, in modest security and in a long repose.

I have done with the pile which the minister batters. I come to the Babel which he builds; and as he throws down without a principle, so does he construct without a foundation. This fabric he calls a Union, and to this his fabric there are two striking objections: first, it is no Union: it is not an identification of people, for it excludes the Catholics; secondly, it is a consolidation of the Irish legislatures, that is to say, a merger of the Irish Parliament; and incurs every objection to a Union, without obtaining the only object which a Union professes: it is an extinction of the constitution, and an exclusion of the people. Well! he has overlooked the people as he has overlooked the sea. I say he excludes the Catholics, and he destroys their best chance of admission — the relative consequence. Thus he reasons, that hereafter, in a course of time (he does not say when), if they behave themselves (he does not say how), they may see their subjects submitted to a course of discussion (he does not say with what result or determination); and as the ground for this inane period, in which he promises nothing, and in which, if he did promise much, at so remote a period he could perform nothing, unless he, like the evil he has accomplished, be immortal — for this inane sentence, in which he can scarcely be said to deceive the Catholic, or suffer the Catholic to deceive himself, he exhibits no other ground than the physical inanity of the Catholic body accomplished by a Union, which, as it destroys the relative importance of Ireland, so it destroys the relative proportion of the Catholic inhabitants, and thus they become admissible because they cease to be anything. Hence, according to him, their brilliant expectation: "You were," say his advocates, and so imports his argument, "before the Union as three to one, you will be by the Union as one to four." Thus he founds their hopes of political power on the extinction of physical consequence, and makes the inanity of their body and the nonentity of their country the pillars of their future ambition.

The Catholics of the city of Dublin have come forth in support of the constitution. I rejoice at it. They have answered their enemies by the best possible answer — by services. Such answer is more than refutation — it is triumph. The man who supports and preserves parliament qualifies; the path of glory leads on to privilege; "enjoy with me, if you please; without me, if you be illiberal; but by me certainly; and at all events enjoy the parliamentary constitu-

tion of your country." This is to defend the tower, this is to leap upon the wreck, this is to sit beside the country in her sick bed; if she recover, there is a long and bright order of days before her, and the Catholics will have contributed to that event; if she perish, they will have done their utmost to save her; they will have done as an honest man ought in such an extreme case — they will have flung out their last setting glories, and sunk with their country.

The minister, by his first plans, as detailed by his advocates, not only banished the Catholics from parliament, but banished the Protestants from it likewise, for he banished them from a due representation therein; he struck off one half of the county representatives, and preserved the portion of boroughs as two to one. Thus he disposed of the question of Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, by getting rid of both forever; thus did he build his first plan of Union upon the abuses both of church and state, and reformed neither; religious monopoly or borough monopoly, he continued to exclude the Catholic from parliament; and he continued to shut out both Protestant and Catholic from a due and effectual parliamentary representation. He shut out Protestant ascendancy as well as Catholic participation; and in the place of both, constituted borough ascendancy in perpetual abuse and dominion. He reformed the British Parliament by nearly sixty Irish borough members; he reformed the Irish Parliament by 558 English and Scotch members; and on this mutual misrepresentation, constituted an imperial legislature. There was no great effort of ability in all this; much felicity of mischief, no expenditure either of time or talent. There was nothing in the scheme which was grand, nothing which was deep, nothing which was comprehensive; he demolished an old institution at the same time that he preserved old abuses, and put himself at their head, and entailed them on posterity, like a common disorder, to be continued through what he calls a parental parliament. Such a plan was too desperate, as far as relates to the proportion of counties and boroughs. I understand it is in part abandoned, and well it may, because, whether these representatives be in a greater or lesser proportion borough members, they will be the host of administration, and not the representatives of the people. He takes 100 members, many of whom are removed by the nature of their election from the influence of repre-

sentation; all of whom, by removal from their country, are withdrawn from that of sympathy, from that of opinion. He changes the sphere, not only of their action, but of their character and of their sensations. How came the Irish Parliament, with all its borough members, in 1779, to demand a free trade — in 1782, to demand a free constitution? Because it sat in Ireland; because they sat in their own country; and because at that time they had a country; because, however influenced as many of its members were by places, however uninfluenced as many of its members were by popular representation, yet were they influenced by Irish sympathy. They did not like to meet every hour faces that looked shame upon them; they did not like to stand in the sphere of their own infamy; thus they acted as the Irish absentee at the very same time did not act; they saved the country because they lived in it, as the others abandoned the country because they lived out of it.

I will not say that one hundred Irish gentlemen will act ill, where any man would act well; but never was there a situation in which they had so much temptation to act ill, and so little to act well; great expense and consequent distresses; no support from the voice of an Irish public; no check; they will be in situation a sort of gentlemen of the empire; that is to say, gentlemen at large, absent from one country, and unelected by the other — suspended between both, and belonging to neither. The sagacious English Secretary of State has foretold this: "What advantage," says he, "will it be to the talents of Ireland, this opportunity in the British empire thus opened?" That is what we dread. The market of St. Stephen opened to the individual, and the talents of the country, like its property, dragged from the kingdom of Ireland to be sold in London; these men, from their situation (man is the child of situation), their native honor may struggle; but from their situation, they will be adventurers of the most expensive kind; adventurers with pretensions, dressed and sold, as it were, in the shrouds and grave-clothes of the Irish Parliament, and playing for hire their tricks on her tomb, the only repository the minister will allow to an Irish Constitution, the image of degradation, and the representatives of nothing.

Come, he has done much; he has destroyed one constitution; he has corrupted another; and this corrupted constitution he calls a parental representation. I congratulate the country on the new

baptism of what was once called the representative body of the nation. Instead of the plain, august language of the constitution, we are here saluted with the novel and barbaric phraseology of empire. With this change of name we perceive a transfer of obligation, converting the duty of the delegate into the duty of the constituent, and the inheritance of the people into the inheritance of their trustees.

Well, this assembly, this Imperial Parliament, what are its elements? Irish absentees, who have forsaken their country, and a British Parliament that took away the constitution. Does he say that such a parliament will have no prejudices against Ireland? Let him look to his speeches; a capital understanding, a comprehensive knowledge, and a transcendent eloquence; hear him with all these powers speak on the subject of Ireland, whether it be the conduct of her administration, the character of her people, her commerce, or her covenants, or her constitution, and he betrays an ignorance that would dishonor an idiot. Does he wish for further instances? Let him look to the speeches of his agents in Ireland; speeches made and published for the palate and prejudices of the English court: what description of men have they not traduced, what patriotic achievement have they not deprecated, what honest character have they not belied? Does he look for further instances? Let him turn to his catalogue: what notorious apostate whom he has not honored? what impudent defamer of the rights and character of Ireland that he has not advanced? On the other hand, what man that made a stand for her liberties whom he has not dismissed? Mr. Fitzgerald, Sir John Parnell, who had supported his government long, refused to abandon their country and their honor, and were immediately told they were no longer fit for the service of government. Mr. Foster, who had supported his administration long, held up his shield for that parliament of which he is the natural advocate, and was immediately honored by the enmity of the court, and a personal attack on his character and consistency.

Lord Fitzwilliam, an Englishman, a friend to the war, a strenuous advocate for order and regular government, with a character that is purity itself, entertained for Ireland a fatal affection, and by that one offence, cancelled all his long and splendid catalogue of virtues, and was dismissed accordingly.

A legislature, the parent of both countries, he talks of; a legislature, as far as relates to Ireland, free from the influence of vicinity, of sympathy. The Isle of Man is all that (free from the influence of opinion, free from the influence of duty, directed by prejudices, and unincumbered by knowledge). In order to judge what this parental legislature would be, let us consider what the British Parliament has been, and let us compare that Parliament, for this purpose with the legislature of Ireland. In this comparison I do not mean to approve of all the parliaments that have sat in Ireland: I left the former parliament, because I condemned its proceedings; but I argue not like the minister, from the misconduct of one parliament against the being of parliament itself. I value that parliamentary constitution by the average of its benefits; and I affirm that the blessings procured by the Irish Parliament in the last twenty years, are greater than all the blessings afforded by British Parliaments to Ireland for the last century: greater even than the mischiefs inflicted on Ireland by British Parliaments; greater than all the blessings procured by those parliaments for their own country within that period. Within that time the legislatures of England lost an empire, and the legislature of Ireland recovered a constitution.

Well, we have done with this parental parliament; and now we come to the bribes which he holds out. And, first, he begins with the church. To the Protestant church he promises perpetual security; to the Catholic church his advocates promise eventual salary; and both hold out to the former commutation of tithes.

With respect to the Protestant church, whatever may be his wishes in favor of its duration, he takes the strongest measures to accomplish its destruction; for he attempts to disgrace it to all eternity. He is employing, or his agents are employing, several of its members to negotiate away the constitution, and to mendicate addresses transferring to another country the parliament and legislative power of their own; disfranchising the very people by whom the church is fed, and deserting the holy mission of God to fulfil this profligate mission of the minister. Give up your country, says the minister; give up your character, and be immortal. So said Charles the First to his church when he prostituted the Gospel, and regimented the clergy into battalions against the constitution, and overturned the church by its own infamy.

At the same time that the minister endeavors to take away the authority of one church, his advocates tell you that he proposes to give salaries to another; that is, they tell you that he proposes to bribe the Catholic clergy, if they will betray the constitution. In whatever form of religion our pious court contemplates the Almighty, it ever occurs to convert Him to some diabolical purpose. The Catholics had been accused pretty liberally of disloyalty by those very advocates who now seem to think it proper to reward their imputed treasons against the king, provided they shall be followed up by real treasons against the people. I do not believe, I never did believe, the general charges made against the Catholics; I do not dispute, I never did dispute, the propriety of giving salaries to their clergy; but it should be salaries, not bribes — salaries for the exercise of their religious duty, and not wages for the practice of political apostacy. According to this plan, the Catholic religion, it would seem, disqualified its followers to receive the blessings of the constitution; but the priest's hostilities to that constitution qualify him to receive a salary for the exercise of that very religion which is at once punished by civil disability and encouraged by ecclesiastical provision; as good Catholics they are disqualified, and as bad citizens they are to be rewarded.

The minister proceeds: he proposes his third bribe, namely, the abolition of tithes. You observe, such a proposal does not seem to form part of his Union, but is an offer kept back to be regulated, modified, and qualified, when the Union is passed, and the consideration is given. I approve of a modus as a compensation for tithe, but I do not approve of it as a compensation for parliament; when I proposed that measure, and was opposed by men by whom I could only be opposed, and could not be answered, I was told by the king's ministers that commutation of tithe was the overthrow of the church. Couple the project of the minister now with the argument of his agents then, and the combined idea amounts to this, that it is prudent to overturn the church, provided at the same time you overturn the constitution; but the fact is, that the argument at that time was false, and the proposal at this time is fallacious; the argument had for its object personal calumny; and the proposal, national extinction.

The minister has not done with bribes; whatever economy he shows in argument, here he has been generous in the extreme.

Parson, priest (I think one of his advocates hints the Presbyterians) are not forgotten; and now the mercantile body are all to be bribed, that all may be ruined. He holds out commercial benefits for political annihilation; he offers you an abundance of capital, but first he takes it away; he takes away a great portion of the landed capital of the country by the necessary operation of Union; he will give you, however, commercial capital in its place; but first he will give you taxes. It seems it is only necessary to break the barriers of liberty, and the tides of commerce will flow in of course; take away her rival in landed capital, and then commercial capital advances without fear. Commerce only wants weight, *i. e.*, taxes, it seems, in order to run with new spirit. He not only finds commerce in the retreat of landed capital, but he finds corn also. His whole speech is a course of surprises; the growth of excision, the resource of incumbrance, and harvests sown and gathered by the absence of the proprietors of the soil and of their property. All these things are to come. When? He does not tell you. Where? He does not tell you. You take his word for all this. I have heard of a banker's bill of exchange, Bank of England's notes, Bank of Ireland's notes; but a prophet's promissory note is a new traffic; all he gets from Ireland is our solid loss; all he promises are visionary, distant, and prophetic advantages. He sees, I do not, British merchants and British capital sailing to the provinces of Connaught and Munster; there they settle in great multitudes, themselves and families. He mentions not what description of manufacturers; who from Birmingham; who from Manchester; no matter, he cares not; he goes on asserting, and asserting with great ease to himself, and without any obligation to fact. Imagination is the region in which he delights to disport; where he is to take away your parliament, where he is to take away your final judicature, where he is to increase your taxes, where he is to get an Irish tribute, there he is a plain, direct, matter-of-fact man; but where he is to pay you for all this, there he is poetic and prophetic; no longer a financier, but an inspired accountant. Fancy gives her wand; Amalthea takes him by the hand; Ceres is in her train.

The English capitalist, he thinks, will settle his family in the midst of those Irish Catholics, whom he does not think it safe to admit into parliament; as subjects he thinks them dangerous; as a neigh-

boring multitude safe. The English manufacturer will make this distinction; he will dread them as individuals, and confide in them as a body, and settle his family and his property in the midst of them: he will therefore, the minister supposes, leave his coal mines, leave his machinery, leave his comforts, leave his habits, conquer his prejudices, and come over to Ireland to meet his taxes and miss his constitution. They did not do this when the taxes of Ireland were few; we were indeed told they would, as we are now told. They did not do this when there was no military government in Ireland. However, as prejudices against the country increase, he supposes commercial confidence may increase likewise. There is no contradicting all this, because arguments which reason does not suggest, reason cannot remove; besides, the minister in all this does not argue, but foretell. Now you can scarcely answer a prophet; you can only disbelieve him; his arguments are false, but his inspiration may be true; appearances, however, are against them; for instance, a principal ground of complaint in Ireland is a misapplication of landed capital, or the diversion of it to other countries from the cultivation of Ireland, where great tracts remain either totally neglected or superficially improved; where the tenantry have not capital, and the land can be reclaimed only by the employment (and a very rational employment it would be) of part of the rent arising therefrom, on the soil which produced it, improving, however, gradually since the establishment of our free constitution, which contains in itself the power of checking the evil I speak of, and which, by adding to the consequence of the country, will naturally diminish the number of absentees, comparatively aided as it must be by the growth of English taxes, unless by a Union we adopt those taxes in Ireland. How does he remedy this disorder? He finds a great absentee draught; he gives you another; and having secured to you two complaints, he engages to cure both. Another principal cause of complaint, is another effect arising from the non-residence of Irish landlords, whose presence on their own estates is necessary for the succor as well as the improvement of their tenantry; that the peasant may not perish for want of medicine, of cordial and of cure, which they can only find in the administration of the landlord, who civilizes them and regulates them in the capacity of a magistrate, while he husbands and covers them in that of a protector, improving

not only them, but himself, by the exercise of his virtues, as well as the dispensation of his property, drawing together the two orders of society, the rich and poor, until each may administer to the other, and civilize the one by giving, and the other by receiving; so that aristocracy and democracy may have a head and a body; so that the rich may bring on the poor, and the poor may strengthen the rich; and both contributing to the strength, order and beauty of the state, may form that pillar of society where all below is strength and all above is grace. How does his plan accomplish this? He withdraws their landed gentlemen, and then improves Irish manners by English factors; but I leave his trifling, and come to his threats.

As he offered before a trade which he had not to give, so now he menaces to withdraw a trade which he cannot take away; his threat is founded on a monstrous assertion, that our principal branches of commerce are due to the liberality of England.

Liberality of England to Irish commerce! Where are we to look for it? In what part of the century? For near one hundred years (it is a long time), the minister himself disclaims the illiberal policy of his country. Is it at the close of this century; for instance, in His Majesty's speech from the throne in the year 1775, where he is advised to signify his intention to maintain the principle of American taxation over all his dominions? Or is it in the embargo of the same period? Or is it in the tea tax imposed on Ireland by the British Parliament about the period of 1779? Or will he say this liberality appears in the mockery of those bills, in which England affected to relieve the distresses of Ireland? Was it in the English act, giving the Irish a power to catch whales, or in that other bill, permitting the Irish to plant tobacco? Or was it in 1778 that this liberality made his appearance? No: for I remember in that period, supporting an address for the extension of Irish commerce; and I remember also being opposed and defeated by the immediate interposition of the Crown. It is not then in the period of 1778 that we are to look for this liberality. Was it in the period 1779, the time of the short money bill, of the non-consumption agreement, and of the Irish requisition of free trade?

Here is the liberality of England; she was just then, she was liberal never; and she was just to you then, because you were then

just to yourself; she has been faithful since; I for one shall be satisfied with her fidelity and justice, and on these occasions I acknowledge both. Are there any further instances in which we are to look for English justice in the subject of Irish trade? Yes; there is another, in 1793, on the subject of the re-export. An attempt had been made to carry that point for Ireland in 1786, contained in two resolutions which I moved as an amendment to the navigation act, which has been charged to Ireland as a favor, but which was in fact jobbed to the British ministry by him who made the charge, and sold without any clause of equality and reciprocity. But afterwards in 1793, a re-export bill passed in Great Britain in favor of Ireland, exactly at the time when the charter of the East India Company expired, and an Irish bill was necessary and did pass to secure her monopoly for a limited time: such is the history of British concession. Now look at the tariff, or see what has been the result; greatly in favor of England. Under the head of home manufacture and colonial produce, in favor of England; under the head of raw material, the produce of their respective countries, above two millions in favor of England. Under the head of foreign articles, a great balance in favor of England. Add to this an absentee rental of considerably above a million, and you will find there is a sum of above four millions annually, in which Ireland administers to Great Britain, and pours herself, as it were, abundantly and without reserve into the British dominion.

This is the trade the minister threatens to alter, and thinks he threatens not Great Britain, but Ireland. Here he will have some difficulty; and first, the covenant of 1779. He denies that covenant; he says, that all the great commercial advantages of Ireland are to be ascribed to the liberality of the British Parliament, and not to the Irish Parliament. Wherever he meets an Irish covenant, he gives it no quarter. I will state the fact, and let the public judge. In October, 1779, an address passed the Irish Commons, containing a requisition for a free trade: it was followed by a motion declaring that the Irish Commons would not, for the present, grant new taxes; it was followed by a limitation of the act of supply to the duration of six months only. It was considered in England, and attended with resolutions moved by the then minister, purporting to repeal certain restrictive acts on the free trade of Ireland, and to grant a

direct intercourse between Ireland and his Majesty's plantations, subject to equality of duty. These resolutions were considered in the Parliament of Ireland;* they were voted satisfactory. A long money bill was then passed, and new taxes were then granted in consideration thereof, and this he calls no covenant. He has denied, it seems, the linen covenant; he has denied this commercial covenant of 1779; and he has denied the constitutional covenant of 1782; and having disclaimed the obligation of three treaties, he now proposes a fourth, in which he desires you to give up your parliament to secure his faith in time to come. I argue in a different manner: I argue from his disposition to dispute the validity of covenant to the necessity of the existence of parliament — an Irish parliament — the guarantee of those covenants, which has the power to preserve the obligation, or resources to retaliate. Does the minister, when he talks of an eleemosynary trade, recollect how the Irish Parliament could affect the East India Company by discontinuing the act of 1793, granted but for a limited time? Does he recollect how she could affect the British West India monopoly by withdrawing her exclusive consumption from the British plantations? Does he recollect how we could affect the navy of England by regulations regarding our Irish provisions? Does he recollect how we could affect her empire by forming commercial intercourse with the rest of the world? But let not this depend upon idle threats, threats which never should have been advanced on our side, if they had not been first most imprudently introduced on his. I say, let not the argument rest on threats, but let it rest on the past experiment; the experiment has been made; we got our trade by our resources and our parliament; we will keep our trade by affection and by covenant. But should a British minister choose to despise those tenures, we have another; we can keep our trade by the means by which we have obtained it, — our parliament, our resources.

He speaks of the linen trade. On this subject, indeed, he has been answered, as he has upon the others, by the argument and by the experiment; the argument which proves that the bounty on linen was not granted for the sake of Ireland, and that Irish linen sells itself. But suppose his reasoning in this case to be as true as it is fallacious, what does it amount to? That his country robbed

* See the resolutions and the law expressing the condition and covenant.

Ireland of her free trade in the last century, and gave her, in the place of it, the export of one solitary manufacture, depending on the charity of England; and now he proposes to rob Ireland of that manufacture, unless Ireland consents to be robbed of her parliament! He has no other ground of triumph but the disgrace and dishonor of his country; however, her case is better than he has stated it; and that is proved by the experiment; for in 1779, we were encountered by the same threats on the same subject; we despised those threats; we put the question to a trial; we entered into a non-consumption agreement; we demanded a free trade; the free trade we obtained; the linen trade we preserved.

What we cannot reconcile to your interests, he affects to reconcile to your honor. He, the minister, "his budget with corruption crammed," proposes to you to give up the ancient inheritance of your country; to proclaim an utter and blank incapacity, and to register this proclamation of incapacity in an act which inflicts on this ancient nation an eternal disability: and he accompanies these monstrous proposals by undisguised terror and unqualified bribery, and this he calls no attack on the honor and dignity of the kingdom.

The thing he proposes to buy, is what cannot be sold — LIBERTY! For it, he has nothing to give; everything of value which you possess, you obtained under a free constitution; part with it, and you must be not only a slave but an idiot.

His propositions not only go to your dishonor, but they are built upon nothing else: he tells you, it is his main argument, that you are unfit to exercise a free constitution: and he affects to prove it by the experiment. Jacobinism grows, says he, out of the very state and condition of Ireland. I have heard of parliament impeaching ministers; but here is a minister impeaching parliament; he does more — he impeaches the parliamentary constitution itself: the abuses in that constitution he has protected; it is only its being that he destroys; on what ground? Your exports since your emancipation, and under that parliamentary constitution, and in a great measure by that parliamentary constitution, have nearly doubled; commercially it has worked well. Your concord with England since the emancipation, as far as it relates to parliament on the subject of war, has been not only approved, but has been

productive; imperially, therefore, it has worked well. What then does the minister in fact object to? That you have supported him; that you have concurred in his system; therefore he proposes to the people to abolish the parliament, and to continue the minister. He does more — he proposes to you to substitute the British Parliament in your place, to destroy the body that restored your liberties, and to restore that body which destroyed them. Against such a proposition, were I expiring on the floor, I should beg to utter my last breath, and record my dying testimony.

May 26th, 1800.

Mr. Grattan observed that the bill before the House was full of inaccuracies, but inaccuracy was the least of the objections; it did indeed refer to a schedule for duties which were not there set forth, and which were not yet passed; it did indeed recite a bill to have passed both Houses of Parliament which was at that very moment in debate before the House of Lords; and it did describe that very bill by the name of an act of Parliament (saying that when the act, namely, a bill which had only passed one house, had the royal assent, should pass), offending against parliamentary propriety and legal phraseology with its various and great improprieties, the evident marks of haste and carelessness. But all these are lost in the fatal principle of ruin and extinction which the bill contains, whose enacting clauses are two; first that there shall be a distinct and separate council, and secondly, that there shall not be a parliament.

That is to say, that you are to have not what is miscalled a Union, still less a union and a constitution of liberty, but a subordinate Irish government without the control of an Irish parliament; the inferiority, the expense, the patronage, of a second and secondary government, with all those distinctions which attend separate establishments of finance and revenue, with a separate system of trade, with a different interest for money, and a distinct code of law. This breach of compact, for such I must call it—this surrender of liberty, for it is nothing less—this transfer of the powers of the country to Great Britain—(what powers have you over India? precisely as much as you retain over Ireland)—this introduction of an innovation consisting of a separate Irish government without an Irish parlia-

ment, is made at a time of national debility and division, the result of a rank and vicious system of government, formed to corrupt the upper order and divide and inflame the lower, and to deprive both of their liberty; such as one part of the present British cabinet abjured, and declaring that they took office principally to reform, did greatly confirm and aggravate; at a time too of martial law, admitted under the plea of necessity, but with great effect to depress and intimidate, not rebellion but assertion; not the spirit of insurrection, but the spirit of constitution, which would have also spoken more decidedly (and yet very decidedly it has spoken notwithstanding).

At a time, I say, when government was possessed of dictatorial power, and at a time when a spirit of innovation was abroad, which has been adopted by the ministers of the Crown, who thus afford their example to overturn the throne by overturning the constitution, and teach the Jacobin, if he wanted to be taught, to make war on the rights of kings by making a Jacobinical war on the rights of the people; the power given them to preserve the settled state of order, they use to introduce a new order of things, and make government a question of strength, not of opinion; they run the chance of future anarchy in order to establish present despotism; they go into the very excesses they condemn, and are the bad example they deprecate; they tell the people practically and effectually that there is a faction not less daring and destructive than the rankest democracy; a faction which, under the color of supporting government, would eradicate the great fundamental and ancient principles of public security, as effectually, as ambitiously, and as seditiously as its rival the Jacobin, who is only guilty of an opposite excess, and who is likely to follow and march through the public breach which the slaves of despotism have made in the fundamental laws of the land for the entrance of the two extremes in succession, Tyranny that takes the lead, and Anarchy that follows.

If the principle of this bill be innovation, the terms of it are innovation likewise; the alteration in our system of commerce is innovation; the alteration in our system of revenue is innovation. The bill teems with everything that is exceptionable. They talk to you, indeed, as if liberty surrendered you were to break down under the weight of commercial acquisition; they talk to you, indeed,

as if for liberty surrendered you were to carry off an immense portion of English revenue; and one million a year in war, paid by England in all distresses, was to glad and console you, and much silly and empty sound of that kind was rung in your ears. But what is the act? that the terms of the Union are aggravations of the Union; the principal conditions are heavy contributions. Your financial conditions are dangerous experiments, and both such as you are perfectly competent to make, provided you are disposed to do so much mischief to your country. The revenue, or the financial returns set out, with the surrender of an availing revenue of £100,000 a year, arising from the export of the raw material and the import of the manufacture, that to the best possible revenue which a nation can continue, it adds the creation of a deficit of £95,000 a year, the interest to pay a loan of one million and a half to be paid for the purchase of boroughs; that is, from one to two hundred thousand pounds a year, to be supplied by new taxes. The terms go on and propose a proportion of two to fifteen as the future contribution of Ireland; they do this without any data whatsoever which can warrant such a proposition. The data which are now before you, but which were not before you when you passed the resolution, and when that proposition was laid, are unintelligible to the gentlemen to whom those data are furnished. Their papers, for instance, state the value of the consumption of the country in certain articles, by which they affect to ascertain its opulence, to be so much; and other papers, which are also before the House, state the value to be so much less. In the instance of tea, of tobacco, and some other articles, the value of the goods consumed is returned by one-third, in some cases by one-half, more than the value of the same kind of goods imported. The difference may be reconcileable, but it is not reconciled, and the House votes now the proportion of the contribution which is founded on those very papers, without waiting for, without demanding explanation. Suppose the cause, partly at least, of the apparent incongruity is that in one set of papers they are valued subject to freight and tax, and in another set exempt from both. When the minister proceeds to value the ability of the country to pay taxes, he presents you with papers containing the value of the great articles, with the charge of freight and taxes embodied; but when he proceeds to state the balance of trade between England and Ireland, he

presents papers in which the freight and tax are omitted; thus coals (it is one among other instances) are valued at the pit mouth, and thus an apparent balance of trade is created in your favor, about £800,000 more than the fact; so that by the double operation you are overrated in commerce and overrated in revenue. I say, therefore, that in fixing the proportion of relative contribution, as far as that proportion affected to found itself on the comparative consumption of the respective kingdoms, you had *no data*. When first you voted that proportion by way of resolution, you had not even papers; the majority of this House took the word of the minister, without papers or documents, and on that word voted a twenty years' contribution. Since you proceeded by way of bill, a member on this side of the House called for papers; the papers are returned incongruous and unexplained, and now you vote the data which you do not understand, as before you voted without any data whatever. I speak of the comparison on the articles of consumption; let us see whether you have better information on the comparison formed on the imports and exports. Here papers are submitted, but here the inland trade is omitted; it is calculated to amount in Britain to £12,000,000 per annum; here also the re-export trade is omitted. It is valued at £11,000,000 per annum in Britain; in Ireland £133,000,000; in the year ending January, 1799, it is valued at £14,000,000 in Britain. In the minister's calculation of national wealth, to ground a tax on national income, it was included, I apprehend, as a distinct substantive source of wealth; and if it were just to comprehend it with a view to impose a tax, it is equally just to comprehend it with a view to ascertain a proportion; it is carried on by a distinct capital; it produces a distinct revenue; it is by itself a great trade; and it is almost the only one of some great commercial nations—Holland for instance. It is a greater evidence and greater source of wealth to make other nations pay for your industry added to that of other countries, than out of the fruits of your industry to pay for the industry of those countries.

But without inquiring farther into this head, without inquiring whether it be just to proceed on an average of three years, when it appears from a document, almost published under the name of Mr. Rose, that the imports and exports of Britain, in the year 1798, were not £73,000,000 but £80,000,000, and the re-export not

£11,000,000, but £14,000,000; while our trade is said to have declined, inasmuch as our revenue is said to have fallen £800,000; without inquiring into this, I say, that the papers before you prove your contribution to be unjust; they set forth the imports and exports of Britain, for the three years, to have been £73,000,000; on that they form the proportion of two to fifteen; now there should be added to that £73,000,000, £6,000,000 per annum, which Britain receives from the Indies and from Ireland; £4,000,000 from the former, and £800,000 interest for public money lent; and near £2,000,000 in rent from the latter; this £2,000,000 is to be taken from the imports and exports of Ireland, and to be added to those of Britain, which will make a proportion not of ten to seventy-three, but of about eight to seventy-nine. Thus it follows, that whatever difficulty you may have in pronouncing the proportion of contribution, you can have no difficulty in pronouncing that the contribution you have ascertained is unjust and fallacious; and you can discover its injustice and fallacy by the very papers on which you have formed it; those papers ascertaining the proportion you have voted, by the omission of £6,000,000 of British annual income. Thus has this House, under the direction of the minister, overcharged this country in contribution, having no sufficient evidence to estimate its contribution, but having complete evidence to impeach that contribution which it now imposes. And what is this contribution? It is valued at about £4,800,000 in war, in addition to the interest of your debt, which is about £140,000 per annum; that is, equal to the charge of your establishment, four times greater than any past war establishment; a charge equal to the support of 128,000 soldiers, which is near eight times as much as you paid in former wars: so that you are to multiply your charge for the loss of your parliament; or rather, you are to pay the tribute of the slave; before this, you raised the supply of freemen; — a charge, I say, which, if for troops to be kept in the country, establishes a military government as complete as in Russia; and which, if for troops out of the country, will not leave you a guinea; which will, therefore, render you a slave or a bankrupt; a military province of England, or a beggar — indeed both: for though I do not think the means of this country are unequal to every necessary expense, yet I do think they are inadequate to that contributary expense which the Union

stipulates. I do think they are unequal to a war contribution of £4,800,000 per annum; and I think the attempt will exhaust this country, at the same time that it enslaves her. Color it as you please, she will pay more than she is able; and she will pay for a force, not to protect, but to enslave.

Do we know that the balance of our trade with all the world is but half a million in our favor, and that this half million is to supply the absentee drain of above two millions, which is to be greatly increased by the operation of the Union, by which we are to pay not only absentee representation, but absentee establishment? Do we know that even now, when we borrow about £3,000,000 per annum from England, the exchange is greatly against us? Do we know, that at this very moment, the revenue has fallen £800,000? — a fall which could only be occasional, if your constitution were suffered to continue; but, if the Union and its new drain, contributions, discontents, military government, and military maxims shall succeed, is ominous and alarming. Knowing all these, what have we done? We have overrated our country in wealth, to overrate her in contribution, to apply that contribution to the maintenance of a military, to take away her liberty. I speak of the proposed war establishment. What is the proposed peace establishment? — one-third greater than past peace establishments. Why one-third greater? The increased pay of 15,000 men, the peace establishment of a militia of 17,000 men, the skeleton of the yeoman corps, will not account for an increase of one-third, namely, of half a million. No ground whatever has been laid for it, except, indeed, a certain hint that it may be expedient to mention. In peace, an army in Ireland of 20,000 — we understand that perfectly — an Union army — a military establishment in peace; and a rebellion establishment in war: in fact, an army not for the people of Ireland, but put upon them, not to protect them, but to protect the projects of the minister against them. 'Tis true, it has been said, that England will pay this additional expense; but what is that? The English minister will make his country assist in the subjugation of the Irish by force of arms; there is no great compliment in this: but rely on it, that Ireland, like every enslaved country, will ultimately be compelled to pay for her own subjugation; robbery and taxes ever follow conquest; the country that loses her liberty, loses her revenues.

But, if the terms of the financial part of the Union were as beneficial as they are injurious, it would be of little moment; for there is an article, that whenever the minister shall raise the debt of Ireland to an amount which shall be as the proportion of two to fifteen in relation to the permanent debt of England (in three years of war they tell you they will do it), then you are to be taxed as much as England. Considering then the terms of the Union, as far as they relate to revenue, they amount to a continuation of the double establishment, an increase of the separate establishments, and a military government, with a prospect of soon succeeding to the full taxes of England.

As to commerce, the terms are short and simple — to abate those duties which you thought necessary for the protection of your manufactures; that's all! Are the manufacturers of glass, of iron-ware, are the brewers, the hosiers, the saddlers, the manufacturers of cotton, obliged to you for that? Did they petition parliament for it? have they not petitioned parliament against it? Who is it then that calls for it? The Irish manufacturer? — No. The Irish consumer? — No. The Irish Parliament? — No. Who then? — The British minister, who does not indeed petition, but exacts it of the Irish Parliament, who, at the same time, are called on to surrender themselves, their power, and their being. All duties below ten per cent. to be taken off; all duties above it to be reduced to that standard for twenty years, and then to be abolished *in toto*. Calico is respited for a few years. Why do you deprive calico of the advantage of being unprotected for those few years? Why; but because it is of no advantage, but the contrary; and you have thought it a matter of mercy to let the persons engaged in that trade gradually withdraw. Here is the commercial benefit, the commerce which we are to get for our constitution; for you do not say, that it is a material privilege to be permitted to export to England our cotton and woollen cloth. Would it be a great privilege to permit England to export Burgundy into France? Even the privilege of importing wool, the British minister has told you, will be of no use to you; he is, I believe right; there is nothing he gives, there is nothing in trade which he can give, that will be of any use to you. I do not pretend to decide whether these advantages will prove the ruin of your manufacturers; but I do venture to decide, that they will not

be of any use to them. Besides, what are the commercial terms? Such as you could give yourselves without an Union, if you did not think them mischievous; what, then, are the terms, financial and commercial? The increase of your taxes of incumbrance, and the abatement of your duties of protection; a surrender, not a compensation; evidences of conquest; such terms as a nation must expect that surrenders her constitution.

From the bad terms which attend the Union, I am naturally led to the foul means by which it has been obtained — dismissals from office — perversions of the place bill — sale of peerage — purchase of boroughs — appointment of sheriffs with a view to prevent the meetings of freemen and freeholders for the purpose of expressing their opinions on the subject of a Legislative Union — in short, the most avowed corruption, threats, and stratagems, accompanied by martial law, to deprive a nation of her liberty; and so very great and beneficial have been the efforts, that His Majesty's ministers have actually resorted to a partial dissolution of parliament at the very time they declined to resort to a general election; the sense of parliament and people was against them; they change, therefore, the parliament without recurring to the people, but procure a number of returns, exceeding their present majority, from private boroughs, vacated with a view to return a court member, who should succeed a gentleman that would not vote for the Union; here, then, is a parliament made by the minister, not the people; and made for the question. Under these circumstances, in opposition to the declared sense of the country, has been passed a measure imposing on the people a new constitution, and subverting the old one.

The good consequences of this measure have been boldly prophesied; I own I see them not. Tranquillity arising from the suppression of parliament; manufacturers flourishing from the want of protection, these excellent consequences are, at best, but problematical; the ceasing of political topics with the ceasing of the assembly wherein they might be regularly or decorously deliberated, is an expectation very pious, perhaps, but very fond and very presumptuous. Do you seriously think that when you take away the forms of liberty, you take away the spirit of liberty? Do you think, for instance, that the Catholic will become insensible to the privileges of a free constitution, because a Protestant Parliament has renounced

them? Do you think Protestant and Catholic will become insensible to the necessity of representation, because they lost their freedom by the want of it? Do you think that a minister, that any set of men in league with a minister, can, with the institution, sink, smother, and put out the very essence, soul, and light of liberty? It may be so; I do not believe it. Recollect again, that this tranquillity and this commerce predicted to follow the Union, are, at best, paradoxical and remote; but that the evil consequences predicted are immediate and certain, namely, the war contribution of near £5,000,000, the diminution of your landed capital, the absence of your landed proprietors, the abatement of your protecting duties, the surrender of a solid revenue, the increase of your benefit by a borough loan, and the subversion of your constitution. Those gentlemen who, for what they call tranquillity, in their speculations, are ready to sacrifice the labors, the honor, and the freedom of their country, may find that they have lost the liberty, but have not secured the repose. Let me add, that the most decided friends, who deserve respect, have not gone farther than to say, that its consequences cannot be foreseen.

The minister of Britain (Mr. Pitt) has spoken again in its favor. His first speech is a record of inanity; the merit of his second is, to have abandoned the defence of the first. The inundation of capital from the increase of absentees, the visit of British manufacturers from the increase of taxes, the abatement of protecting duties, and the diminution of the number of consumers, civilization arising from the absence of the gentry, from the corruption of the higher orders (never was minister more profligate), from the debasement of the lower order by the application of terror, civilization arising from the regular practices of administration to destroy public virtue, and to render the evils base and false of every order and degree. The political blessings arising from these causes, which overflowed in the first speech, have, in the minister's second speech, prudently and considerately, like any other folly of the day, vanished and evaporated. Argument seems to have taken a new post; it is no longer industry of the manufacturer, it is now a more pleasurable plan; luxury and consumer; such has been the turn of talk and trifling here. "England will furnish everything for money; she will take your rent, and supply manufactures for your accommodation; what signi-

fies which country supplies the article, since you are one people?" In the same way it is said: "What signifies the number of Irish representatives, since you are one people? and, therefore, let them be so few as to be merged in the representation of Great Britain." Again, it is said: "What signifies where the army is quartered, whether in Britain or in Ireland, since you are one people?" and, therefore, let the troops be in Ireland, and the manufactures be in Great Britain!

The advantages predicted in revenue, like those in commerce, vanish also; the magnificent million of the speech of the Irish Secretary, does not appear in the second oration of the British minister. He had indeed assumed a certain air of astonishment at the surmise, that Britain sought to obtain revenue from other countries. He suffered his minister here to go a little farther, and to teach us to think that England was impatient to get rid of revenue; that her turn now was to buy up constitutions; that she had become a chapman and dealer in liberty, and was willing to pay Ireland for her parliament, half a million in peace, and one million per annum in war. I doubted the fact, for I had not forgotten the American war; I had not forgotten the American Stamp Act; I had not forgotten Mr. G. Grenville's pamphlet, containing a proposal to tax Ireland as well as America; I had not forgotten the proposal of the present minister of England, contained in one of the propositions of 1785, namely, that the surplus of the hereditary revenue should go to England. When, therefore, the same minister, in a state of tenfold distress, disclaimed revenue, and when the minister here averred that England was to pay a contribution to Ireland, I did not believe either; but when the former now disavows the latter, and, in his second speech as printed, he is made to say, that Ireland is to pay pretty much what she does now; that is to say, not as the minister here said, a million less, but above four times as much as she paid in any former war, and many times as much as she is able, and such an expense as the rebellion, not the war, produced; I say, when the minister sets forth such as our contribution hereafter, he does renounce all benefits predicted in finance, with as much candor as he abandons all benefits predicted in commerce, to result from his fatal measure of Union. His second speech, in short, deserts the boast of beneficial terms, and confines itself to errors and misrepresentations of another kind, which are

there to be found in very great abundance. He sets forth that the Irish constitution is the cause of our misfortunes; his friends have stated the same thing, and have said, that they cannot administer the country on her revenues or under her constitution; and such an argument in him and in them is modestly urged to banish the parliament and to retain the ministry. Never was it known in a country that retained a trace of liberty, that a minister of the Crown was suffered *to impeach* the constitution of the realm. Suppose he were to say: —

"I cannot administer a monarchical constitution; therefore banish the king;" or, "I cannot administer an aristocratic constitution; therefore banish the house of Lords." What, in fact, does the minister say, who uses this argument, but that his system was a grievance, as was predicted by part of his colleagues, who said they took office to reform it; that it was not fit for a free people; that it would produce a civil war; that the public sale of honors, that his notorious attempts to pack parliament, that the violence of some of his agents in this country, that his selection of persons for Irish affairs, who were rather panders than politicians, would aid the growth of French principles, and produce insurgency? Let us, however, give the minister every advantage; let us receive his charge, and try the constitution. He will please to show by what act she produced the rebellion; the mere co-existence of a constitution and a rebellion does not convict the former; it will be necessary for the accuser to specify facts, and it will be necessary for him to show, first, that these facts sprung out of parliament; second, that these facts produced the rebellion. His friends have advanced two facts, the reform of parliament, and the emancipation of the Catholics; but it will be recollected, that parliament was not the author of either of these questions, and it will be recollected also, that in the report of the two Houses, formed by the friends of the minister, it is declared, that neither of these questions was the cause of the rebellion, for there it is said, that neither of these questions was an object to the people. Thus is the constitution acquitted, and acquitted by the very ministry who prefer the charge. They have confined their charge to two questions; and they have declared these questions did not interest the people; and these questions, it is known, did not spring from the parliament.

They have affected to try the constitution. Let us now try them; and I ask whether their own measures might not have caused the rebellion? Whether the sale of peerages, as notoriously took place in 1789 and 1790, by the then ministers of the crown, for the purpose of procuring seats in the commons for the dependents of the Castle, might not have destroyed in Ireland the credit of British government?

I ask, whether the attempt to pack the Irish Parliament, as was notoriously practised in 1789 and 1790, by the then minister of the crown in Ireland, might not have sunk the credit of British government? I ask, whether the profligate avowal of that profligate practice by a profligate minister of the crown, might not have sunk the credit of British government? I ask not, whether the introduction of the question of Parliamentary Reform could have sunk the credit of British government; but I do ask, whether the introduction and the apostacy from that question, might not have helped to sink the credit of British government? I ask, whether the introduction of the Catholic question in Great Britain in 1792; whether the opposition given to the Catholic franchise by the Irish government in 1792; whether the assent given to the petition for that franchise by the English ministry in 1793; whether the abuse and Billingsgate accompanying that assent, and uttered by the Irish ministry at that time; whether the adoption of the pretensions of the Catholics by the English ministry at the close of 1794; whether the rejection of those pretensions, and the recall of a lord-lieutenant, because with the ministry's knowledge and acquiescence he honored those pretensions; whether the selection of persons for distinguished trust, who had distinguished themselves by a perpetual abuse of the Irish, and who were notoriously hostile, and who since have acknowledged their hostility by a conspiracy against the parliamentary constitution of their country; I ask, I say, whether such a conduct, so incoherent, so irritating, so violent, so temporizing, so corrupt, might not have very much aided the efforts of France in sinking the character of British government? I ask those questions, and I do say, if ever the causes of the late rebellion shall be dispassionately discussed, the great, originating, and fundamental cause, will be found in the aversion of His Majesty's ministry to the independency of the Irish Parliament, and their efforts to subvert the same.

We follow the minister. In defence of his plan of Union, he tells us the number of Irish representatives in the British Parliament is of little consequence. This doctrine is new, namely, that between two nations the comparative influence is of no moment. According to this, it would be of no moment what should be the number of the British Parliament. No, says the minister; the alteration is to be limited to the Irish Parliament; the number and fabric of the British is to remain entire, unaltered, and unalterable. What now becomes of the argument of mutual and reciprocal change? or what does the new argument avow, but what we maintained and the court denied, that the Union was, with respect to Ireland, a merger of her parliament in the legislature of the other, without creating any material alteration therein, save as far as it advanced the influence of the crown, direct or indirect.

The minister goes on, and supposes one hundred Irish will be sufficient, because he supposes any number would be sufficient; and he supposes any number would be sufficient, because the nations are identified. Thus he speaks, as if identification was at once a cause to flow from representation, and an event which preceded it. You are one people, such is his argument, because you are represented, and what signifies how, or, indeed, whether you be represented? But the fact is, that you are identified (if you be identified, which I deny) in the single point of representation, and that representation is absorbed in the superior numbers of the English Parliament, and that apparent identification is, of course, lost, while you remain a distinct country, distinct in interest, revenue, law, finance, commerce, government. Suppose Yorkshire governed by a lord-lieutenant and by a different code of law, she would not be a part of England, but a province of Great Britain; but now the martial law of Scotland must be the martial law of England; and therefore the constitutional sympathy of England defends and renders the number of her representatives less essential; but the martial law of Ireland is not the martial law of England; the military government of Ireland is not the military government of England, and therefore the constitutional sympathy of England does not defend Ireland, but, on the contrary, the imperial jealousy of England endangers Ireland, and has taught the councils of Britain to think that our servitude is our safety.

"It is matter of no moment what are the number of Irish representatives, provided that they be sufficient to state the wants, and watch over the interest of their country." So do the public prints make the minister speak. Why! three men are sufficient for that purpose — one man could do it — a gentleman seated at the bar could do it; the American agents did that before the American war. But the minister is made to add another provision, which makes his doctrine less answerable in point of meaning, leaving it without any meaning at all —"provided that the numbers be sufficient to protect the rights of the country." But, indeed, when he afterwards explains what protection those rights are to receive, then he sets your mind at ease — protection against Jacobinism; that's the only point, and that could be accomplished without a single representative — without a parliament; an absolute monarch could do that; martial law will do that; James the Second would have done it. But are there no popular rights? Is liberty gone out of the calendar? Order, government, they are indispensable, but are they the whole? This is new doctrine in these countries, very familiar to a minister, but very fatal to a free people. He confines the purposes of Irish representation to two objects; first, watching and stating, which only requires one representative; secondly, protection against Jacobinism, which requires no representative whatever. He then proceeds to ask himself a question extremely natural after such reasoning; what security has Ireland? He answers, with great candor, honor. English honor. Now, when the liberty and security of one country depend on the honor of another, the latter may have much honor, but the former can have no liberty. To depend on the honor of another country, is to depend on the will; and to depend on the will of another country, is the definition of slavery. "Depend on my honor," said Charles the First, when he trifled about the petition of right: "I will trust the people with the custody of their own liberty, but I will trust no people with the custody of any liberty other than their own, whether that people be Rome, Athens, or Britain."

Observe how the minister speaks of that country which is to depend hereafter on British honor, which, in his present power, is, in fact, his honor. "We had to contend with the leaders of the Protestants, 'enemies to government;' the violent and inflamed spirit of the Catholics; the disappointed ambition of those who would ruin

the country because they could not be the rulers of it." Behold the character he gives of the enemies of the Union, namely, of twenty-one counties convened at public meetings by due notice; of several other counties that have petitioned; of most of the great cities and towns, or indeed of almost all the Irish, save a very few mistaken men, and that body whom government could influence. Thus the minister utters a national proscription at the moment of his projected Union: he excludes by personal abuse from the possibility of identification, all the enemies of the Union, all the friends of the parliamentary constitution of 1782, that great body of the Irish, he abuses them with a petulance more befitting one of his Irish ministers, than an exalted character, and infinitely more disgraceful to himself than to them; one would think one of his Irish railers had lent him their vulgar clarion to bray at the people.

This union of parliaments, this proscription of people, he follows by a declaration wherein he misrepresents their sentiments as he had before traduced their reputation. After a calm and mature consideration, the people have pronounced their judgment in favor of an Union; of which assertion not one single syllable has any existence in fact, or in the appearance of fact, and I appeal to the petitions of twenty-one counties publicly convened, and to the other petitions of other counties numerously signed, and to those of the great towns and cities. To affirm that the judgment of a nation is erroneous may mortify, but to affirm that her judgment *against* is *for;* to assert that she has said *aye* when she has pronounced *no;* to affect to refer a great question to the people; finding the sense of the people, like that of the parliament, against the question, to force the question; to affirm the sense of the people to be *for* the question; to affirm that the question is persisted in because the sense of the people is for it; to make the falsification of her sentiments the foundation of her ruin and the ground of the Union; to affirm that her parliament, constitution, liberty, honor, property, are taken away by her own authority; there is, in such artifice, an effrontery, a hardihood, an insensibility, that can best be answered by sensations of astonishment and disgust, excited on this occasion by the British minister, whether he speaks in gross and total ignorance of the truth, or in shameless and supreme contempt for it.

The constitution may be *for a time* so lost; the character of the

country cannot be lost. The ministers of the crown will, or may perhaps at length find that it is not so easy to put down for ever an ancient and respectable nation, by abilities, however great, and by power and by corruption, however irresistible; liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country; the cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty; loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle; but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty.

The cry of the connection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty. Connection is a wise and a profound policy; but connection without an Irish Parliament, is connection without its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honor that should attend it; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation — not connection.

The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.

Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire; but, without union of hearts — with a separate government, and without a separate parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonor, is conquest — not identification.

Yet I do not give up the country: I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead; though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty —

> "Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind: I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.

Invective Against Corry.

February 14th, 1800.

HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House; but I did not call him to order — why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his aim to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament and freedom of debate to the uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should

answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counsellor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels: the charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not. I scorn to answer any wizard of the Castle throwing himself into fantastical airs. But if an honorable and independent man were to make a charge against me, I would say: "You charge me with having an intercourse with the rebels, and you found your charge upon what is said to have appeared before a committee of the Lords. Sir, the report of that committee is totally and egregiously irregular." I will read a letter from Mr. Nelson, who had been examined before that committee; it states that what the report represents him as having spoken, is *not what he said*. [Mr. Grattan here read a letter from Mr. Nelson, denying that he had any connection with Mr. Grattan as charged in the report; and concluding by saying, "*never was misrepresentation more vile than that put into my mouth by the report.*"]

From the situation that I held, and from the connections I had in the city of Dublin, it was necessary for me to hold intercourse with various descriptions of persons. The right honorable member might as well have been charged with a participation in the guilt of those traitors; for he had communicated with some of those very persons on the subject of parliamentary reform. The Irish government, too, were in communication with some of them.

The right honorable member has told me I deserted a profession where wealth and station were the reward of industry and talent. If I mistake not, that gentleman endeavored to obtain those rewards by the same means; but he soon deserted the occupation of a barrister for those of a parasite and pander. He fled from the labor of study to flatter at the table of the great. He found the lord's parlor a better sphere for his exertions than the hall of the Four Courts; the house of a great man a more convenient way to power and to

place; and that it was easier for a statesman of middling talents to sell his friends, than for a lawyer of no talents to sell his clients.

For myself, whatever corporate or other bodies have said or done to me, I from the bottom of my heart forgive them. I feel I have done too much for my country to be vexed at them. I would rather that they should not feel or acknowledge what I have done for them, and call me traitor, than have reason to say I sold them. I will always defend myself against the assassin; but with large bodies it is different. To the people I will bow: they may be my enemy — I never shall be theirs.

At the emancipation of Ireland, in 1782, I took a leading part in the foundation of that constitution which is now endeavored to be destroyed. Of that constitution I was the author; in that constitution I glory; and for it the honorable gentleman should bestow praise, not invent calumny. Notwithstanding my weak state of body, I come to give my last testimony against this Union, so fatal to the liberties and interests of my country. I come to make common cause with these honorable and virtuous gentlemen around me; to try and save the constitution; or if not to save the constitution, at least to save our characters, and remove from our graves the foul disgrace of standing apart while a deadly blow is aimed at the independence of our country.

The right honorable gentleman says I fled from the country after exciting rebellion, and that I have returned to raise another. No such thing. The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom; and I could not have returned without taking a part. On the one side there was the camp of the rebel; on the other, the camp of the minister, a greater traitor than that rebel. The stronghold of the constitution was nowhere to be found. I agree that the rebel who rises against the government should have suffered; but I missed on the scaffold the right honorable gentleman. Two desperate parties were in arms against the constitution. The right honorable gentleman belonged to one of those parties, and deserved death. I could not join the rebel — I could not join the government — I could not join torture — I could not join half-hanging — I could not join free quarter — I could take part with neither. I was therefore absent from a scene where I could not be active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety.

Many honorable gentlemen thought differently from me: I respect their opinions, but I keep my own; and I think now, as I thought then, *that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister*.

I have returned, not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm; I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentlemen and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt; they are seditious; and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of a committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial; I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House in defence of the liberties of my country.

SPEECHES.

BY

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P.

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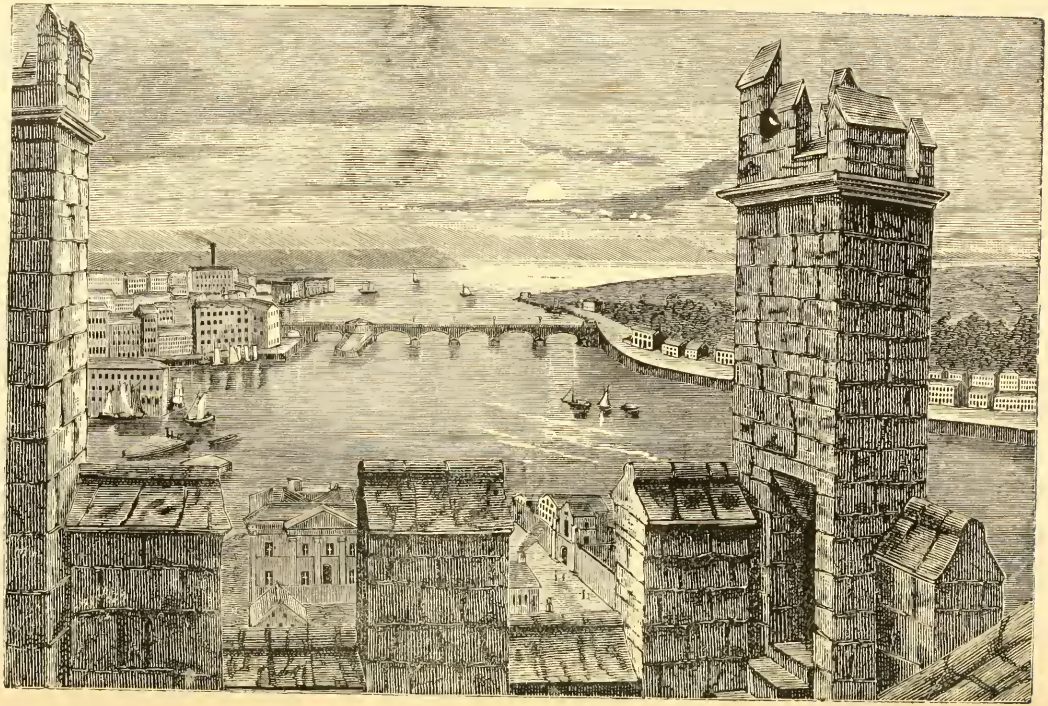


RIVER SHANNON, FROM THE TOWER OF LIMERICK CATHEDRAL.

Speech at Limerick, 1812

I FEEL it my duty, as a professed agitator, to address the meeting. It is merely in the exercise of my office of agitation, that I think it necessary to say a few words. For any purpose of illustration or argument, further discourse is useless: all the topics which the present period suggested, have been treated of with sound judgment, and a rare felicity of diction, by my respected and talented friend (Mr. Roche); all I shall do is, to add a few observations to what has fallen from that gentleman; and whilst I sincerely admire the happy style in which he has treated those subjects, I feel deep regret at being unable to imitate his excellent discourse.

And, first, let me concur with him in congratulating the Catholics of Limerick on the progress our great cause has made since we were last assembled. Since that period our cause has not rested for support on the efforts of those alone who were immediately interested; no, our Protestant brethren throughout the land have added their zealous exertions for our emancipation. They have, with admirable patriotism, evinced their desire to conciliate by serving us, and I am sure I do but justice to the Catholics, when I proclaim our gratitude, as written on our hearts, and to be extinguished only with our lives.

Nor has the support and the zeal of our Protestant brethren been vain and barren. No, it has been productive of great and solid advantages; it has procured, for the cause of religious liberty, the respect even of the most bigoted of our opponents; it has struck down English prejudice; it has convinced the mistaken honest; it has terrified the hypocritical knaves; and finally, it has pronounced for us, by a great and triumphant majority, from one of the branches of the legislature, the distinct recognition of the propriety and the necessity of conceding justice to the great body of the Irish people.

Let us, therefore, rejoice in our mutual success; let us rejoice in the near approach of freedom; let us rejoice in the prospect of soon shaking off our chains, and of the speedy extinction of our grievances. But above all, let us rejoice at the means by which these happy effects have been produced; let us doubly rejoice, because they afford no triumph to any part of the Irish nation over the other — that they are not the result of any contention among ourselves; but constitute a victory, obtained for the Catholics by the Protestants — that they prove the liberality of the one, and require the eternal gratitude of the other — that they prove and promise the eternal dissolution of ancient animosities and domestic feuds, and afford to every Christian and to every patriot, the cheering certainty of seeing peace, harmony, and benevolence prevail in that country, where a wicked and perverted policy has so long and so fatally propagated and encouraged dissension, discord, and rancor.

We owe it to the liberality of the Irish Protestants — to the zeal of the Irish Presbyterians — to the friendly exertion of the Irish Quakers; we owe, to the cordial re-union of every sect and denomination of Irish Christians, the progress of our cause. They have procured for us the solemn and distinct promise and pledge of the House of Commons — they almost obtained for us a similar declaration from the House of Lords. It was lost by the petty majority of one — it was lost by a majority, not of those who listened to the absurd prosings of Lord Eldon, to the bigoted and turbid declamation of that English Chief Justice, whose sentiments so forcibly recall the memory of the star-chamber; not of those who were able to compare the vapid or violent folly of the one party, with the statesman-like sentiments, the profound arguments, the splendid eloquence of the Marquis Wellesley. Not of those who heard the reasonings of our other illustrious advocates; but by a majority of men who acted upon preconceived opinions, or, from a distance, carried into effect their bigotry, or, perhaps, worse propensities — who availed themselves of that absurd privilege of the peerage, which enables those to decide who have not heard — which permits men to pronounce upon subjects they have not discussed — and allows a final determination to precede argument.

It was not, however, to this privilege alone, that our want of success was to be attributed. The very principle upon which the present

administration has been formed, was brought into immediate action, and with success; for, in the latter periods of the present reign, every administration has had a distinct principle upon which it was formed, and which serves the historian to explain all its movements. Thus, the principle of the Pitt administration was — to deprive the people of all share in the government, and to vest all power and authority in the crown. In short, Pitt's views amounted to unqualified despotism. This great object he steadily pursued through his ill-starred career. It is true he encouraged commerce, but it was for the purposes of taxation; and he used taxation for the purposes of corruption; he assisted the merchants, as long as he could, to grow rich, and they lauded him; he bought the people with their own money, and they praised him. Each succeeding day produced some new inroad on the constitution; and the alarm which he excited, by reason of the bloody workings of the French revolution, enabled him to rule the land with uncontrolled sway; he had bequeathed to his successor the accumulated power of the crown — a power which must be great, if it can sustain the nonentities of the present administration.

The principle of Pitt's administration was despotism; the principle of Perceval's administration was peculating bigotry — bigoted peculation! In the name of the Lord he plundered the people. Pious and enlightened statesman! he would take their money only for the good of their souls.

The principle of the present administration is still more obvious. It has unequivocally disclosed itself in all its movements — it is simple and single — it consists in falsehood. Falsehood is the bond and link that connects this ministry in office. Some of them pretend to be our friends; you know it is not true; they are only our worse enemies for the hypocrisy. They declare that the Catholic question is no longer opposed by the cabinet — that it is left to the discretion of each individual retainer. The fact is otherwise — and their retainers, though not commanded, as formerly, are carefully advised to vote against us.

The minister, Lord Castlereagh, is reported to have said in the House of Commons, that in the year 1797 and 1798, there was no torture in Ireland, to the knowledge of government! Is it really possible that such an assertion was used? You hear it with aston-

ishment. All Ireland must shudder, that any man could be found thus to assert. Good God! of what materials must that man be made who could say so? I restrain my indignation; I withhold all expressions of surprise; the simple statement that such an assertion was used, exceeds, in reply, the strongest language of reprobation. But there is no man so stupid as not to recognize the principle which I have so justly attributed to this administration.

What! No torture! Great God! No torture! Within the walls of your city was there no torture? Could not Colonel Vereker have informed Lord Castlereagh, that the lash resounded in the streets even of Limerick, and that the human groan assailed the wearied ear of humanity? Yet I am ready to give the gallant colonel every credit he deserves; and, therefore, I recall to your grateful recollection the day when he risked his life to punish one of the instruments of torture. Colonel Vereker can tell whether it be not true, that in the streets of your city, the servant of his relation, Mrs. Rosslewen, was not tortured — whether he was not tortured first, for the crime of having expressed a single sentiment of compassion, and next because Colonel Vereker interfered for him.

But there is an additional fact which is not so generally known, which, perhaps, Colonel Vereker himself does not know, and which I have learned from a highly respectable clergyman, that this sad victim of the system of torture, which Lord Castlereagh denied, was, at the time he was scourged, in an infirm state of health; that the flogging inflicted on him deprived him of all understanding, and that within a few months he died insane, and without having recovered a shadow of reason.

But why, out of the myriads of victims, do I select a solitary instance? Because he was a native of your city, and his only offence an expression of compassion. I might tell you, did you not already know it, that in Dublin there were, for weeks, three permanent triangles, constantly supplied with the victims of a promiscuous choice made by the army, the yeomanry, the police constables, and the Orange lodges; that the shrieks of the tortured must have literally resounded in the state apartments of the Castle; and that along by the gate of the Castle yard, a human being, naked, tarred, feathered, with one ear cut off, and the blood

streaming from his lacerated back, has been hunted by a troop of barbarians!

Why do I disgust you with these horrible recollections? You want not the proof of the principle of delusion on which the present administration exists. In your own affairs you have abundant evidence of it. The fact is, that the proxies in the Lords would never have produced a majority even of one against Lord Wellesley's motion, but for the exertion of the vital principle of the administration. The ministry got the majority of one. The pious Lord Eldon, with all his conscience and his calculations, and that immaculate distributor of criminal justice, Lord Ellenborough, were in a majority of one. By what holy means think you? Why, by the aid of that which cannot be described in dignified language—by the aid of a lie —a false, positive, palpable lie!

This manœuvre was resorted to—a scheme worthy of its authors —they had perceived the effects of the manly and dignified resolutions of the 18th of June. These resolutions had actually terrified our enemies, whilst they cheered those noble and illustrious friends who had preferred the wishes and wants of the people of Ireland to the gratification of paltry and disgraceful minions. The manœuvre — the scheme, was calculated to get rid of the effect of those resolutions, nay, to turn their force against us, and thus was the pious fraud effected.

There is, you have heard, a newspaper, in the permanent pay of peculation and corruption, printed in London, under the name of the "Courier," a paper worthy the meridian of Constantinople, at its highest tide of despotism. This paper was directed to assert the receipt of a letter from Dublin, from excellent authority, declaring, I know not how many peers, sons of peers, and baronets had retracted the resolutions of the 18th of June; that those resolutions were carried by surprise, and that they had been actually rescinded at a subsequent meeting.

Never did human baseness invent a more gross untruth; never did a more unfounded lie fall from the father of falsehood; never did human turpitude submit to become the vehicle of so "glaring" a dereliction from truth. But the "Courier" received its pay, and it was ready to earn the wages of its prostitution. It did so — it published the foul falsehoods with the full knowledge of their false-

hood; it published them in two editions, the day before and the day of the debate — at a period when inquiry was useless — when a contradiction from authority could not arrive; at that moment this base trick was played, through the intervention of that newspaper, upon the British public!

Will that public go too far when they charge this impure stratagem on those whose purposes it served? Why, even in this country, the administration deems it necessary to give, for the support of one miserable paper, two places — one of five, and the other of eight hundred a year — the stamp duty remitted — the proclamations paid for as advertisements — and a permanent bonus of one thousand pounds per annum! If the bribe here be so high, what must it be in England, where the toil is so much greater? And, think you, then, that the "Courier" published, unsanctioned by its paymasters, this useful lie?

I come now to the next stage in the system of delusion; it is that which my friend, Mr. O'Neil, has noticed. He has powerfully exposed to you the absurdity of crediting the ministerial newspapers, when they informed you that the member for Limerick had stated in the House of Commons, that the commercial interests of Limerick were opposed to the Catholic claims. Sir, for my part, I entirely agree with Mr. O'Neil; I am sure Colonel Vereker said no such thing; he is a brave man, and, therefore, a man of truth; he is probably a pleasant friend, and he has those manly traits about him which make it not unpleasant to oppose him as an enemy; I like the candor of his character, and our opposition to him should assume the same frankness, and openness, and perfect determination. He well knows that a great part of the commercial interests of Limerick is in the hands of the Catholics — that the Quakers of Limerick, who possess almost the residue of trade, are friendly to us, and that, with the exception of the "tag, rag, and bob-tail" of the corporation, there is not to be found amongst the men who ought to be his constituents a single exception to liberality.

There remains another delusion; it is the darling deception of this ministry — that which has reconciled the toleration of Lord Castlereagh with the intolerance of Lord Liverpool; it is that which has sanctified the connection between both, and the place-procuring, prayer-mumbling Wilberforce; it consists in sanctions

and securities. The Catholics may be emancipated, say ministers in public, but they must give securities; by securities, say the same ministers in private, to their supporting bigots, we mean nothing definite, but something that shall certainly be inconsistent with the Popish religion — nothing shall be a security which they can possibly concede — and we shall deceive them and secure you, whilst we carry the air of liberality and toleration.

And can there be any honest man deceived by the cant and cry for securities? — is there any man that believes that there is safety in oppression, contumely, and insult, and that security is necessary against protection, liberality and conciliation? — does any man really suppose, that there is no danger from the continuance of unjust grievance and exasperating intolerance; and that security is wanting against the effects of justice and perfect toleration? Who is it that is idiot enough to believe that he is quite safe in dissension, disunion, and animosity; and wants a protection against harmony, benevolence, and charity? — that in hatred there is safety — in affection, ruin? — that now, that we are excluded from the constitution, we may be loyal — but that if we were entrusted, personally, in its safety, we shall wish to destroy it?

But this is a pitiful delusion: there was, indeed, a time, when "sanctions and securities" might have been deemed necessary — when the Catholic was treated as an enemy to man and to God — when his property was the prey of legalized plunder — his religion and its sacred ministers the object of legalized persecution! — when, in defiance and contempt of the dictates of justice, and the faith of treaties — and I attest the venerable city in which I stand, that solemn treaties were basely violated — the English faction in the land turned the Protestant into an intolerant and murderous bigot, in order that it might, in security, plunder that very Protestant and oppress his and our common country! Poor neglected Ireland! At that period, securities might be supposed wanting; the people of Ireland — the Catholic population of Ireland were then as brave and as strong, comparatively, as they are at present; and the country then afforded advantages for the desultory warfare of a valiant peasantry, which, fortunately, have since been exploded by increasing cultivation.

At the period to which I allude, the Stuart family were still in

existence; they possessed a strong claim to the exaggerating allegiance and unbending fidelity of the Irish people. Every right that hereditary descent could give the royal race of Stuart, they possessed — in private life, too, they were endeared to the Irish, because they were, even the worst of them, gentlemen. But they had still stronger claims on the sympathy and generosity of the Irish: they had been exalted and were fallen — they had possessed thrones and kingdoms, and were then in poverty and humiliation. All the enthusiastic sympathies of the Irish heart were roused for them — and all the powerful motives of personal interest bore, in the same channel, the restoration of their rights — the triumph of their religion, the restitution of their ancient inheritances, would then have been the certain and immediate consequences of the success of the Stuart family in their pretensions to the throne.

At the period to which I allude, the Catholic clergy were bound by no oath of allegiance; to be a dignitary of the Catholic church in Ireland was a transportable felony — and the oath of allegiance was so intermingled with religious tenets, that no clergyman or layman of the Catholic persuasion could possibly take it. At that period, the Catholic clergy were all educated in foreign countries, under the eye of the Pope, and within the inspection of the house of Stuart. From fifty-eight colleges and convents on the Continent did the Catholic clergy repair to meet, for the sake of their God, poverty, persecution, contumely, and, not unfrequently, death in their native land. They were often hunted like wild beasts, and never could claim any protection from the law! That — that was a period when securities might well have been necessary — when sanctions and securities might well have been requisite.

But what was the fact? what was the truth which history vouches? Why, that the clergy and laity of the Irish Catholics, having once submitted to the new government — having once plighted their ever unbroken faith to King William and his successors — having once submitted to that great constitutional principle, that in extreme cases the will of the people is the sole law, that in extreme cases the people have the clear and undoubted right to cashier a tyrant, and provide a substitute on the throne — the Irish Catholics, having fought for their legitimate sovereign, until he, himself, and not they, fled from the strife — adopted, by treaty, his English successor,

though not his heir, transferred to that successor, and the inheritors of his throne, their allegiance. They have preserved their covenant; with all the temptations and powerful motives to disaffection, they fulfilled their part of the social contract, even in despite of its violation by the other party.

How do I prove the continued loyalty of the Catholics of Ireland under every persecution? I do not appeal for any proofs to their own records, however genuine — I appeal merely to the testimony of their rulers and their enemies — I appeal to the letters of Primate Boulter, to the state-papers of the humane and patriotic Chesterfield. I have their loyalty through the admissions of every secretary and governor of Ireland, until it is finally and conclusively put on record by the legislature of Ireland itself. The relaxing statutes expressly declare, that the penal laws ought to be repealed — not from motives of policy or growing liberality, but (I quote the words) "because of the long-continued and uninterrupted loyalty of the Catholics." This is the consummation of my proof, and I defy the veriest disciple of the doctrine of delusion to overturn it.

But as the Catholics were faithful in those dismal and persecuting periods — when they were exasperated by the emaciating cruelty of barbarous law and wretched policy; as they were then faithful, notwithstanding every temporal and every religious temptation and excitement to the contrary, is it in human credulity to believe my Lord Castlereagh, when he asserts that securities are now necessary? Now that the ill-fated house of Stuart is extinct — and had it not been extinct I should have been silent as to what their claims were — now that the will of the people and the right of hereditary succession are not to be separated; now that the Catholic clergy are educated in Ireland, and are all bound by their oaths of allegiance to that throne and constitution which, in the room of persecution, gives them protection and security; now that all claims upon forfeited property are totally extinguished in the impenetrable night of obscurity and oblivion; now that the Catholic nobility and gentry are in the enjoyment of many privileges and franchises, and that the full participation of the constitution opens upon us in close and cheering prospect, shall we be told that securities are now expedient, though they were heretofore unnecessary? Oh! it is a base and dastardly insult upon our understandings, and on our principles, and

one which each of us would, in private life, resent, as in public we proclaim it to the contempt and execration of the universe.

Long as I have trespassed on you, I cannot yet close: I have a word to address to you upon your own conduct. The representative for your city, Colonel Vereker, has openly opposed your liberties; he has opposed even the consideration of your claims. You are beings, to be sure, with human countenances and the limbs of men, but you are not men, the iron has entered into your souls and branded the name of slave upon them, if you submit to be thus trampled on! His opposition to you is decided; meet him with a similar, and, if possible, a superior hostility. You deserve not freedom, you, citizens of Limerick, with the monuments of the valor of your ancestors around you; you are less than men, if my feeble tongue be requisite to rouse you into activity. Your city is, at present, nearly a close borough; do but will it, and you make it free.

I know legal obstacles have been thrown in your way; I know that, for months past, the Recorder has sat alone at the sessions; that he has not only tried cases, in the absence of any other magistrate, which he is not authorized by law to do, but that he has solely opened and adjourned the sessions, which, in my opinion, he is clearly unwarranted in doing; he has, by this means, I know, delayed the registry of your freeholds, because two magistrates are necessary for that purpose: I have, however, the satisfaction to tell you, that the Court of King's Bench will, in the next term have to determine on the legality of his conduct, and of that of the other charter magistrates, who have banished themselves, I understand, from the Sessions Court, since the registry has been spoken of! They shall be served with the regular notices; and, depend upon it, this scheme cannot long retard you.

I speak to you on this subject as a lawyer — you can best judge in what estimation my opinion is amongst you — but such as it is, I pledge it to you, that you can easily obviate the present obstacles to the registry of your freeholds. I can also assure you that the constitution of your city is perfectly free; that the sons of freemen, and all those who have served an apprenticeship to a freeman, are all entitled to their freedom, and to vote for the representation of your city.

I can tell you more: that if you bring your candidate to a poll, your adversary will be deprived of any aid from non-resident or occasional freemen; we will strike off his list the freemen from Gort and Galway, the freemen from the band, and many from the battalion of the city of Limerick militia.

In short, the opening of the borough is a matter of little difficulty. If you will but form a committee, and collect funds, in your opulent city, you will soon have a representative ready to obey your voice; you cannot want a candidate. If the emancipation bill passes next sessions, as it is so likely to do, and that no other candidate offers, I myself will bring your present number to the poll. I probably will have little chance of success, but I will have the satisfaction of showing this city, and the county, what the freeborn mind might achieve if it were properly seconded.

I conclude by conjuring you to exert yourselves; waste not your just resentments in idle applause at the prospect I open to you; let not the feeling of the moment be calumniated as a hasty ebullition of anger; let it not be transitory, as our resentments generally are, but let us remember ourselves, our children and our country!

Let me not, however, close, without obviating any calumny that may be flung upon my motives. I can easily pledge myself to you that they are disinterested and pure — I trust they are more. My object in the attainment of emancipation is in nothing personal, save in the feelings which parental love inspires and gratifies. I am, I trust, actuated by that sense of Christianity which teaches us that the first duty of our religion is benevolence and universal charity; I am, I know, actuated by the determination to rescue our common country from the weakness, the insecurity, which dissension and religious animosity produce and tend to perpetuate; I wish to see the strength of the island — this unconquered, this unconquerable island — combined to resist the mighty foe of freedom, the extinguisher of civil liberty, who rules the Continent from Petersburgh to the verge of the Irish bayonets in Spain. It is his interest, it is a species of duty he owes to his family — to that powerful house which he has established on the ruins of the thrones and dominations of Europe — to extinguish, forever, representative and popular government in these countries; he has the same direct intent which the

Roman general had to invade our beloved country — "*Ut libertas veluti et conspectu.*" His power can be resisted only by combining your physical force with your enthusiastic and undaunted hearts.

There is liberty amongst you still. I could not talk as I do, of the Liverpools and Castlereaghs, of his court, even if he had the folly to employ such things — I wish he had; you have the protection of many a salutary law — of that palladium of personal liberty, the trial by jury. I wish to ensure your liberties, to measure your interests on the present order of the state, that we may protect the very men that oppress us.

Yes, if Ireland be fairly roused to the battle of the country and of freedom, all is safe. Britain has been often conquered: the Romans conquered her — the Saxons conquered her — the Normans conquered her — in short, whenever she was invaded, she was conquered. But our country was never subdued; we never lost our liberties in battle, nor did we ever submit to armed conquerors. It is true, the old inhabitants lost their country in piecemeal, by fraud and treachery; they relied upon the faith of men, who never, never observed a treaty with them, until a new and mixed race has sprung up, in dissension and discord; but the Irish heart and soul still predominate and pervade the sons of the oppressors themselves. The generosity, the native bravery, the innate fidelity, the enthusiastic love of whatever is great and noble — those splendid characteristics of the Irish mind remain as the imperishable relics of our country's former greatness — of that illustrious period, when she was the light and the glory of barbarous Europe — when the nations around sought for instruction and example in her numerous seminaries — and when the civilization and religion of all Europe were preserved in her alone.

You will, my friends, defend her — you may die, but you cannot yield to any foreign invader. Whatever be my fate, I shall be happy, whilst I live, in reviving amongst you the love and admiration of your native land, and in calling upon Irishmen — no matter how they may worship their common God — to sacrifice every contemptible prejudice on the altar of their common country. For myself, I shall conclude, by expressing the sentiment that throbs in my heart — I shall express it in the language of a young bard of

Erin, and my beloved friend, whose delightful muse has the sound of the ancient minstrelsy —

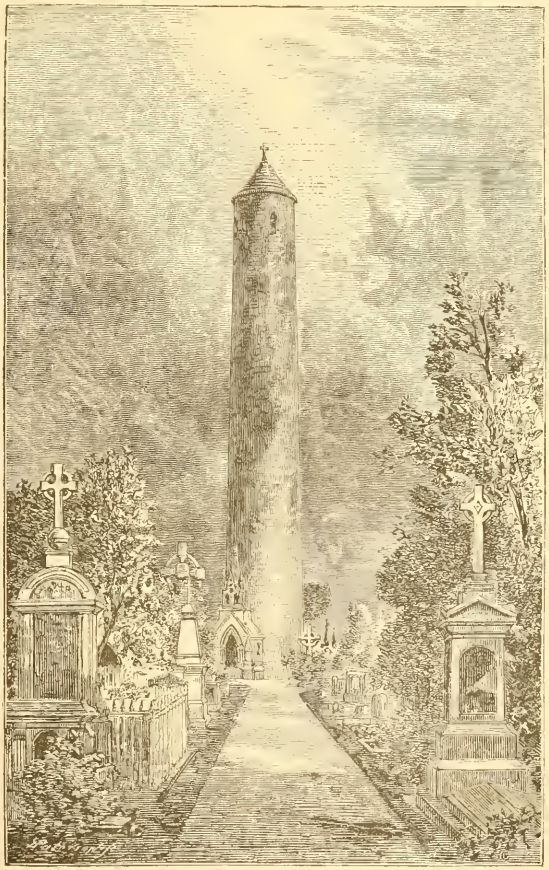
"Still shalt thou be my midnight dream —
Thy glory still my waking theme;
And ev'ry thought and wish of mine,
Unconquered Erin, shall be thine!"

SPEECH

In the British Catholic Association, on the Defeat of the Emancipation Bill.

May 26th, 1825.

THE measure of which we complained is of too recent a date, the injury which we have sustained is yet too fresh, too galling in its effects, to allow my reason to assume the ascendant over my feelings, and to give my judgment time to operate on, and influence the tenor of my reflections. I shall nevertheless be as respectful in my allusions, and as moderate in the remarks I have to offer, as the overboiling fervency of my Irish blood will permit. By rejecting that bill which the Commons had sent up to them for their concurrence and approval, the House of Lords has inflicted a vital injury on the stability of English power, and on Irish feelings and Irish honesty. They, however, would not be cast down by that injury. The Catholics were sometimes in derision termed "Roman." I am a Catholic, and proud am I to say that in one thing at least I am a Roman — I never will despair. But on what is this boastful assertion founded? Why should I say that which I feel has not reason or sound policy to support it? Where now, I would ask, is there a rational hope for a Catholic? Where shall I look for consolation under the present great and serious disappointment? Am I to look back? Alas! there is nothing cheering in the events which have for some time past met us on the way to success and dashed our hopes to the earth. Does history furnish any grounds for the supposition that those who have been found incapable of maintaining their plighted faith, and preserving the terms of a great national contract, will now, in the hour of success, be induced to yield any reason, any inducement to us to proceed in the course we have adopted? Is this, I would ask, the example



O'CONNELL'S MONUMENT, GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

the Irish Catholics gave, when they had on two occasions come into power? Did they, in the reign of Mary, seek by retaliation to avenge the blood of their slaughtered ancestors? No! thank God, they did not! and that at least was one triumphant consideration. Not one drop of Protestant blood had been shed — not one particle of Protestant property had been then sacrificed. In the reign of James II. the Catholics again came into power, and their conduct was marked by the same spirit of forbearance. I have heard it justly stated in the House of Commons — no, I must not say that, but I saw it in the newspapers, in the powerful speech of Mr. Twiss, which was distinguished alike for vigor of thought, strength of reasoning, and historical accuracy, that in the reign of James there were but fourteen Protestants in the House of Commons, and eight or ten in the House of Lords; the rest were Catholics. Were Protestants excluded from it by law? No, the people returned both Protestants and Catholics; and no one then stood up to say that a man should not be permitted to sit in parliament unless he heard Mass and attend auricular confession. No, no, it was left to their enemies to say that Catholics should not be admitted there, for the sacrifice of the Mass was impious and idolatrous.

Mr. O'Connell then attended to a statement made by Mr. Dawson, who thought fit to attribute persecution to the Irish Catholics in the reign of the second James, on the authority of Archbishop King, who was refuted by Rev. Dr. Leslie, and yet, in 1825, is quoted in parliament to convict the Catholics of Ireland. He next entered into a brief history and defence of the Irish Catholic Association, and reprobated the penal act which extinguished that body.

I call on the Catholics of England to co-operate with those of Ireland for the repeal of this act, for it is a step to return to the old penal law; and how can I tell the people of Ireland they ought to be tranquil, and not ferment in their hearts that black stuff which makes political discontent mischievous — that fire suppressed, that explodes only the more dangerously on account of the compression that has withheld it? How can I tell the people of Ireland to hope, when they see this unprincipled, disastrous measure has been adopted? I confess I do find ground for hope in the things called arguments which are employed against us, if I had not seen any in the records of ancient history, in the violation of treaties, and the recent case of the suppression of the Catholic Association. I begin with the

first in dignity, the keeper of the King's English conscience; for the King, my lord, has three consciences — he has an English conscience, and the keeper of it is a liberal, and turns to the liberal side of it; he has an Irish conscience, and I hope the keeper of it will soon be a liberal person, and he will turn to the liberal side of it; and his Majesty, my lord, has a Hanoverian conscience; that conscience is in his own keeping; it has no contradicting colors or differing sides — it is all liberality and justice. Who cannot see that the guilt of refusing that to us which the King personally gives to his Hanoverian subjects, lies in the miserable machinery of a boroughmongering administration, which prevents the King from doing justice to all?

There were two other objections against us. I thank the quarter from which they come: I thank him sincerely for the first of them, for I must unaffectedly admit its truth and justice, and I will abide the event of it fairly. It was this: if you emancipate the Catholics, said the Lord Chancellor, you must equally give liberty of conscience to all classes of Dissenters. I thank you heartily, my Lord Eldon; that is exactly what we say; our petition is that; we do not come before parliament, making a comparison of theological doctrines: we revere our own; we are not indifferent to them: we know their awful importance, but we say liberty of conscience is a sacred right. [A voice from the crowd: "You have it."] I thank the gentleman whose voice I hear. You, my Lord Duke, possess liberty of conscience. Are you not the premier peer of England — could anyone deprive you of that right? Could the King upon his throne, or the Chancellor on his bench, make any decree against it, if your conscience permitted? There is such a liberty of conscience as that alluded to in Spain, where every man is at liberty to be of the religion of the ruling power; but now that Ferdinand is returned, no man is allowed to dissent from that religion: and let me not be brought to prefer the Cortes to him. They trod upon the Church, and threw away the people, and deserved to lose their power. The Dissenters have it not, for neither Smith, of Norwich, nor Wilks, the Secretary of that excellent Association for Liberty of Conscience (who published in their own, my creed on that subject), they could not fill an office in any corporation, for the moment they were proposed, the opposite candidate would tell them. "You have not

taken the sacramental test," and the election would be void, and the candidate who had fewest votes would be returned. This was good and fair reason to hope that the principle is calculated, in spite of miserable bigotry and individual acrimony, to make its way all over England. The liberal portion of the Dissenters are with us. I find, therefore, reason to hope. Liberty of conscience is our principle, and even in despair I would retain it; for I am confident that force may make hypocrites, but not true believers; it may compel outward profession, but it is not in man's power to change the heart; and because I know that force is always resorted to by him that thinks he has the worst of the argument. But, for my part, being conscientiously convinced of the superiority of the Catholic religion over every other — and putting it to this awful test of sincerity, that I know an eternity depends on it — with that awful conviction, all I ask of my Protestant brethren, who believe their own religion to be the best, is, that they would give the same practical proof of their conviction of its superiority. Let them give their religion what I ask for mine — a clear stage and no favor, and let the advantage be decided by conscientious men and the will of the eternal God.

Another argument of the Lord Chancellor was — it seemed, indeed, rather a word than an argument — that this was a Protestant constitution, and the words "Protestant constitution" came out very frequently. This was rather an assertion than an argument, and it has this defect as an asertion, that it happens, my lord, not to be true. There are four descendants amongst the Catholic nobility of the day of the barons who extorted Magna Charta from a tyrant. It was Catholics who instituted the hereditary succession in the House of Lords as a separate House: it was Catholics who instituted the representation of the people in the House of Commons: it was Catholics who instituted trial by jury, standing as a shield between the people and power, making the administration of the law a domestic concern, and preventing any man giving a false and flagitious verdict to-day in favor of despotism, lest he himself should be the victim the next. Are not these ingredients in the constitution? I would not forget the treason law of Edward III., which is the perfection of wisdom in that respect, for many and many a victim would have been sent out to premature death and destruction but for the advantage of that Catholic statute of Edward III.; and whenever despotism

has ruled over this country, the first step that has been taken, from time to time, and it was one which immediately followed the Reformation, was to repeal that Catholic statute, and deprive the people of its benefits. We have it now; but though we have it now through its being restored by a Protestant parliament, it was drawn up by Catholic hands, it was passed by Catholic votes, it was signed by a Catholic King, and will Lord Eldon tell me that the treason law, the trial by jury, the House of Lords, and the office of Chancellor, too, are no portions of this Protestant constitution? If that office did not exist, I suspect that the Protestantism of the Chancellor would not be so extremely vivid as it is at present. The seals he bears, the mace which is carried before him, were borne by, and carried before many and many a Catholic bishop; and the first layman who held them was the martyred Sir Thomas More, who, as it was well said in parliament, left the office with ten pounds in his pocket; a Catholic example to the present Protestant Chancellor.

Protestant constitution! What is it, if money be not one of the valuable concerns of the constitution? Will the Chancellor say it is not? If the constitution be Protestant, let the Protestants pay the tithes and the taxes; let them pay the church rates and the Grand Jury cess for us in Ireland. If it be a Protestant constitution let it be so entirely: let us not have to fight their battles or pay their taxes. This is the admirable and inimitable equity of the Lord Chancellor. Here is the keeper of a conscience for you! Here is a distributor of equity. It shall be Protestant to the extent of everything that is valuable and useful: to the extent of everything that is rewarding and dignified; for every place of emolument and authority, and everything that elevates a man, and is the recompense of legitimate ambition. To this extent it shall be Protestant; but for the burdens of the state; for the shedding of human blood in defence of the throne; for all that bears on a man, even to the starvation of his family by the weight of taxation which so few are able to pay in this country, and by which so many have been reduced to poverty in Ireland (for have I not seen the miserable blanket, and the single potato pot, sold by the tax gatherer in my native country?) Oh, shall I, I say, be told that for all that is useful the constitution shall be Protestant, and that it shall cease to be so the moment there is anything of oppression, money-making, grinding, or taxation? Is

it just to take the entire value and give no valuable consideration in return? Is it just to accept labor and pay no wages? Is this equity in the High Court of Chancery? From your tribunal I appeal to the living God, who shall judge us all, and in His presence I proclaim the foul iniquity, the barefaced injustice of loading us with all the burdens of the state, and keeping us from its advantages.

After the Chancellor I would refer to the speech of a Right Reverend Bishop, which was said to have been sonorous, musical and well delivered—highly pleasing to his party. It reminded him of a story told by Addison, who heard a lady in a carriage utter a loud scream, and supposing her suffering under some violence or injury, inquired what was the matter, and was told nothing; but the lady had been told she had a fine voice, and had been showing it by screaming. She only wished to make an exhibition. The bishop, too, was only screaming, and had formerly screamed the other way. The first part of his speech, as I read it in the newspaper, was a good essay on disinterestedness! We were called interested, selfish; but would the Right Reverend Bishop explain how it was that he had formerly been favorably disposed towards the Catholics till he became tutor to the Earl of Liverpool's nephew, and that then all at once a change was effected in his mind. He is young—there are a great many other bishops, and he was certainly fortunate in his chance, for he adopted, if not a better, yet more enriching faith. It might be by a miracle—for a Protestant bishop might work miracles as well as Prince Hohenlohe—it might be by a miracle that the new light broke in on the bishop just at the right time; that he was kept in darkness to a certain hour, and then was suddenly made to see the danger, and to turn from a friend to an enemy. I have no objection to fair enmity, but the Bishop of Chester's enmity was not fair. In his speech he had quoted a part of a speech of Doctor Dromgoole; I believe, too, from what I recollect, that the bishop quoted an exaggerated version, and he stated that this speech had been approved of by the Catholic Association and by all the Catholic priests, and at Rome. I heard this with great astonishment, for, in fact, Doctor Dromgoole's speech was the only one I ever recollected which had been condemned at a public meeting.

It had been pronounced late in the evening. I was not present, or the sun would not have gone down on it unreproved—and on the

next day an extraordinary meeting of the Catholic Board was summoned, and the speech condemned. He called the Protestant faith a novelty, and it was stated to him that whatever opinions he chose to discuss among theologians, he must not insult the Protestants. Where the Bishop of Chester learned that this speech had been approved of at Rome I do not know, but I suppose it might be by the same vivacity of fancy and the same energy of imagination from which he learned that the speech had been approved of in Ireland. I arraign him of inventing it. If the Catholic bishops who were examined before the lords,—if Doctor Murray, the sanctity of whose life was displayed in the suavity of his manners, and who was the mildest of all Christians—if Doctor Doyle, whose understanding was as vigorous as his manners were simple, who possessed an exhaustless store of knowledge, and whose gigantic intellect could readily convey them to the mind of every other man; if these prelates in their examination had invented anything like this against the Protestants, though he revered them as the representatives of those Christian bishops who had first established the Catholic Faith in Ireland; if the Lord Bishop of Chester could point out to him anything in their evidence similar to the invention he had alluded to, I will at once brand them as calumniators. I will not say anything of this kind to the Bishop of Chester, because I do not belong to the same church with him; but if he will point out to me anything so false in their evidence, I will tell the Irish bishops they are liars and calumniators, and that they have broken the commandment, for they had borne false witness against their neighbor. I would, however, say no more of the Bishop of Chester's speech; but if any more positive proof of its error were wanting, he had only to turn over the Dublin Evening Post for half an hour, and he would find the whole proceedings of the meeting at which Dr. Dromgoole's speech was censured.

Mr. O'Connell here took occasion to eulogize Mr. Canning, Mr. Plunkett and Mr. Brownlow, and contrasted the conduct of the latter with that of the Marquis of Anglesea.

The contrast I was going to offer, and that which would alone make us despair, if I did not know my countrymen better, is that of the noble and gallant deserter, the Marquis of Anglesea. He said,

now was the time to fight. But, most noble Marquis, we are not going to fight at all, and above all things, most noble Marquis, we are not going to fight now, under favor. This may be your time to fight — you may want us to fight ere long with you, as you wanted us before — your glories and your medals, and your dignities, and your titles, were bought by the young blood of Catholic Ireland. We fought, Marquis of Anglesea, and you know it well — we fought, and you are Marquis — if we had not fought with you, your island of Anglesea would ere this have shrunk into a cabbage garden. And where would now have been the mighty conqueror of Europe: he, who had talent to command victory, and judgment to look for services, and not creeds to reward men for merits, and not for professions of faith; where would he have been if Ireland had not stood by you? I myself have worn, not only the trappings of woe, but the emblems of sincere mourning, for more than one gallant relative of mine who have shed their blood under your commands. We can fight — we will fight when England wants us. But we will not fight against her at present, and I trust we will not fight for her at all until she does us justice.

But, most noble Marquis, though your soldiers fought gallantly and well with you, in a war which they were told was just and necessary, are you quite sure the soldiers will fight in a crusade against the unarmed and wretched peasantry of Ireland? Your speech is published; it will, when read in Armagh, and the neighboring counties, give joy, and will be celebrated in the next Orange procession; and again, as before, Catholic blood will be shed; but, most noble Marquis, the earth has not covered all the blood that has been so shed; it cries yet for vengeance to heaven, and not to man; that blood may yet bring on an unfortunate hour of retribution; and if it do, what have you to fight with? Count you on a gallant army? There are English gentry amongst its officers, the sons and descendants of those who wielded the sword for liberty, never to strike down to slavery their fellow men. English chivalry will not join with you, most noble Marquis of Anglesea: and though you have deserted her and taken the prudent side of the Commander-in-Chief, yet, gallant Marquis, I think you have reckoned without your host.

Let me tell you this story, sir. I am but an humble individual. It happened to me, not many months ago, to be going through Eng-

land; my family were in a carriage, on the box of which I was placed; there came up on the road, eight or ten sergeants and corporals, with two hundred and fifty recruits. I perceived at once the countenances of my unfortunate countrymen laughing as they went along, for no other reason than because they were alive. They saw me, and some of them recognized me; they instantly burst from their sergeants and corporals, formed round my carriage, and gave me three cheers, most noble Marquis. Well, may God bless them, wherever they are, poor fellows! Oh, you reckon without your host, let me tell you, when you think that a British army will trample on a set of petitioners for their rights — beggars for a little charity, who are looking up to you with eyes lifted, and hands bent down. You will not fight us now, most noble Marquis; and let me tell you, if the battle comes, you shall not have the choice of your position either.

But though he is an excellent soldier, the Marquis is a special bad logician — no blame to him; for, in the same speech, he said he was still for Catholic emancipation, and would return to us as soon as he was certain that emancipation was consistent with Protestant ascendancy. Ascendancy forsooth! Catholic emancipation supposes universal equalization of civil eligibility, and it cannot consist with the ascendancy of any party. The Marquis is ready to open the window to us as soon as he is sure the sun will not shine through it. I am not afraid of his sword. Still less do I feel in peril from his logic. The King of Prussia, when the Saxons left him, one fine morning, said, "Let them go against us, it is better that all the enemy should be together, and all our friends together also." I make a present of you to our opponents, most noble Marquis. Him who thus deserted us, and hallooed in the ranks of those whose cry was religious dissensions, — him have I contrasted with the true genuine Protestant Christian, who, firm in his own opinion, was the enemy of the Catholics, so long as he believed them to be the enemies of liberty, religious and civil; but who, the moment he was convinced that they were equally its friends as himself, became our supporter, and set the glorious golden example of a perfect sacrifice of all that little pride and jealousy which attach to a change of genuine opinion — him have I contrasted with Mr. Brownlow, who, be it ever remembered, stood by no Commander-in-Chief, and who can only

expose himself in injury and expense, by a sacrifice to principles which the Marquis of Angelsea may admire, but cannot afford possibly to imitate.

Mr. O'Connell then proceeded to panegyrize the public exertions of Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Nugent, and the Earl of Donoughmore; and passed some severe sarcasms on Sir T. Lethbridge and Mr. Banks, senior.

There was one speech more on which I will say a few words — it was the speech of Lord Liverpool. I have never read a polemical speech of the noble lord till that. The noble lord seemed to have been employed in a manner quite becoming a great statesman; disregarding the course which our ancient enemy, France, was pursuing: not thinking that she was daily increasing her armies; that she was creating an efficient navy; that she was rapidly paying off her debt; that titheless France was daily improving her resources, and getting rid of the burdens which the war had left on her; that she was building a large class of frigates, and appeared as if inclined, on some fit opportunity, to dispute with us once more the empire of the seas. Of all these facts the noble lord seemed heedless; they were perhaps beneath the notice of his great mind. He did not calculate on the rising generation of America, that country in which alone the Irish Catholic has fair play. He did not appear to consider in what time a westerly wind, which would shut us up in the channel, would waft a fleet to the shores of Ireland, perhaps at some period of distress and discontent, when arms and not men might be wanting. All these were subjects below the consideration of Lord Liverpool's great mind. He was busied with one of much greater importance to the state. He was engaged in polemical discussions about auricular confession and penance, and the mode of administering the sacrament; and as the result of his studies in those important matters, he poured forth a rich and luscious discourse on an admiring audience. In the course of that speech, the noble lord read the House of Commons no very gentle lecture for having presumed to send up such a bill. Here was another great reformer. It had been said, perhaps untruly, that the great majority of the House were sent into their places by several members of the Peers: if that were true, it might perhaps account for the scolding given for having passed a bill not approved by their masters. Be that however as it might, the House of Commons were

scolded — perhaps they deserved it. The noble lord had expressed an opinion, that the religion of several millions of his fellow-subjects was such, as to render them unfit for the enjoyment of civil rights to the same extent as the Protestant. What new light was it that broke upon the noble Earl's mind, so as to produce this impression, so opposite to that which he seemed to feel only one year before?

The noble Earl appeared to hold a very different opinion of the Irish people last year. On the 8th of April, 1824, he was reported to have said in his place in the House, speaking of the Irish, "that whatever they may be in their own country, I say of them in this, that there does not exist, on the face of the globe, a more industrious, a more honest, or more kindly-disposed people." Surely they have not changed their religion since then; and if, in 1824, that religion could make them "honest, industrious, and kindly-disposed," why should it be urged as a ground for exclusion from the full enjoyment of the rights of British subjects in 1825? What other use would a statesman make of religion but to instill morality and public order? The noble Earl went on in the same speech to say, "I think it material to bear this testimony in their favor, because whatever may be the evils of Ireland, and from whatever source they may proceed, it is impossible for any man to imagine that they arise from any defect in the people. We may boldly assert that it is impossible to find a more valuable class of people in any country in the world." And yet it was this most valuable class of persons that the noble Earl in his late address would condemn to eternal exclusion from the full benefits of the constitution. Did the noble Earl imagine that the drivelling nonsense of Dr. Duigenan, which he had kept bottled up for seven or eight years, and now drew forth to treat the British nation, would drive a people such as he had described from their purpose? Let the honest lord stand forth and defend his consistency. He had made that speech from which he had just given the extract in 1824; the second speech was made in 1825. In the interim the Duke of York had made his declaration of eternal hostility to the great question of emancipation. The Bishop of Chester was not the only convert which that speech had made. The noble Earl, to use a vulgar adage, "knew how the cat jumped." Oh, my Lord Duke, with what pleasure will this

speech of my Lord Liverpool and that of his Royal Highness of York be received at the meeting of the allied Sovereigns — those mighty despots who, tyrannical as they are, still respect the consciences of their subjects? What joy will they not feel at reading this wise effusion of England's prime minister? They will in their hearts say, "Let it go forth, it will work for our views." They will add: "Rockites, keep your spirits —

'Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.'"

Or, as Cromwell said, "'Trust in the Lord and rest on your pikes.' Matters are going on in the way that you and we and the enemies of England's peace could wish." Such would be the sentiments of all who were envious of England's power, and jealous of that freedom by which she acquired it. Their feelings on this subject would not be less gratified when they read, if they could believe it, the calculation made by Mr. Leslie Foster, showing that the population of Ireland was less by two millions than it was generally considered. That honorable gentlemen, who was the more fit to be the head pedagogue of a large school, than at the head of a respectable county (a situation by the way in which the votes of Catholics had helped to place him), had come to parliament with his primer and his multiplication table, and endeavored to show that the Catholics of Ireland were not so numerous by two millions as was generally believed. He began by counting the number of children that attended some of the charity schools, and then taking the number of parents that each child had, which was easy to ascertain; but he omitted to consider how many children each set of parents had, which in Ireland might perhaps be more difficult. He also omitted to notice the number of children that never attended at those schools; but the result of his calculation was, that the Catholics were less by two millions than their advocates stated them to be.

I have heard of killing off by computation by Captain Bobadil; but this beat Bobadil quite out. However, the error was not too gross for the party to which it was addressed, for the noble Earl swallowed it, Bobadil and all. What, I beg calmly to ask, would be the effect of the noble lord's denunciation of perpetual exclusion, upon the four or five millions of Catholics which Mr. Leslie Foster had left? (for he would admit for the moment that they were reduced

two millions without the aid of Lord Anglesea's broadsword.) They were told they could not be free while the Protestant church establishment existed, for that their entire emancipation was incompatible with the safety of that establishment, was this not in effect putting every man, woman and child of the five millions of Catholics in hostility to that church? I beg most distinctly to deny the justice of the assumption on which this argument of exclusion was founded. The Catholics did not wish to see the Protestant church subverted. I would solemnly declare, that I would rather perish than see the Protestant church subverted and my own church substituted in its place.

The learned gentleman, after adverting to the petitions from England in favor of a repeal of the assessed taxes, which amounted to about three millions, proceeded to observe, that that sum and much more might be saved to this country, by merely doing an act of justice to the Irish people.

Ireland now costs this country four millions a year more than her revenue produced. Let justice be done — let peace and content be brought about by this act of just concession, and Ireland, instead of being a burden to England, will prove a rich source of wealth and strength to the empire. Capital will flow into the country, her resources for its employment would become known, the facilities for every kind of commerce which her ports afforded would ensure a flow of wealth to English capitalists — the only persons who can take advantage of them — an advantage which they were deterred from seeking by the present unsettled state of the country. See what sources of annoyance, of war and bloodshed Wales and Scotland were, until they were incorporated in one government with England, and until their inhabitants were fully admitted to all the advantages of the constitution as British subjects, while they now contribute much to the strength of the empire. Why should not the same attempt be made with respect to Ireland? Is she to be forever excluded from the full benefits of the constitution? Before I conclude, I beg to notice a paper which had within these four days been circulated with great assiduity by the enemies of emancipation. One of those papers I now hold in my hand. It called on all friends of the Protestant religion to read some extracts which it contained from the Journal des Débats, and to pause before they gave any

support to the prayer of the Catholics. I will briefly state the nature of the case mentioned in the extracts, in order to show the gross injustice of founding upon it any charge against the Catholics. In the department of Aisne, an application was made by some Protestants for the erection of a Protestant church and the appointment of a minister of their religion to officiate in it. Now by the law of France the government is obliged in any place where there are five hundred Protestants residing, to erect a church for them, and to provide a minister to officiate in it. That clergyman was paid one hundred pounds a year, while a Catholic curate officiating for a similar number of Catholics, received only eighty pounds a year. The reason was that a Protestant clergyman might have a wife to maintain, while a Catholic had not. The application was refused, not because it was intended to discourage the Protestant religion, but because the number of Protestants making application did not amount to one-half the number for which the law authorized the building of a church — and this was the gross instance of religious oppression of which such loud complaints were heard in this country! What would have been said if there were three hundred Protestants living in one parish and only one Catholic, and that those three hundred were not only obliged to provide a place of worship for themselves, but also to build, at their entire expense, a church for the use of one Catholic? Would not all England ring with outcries against the injustice of the act? And yet an act of this description, with the exception that the parties were placed in situations the reverse of what he had described, had just occurred in Ireland.

A petition was a short time ago presented to the House of Commons, from three hundred Catholic inhabitants of a parish in Ireland, the name of which would sound very harsh in English ears, and which could with difficulty be pronounced by English lips, the parish of Aghado. The petitioners stated that they were the only inhabitants of the parish except one, and that one was a Protestant; that there was no Protestant church in the parish, but that the Protestant inhabitant had the use of a pew in a neighboring parish church, and they complained of being called upon to bear the expense of building a church for that one Protestant. What, he repeated, would have been said if the petitioners happened to be Protestants, and the

one inhabitant a Catholic? But because they were Catholics, it was passed over as a matter of course, and not a word was heard about the oppression of the case.

Another subject on which a great outcry has been raised, was lately started in a French journal, the "Constitutionnel." It appeared that a church at Nérac had been in possession of a Protestant congregation since 1804. This church had originally belonged to the Convent of St. Clare. In the French revolution, when the axe and the guillotine were in daily use against the ministers and professors of religion, the nuns were turned out upon the world, and the convent church was used as a storehouse. In this situation it continued until 1804, when it was given to a Protestant congregation, with no other title of gift or purchase than the mere *procés verbal* which assented to the application which had been made for it. Not long back the Convent of St. Clare was restored, and not unnaturally, the nuns applied for the church which had originally belonged to them. A regular legal proceeding was commenced for its recovery, and the members of the Protestant congregation, not being able to prove a good title, were obliged to give it up. For this, however, the "Times" and "Chronicle," and other liberal journals, were quite enraged; their very types seemed to fly about in a passion. But what was there in the case to call for such angry comment?

It was said that the curé of Nérac made use of some very illiberal expressions on the occasion of regaining possession; if he did, there was no man connected with the "Times" or "Chronicle" who would more readily condemn any such expression than he would. Let it, however, be recollected, that the charge made was the charge of an enemy. It was made by a party of the old Jacobin school — of those whose friends had succeeded in overthrowing the altar of France for a time, and now, when religion was restored, would wish to hold up its ministers to contempt or reproach. I think the charge, coming from such a quarter, ought not to be entitled to any more weight than an idle calumny which might be found against himself in the John Bull of this town.

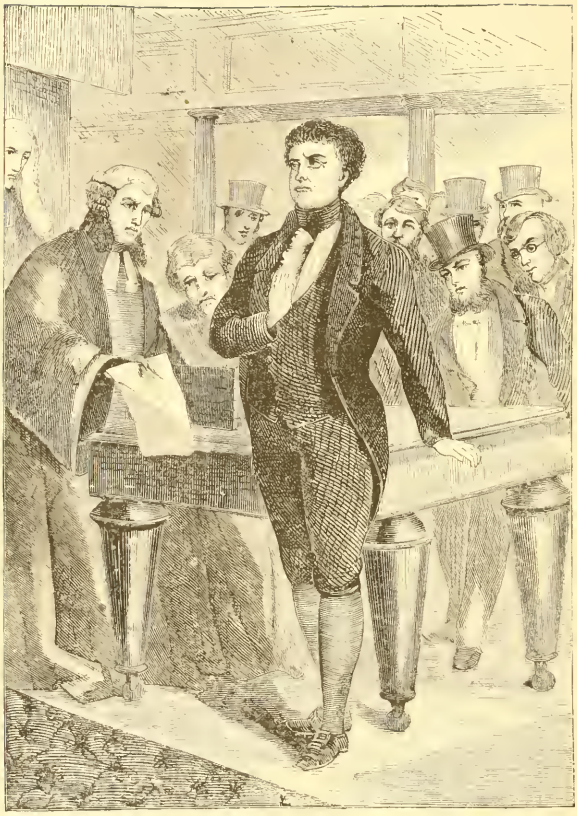
Suppose during the power of Cromwell — that scriptural Christian, with texts in his mouth and sword in his hand — suppose that rough commander were to have bestowed a Protestant church on a Catholic congregation, or on any of the various sects of Christians

(I speak without disrespect of any) which swarmed through the land in his day, and suppose, on the restoration, it was to be claimed, and a legal process instituted for its recovery, would the decision of that claim, in favor of the original owners, be a proof of bigotry or oppression in the Church of England? Why then should that be called bigotry in one case, which would be an act of justice in the other? Talk of bigotry in France from Catholics to Protestants! In that country both were alike eligible to places of trust and power in the state; but whoever heard in any of their public assemblies — in the Chamber of Deputies — of a Lethbridge or an Inglis getting up in his place and reviling with coarse epithets the religion of his Protestant fellow-subjects? (By the way, I intended to make a few remarks on the Index Expurgatorius of Sir H. Inglis, but I forgive him.) To those who talked of Catholic bigotry, I would say, let the Catholics of this country be placed on the same terms of equality with their Protestant brethren, as the Protestants of France are, with respect to their Catholic fellow-subjects, and I would rest perfectly satisfied.

I fear I have trespassed too long on the patience of the meeting, but there were one or two points more on which I would say a word. The bill which the Lords had rejected was accompanied part of the way in the other House, with two measures called its wings. Those measures were condemned by some who were friendly to the great question; but the Catholics of Ireland were not the authors of those measures; they were no party to their origin. Of that bill, which went to make a provision for the Catholic clergy, I would say, that the clergy desired no such provision. They are content to serve their flocks for the humble pittance which they now receive. The rewards to which they looked for their incessant and valuable labors, are — let every hair of the Bishop of Chester's wig stand on end at hearing it — not of this but of another world. It is not the Catholics who desire those measures. They are sought for by the Protestants, who look upon them as some sort of security; and the Catholics are disposed to make some sacrifice to honest prejudices, by acceding to that which they did not approve. It was this feeling which produced those measures, and brought on that ridiculous scene of one of his Majesty's ministers strongly objecting to the "wings," while another was eagerly flapping them on, until, like the tomb of Mahomet, the Catholic bill

hung suspended between the two counteracting influences. As to the second bill, respecting the forty shilling freeholders, it is one which I cannot approve. I am too much of a reformer, and of that class called "radical," to wish for any such alteration. I did assent to it only because it was considered that Protestants desired it. I would much rather have emancipation without it. They are now, however, gone by, and I hope they will never again make their appearance — certain it is, I shall never wish for them, unless they are earnestly desired by the Protestants.

I now, my lord Duke, take my leave; I fear I have exhausted the patience of this meeting. I am grateful for the attention with which I have been heard; I have spoken under feelings, perhaps, of some irritation — certainly under those of deep disappointment. A crowd of thoughts have rushed upon me, and I have given utterance to them as they arose, without allowing my judgment a pause as to which I should select and which restrain. I now go back to my own country, where I expect to find a feverish restlessness at having insult added to our injuries. Our enemies — perhaps I ought to say opponents — have offered this insult; they have barbed with disgrace, the dart of death. It will be impossible not to expect a degree of soreness at the way in which our claims have been met — at this additional insult. It is impossible not to feel disappointed at the manner in which we have seen Lord Liverpool truckle to the nonsense about the coronation oath [some person here said No, no]. I repeat it, he did; and my conviction is that all we heard reported of him in the newspapers was dictated from that quarter. We shall now return to Ireland, and there advise our countrymen to be patient — to bear the further delay of justice with calmness, but not to relax their fair, open, and legitimate efforts in again seeking for their rights. They have put down one association; I promise to treat them to another. They shall trench further on your liberties — they shall dive deeper into the vitals of the constitution before they drive us from our purpose. We shall go on, but it will be without anger or turbulence. In that steady course we will continue to use all legitimate means to accomplish our object, until English good sense shall overcome bigotry in high stations — shall put down intolerance in persons great in office — until the minister be driven back to the half honesty which he before possessed, or to that retirement which he rigidly deserves.



O'CONNELL REFUSING TO TAKE THE OATH.

Speech on the Treaty of Limerick, 1826.

On submitting to the Catholic Association, in 1826, the draft of a petition to parliament, asking that the provisions of the Treaty of Limerick be carried into effect, Mr. O'Connell spoke as follows:

THE question is narrowed to a single point, and to any one reviewing the facts which history presented, it was impossible to deny that the treaty has been foully and flagitiously violated. The penal code was a violation of it, and while a particle of that code remains, so long the solemn compact entered into between the English government and the Irish people is a disgraceful monument of British perfidy. That treaty was a solemn, deliberate and authorized agreement. It was signed by bishops and commanders, and it was signed by Ginkle, who had the command of his government to give even better terms than it insured, and to make peace on any conditions, no matter how favorable to the people of Limerick, and of course to the whole people of Ireland. Who is it, who looks at history, that can be surprised that the wish to effect a peace should exist on the part of the English? At the time of the war England was split into parties and dissensions. William had the adherence of the Whigs to his cause, but the Tories, who were the more numerous, though not so powerful, were arrayed against him. The Tories were like the cowardly Orange faction of the present day; they were mean and dastardly, and took especial care to keep themselves from every enterprise in which their persons would be endangered. The Scotch highlanders, a brave, hardy, and chivalrous race, who were Catholics, were devoted to the house of Stuart, and so were those of the lowlands too. The Calvinists of that country were in the same situation with the Irish of the present day; their consciences were oppressed — their religious liberty was restricted. They fought however in the field for their

religion. Their efforts, although courageous and adventurous, were not suited to the meek spirit of Christianity. I would not fight for religion, because religion does not inculcate nor sanction such an act; but for my civil rights, I trust in God, there is no man who has a more sincere regard for their value, or who would make greater sacrifices and efforts for their defence. In England there were many enemies against William, and his situation was precarious. In Ireland his prospects were bad and discouraging: the Irish forces, though in part unsuccessful, were not discomfited, and they were learning those rules of discipline, without which an army is no more than a mob. The battle of the Boyne was lost not by the inferiority of the Irish forces, but by the paltry, pitiful cowardice of James. He only appeared once in the battle on that day. He made only one appeal, and that was when the soldiery of England were being cut down by the troops of Ireland under Hamilton — then he exclaimed, "O spare my English subjects?" Like another Duke of York he took up his position in the rear, and the races of the Helder had a glorious prototype in the races of the Boyne. "Change generals," exclaimed the gallant Regan, in the evening when the battle was done, "Change generals, and we will fight the battle over again!" Three thousand were wounded in that battle and but three hundred were taken prisoners! How illustrative of the humanity of the conquerors! Still Clare was open, and its batteries were in possession of the Irish. The fortifications of Limerick were yet at their command — French succors were daily expected — the war between England and France was already declared — and with such opposition, were it not for the treaty of Limerick, William would have been driven back into Holland, if even there he would have found a refuge from the French. The winter was fast approaching. His armies consisted of some Dutch and some Brandenburg troops, and some that were called Irish on whom no reliance was placed: they were the Enniskillen and Londonderry regiments. Oh! what regiments these were! Schomberg, in speaking of them, was only puzzled to decide which of the two regiments was more thievish, because both the regiments were much less remarkable for their valor than for their propensity to rob and steal. Their officers were peasants — plebeians who had advanced themselves by their baseness, and like the Orangemen of the present time, they were for-

midable only to an unarmed people. It was not unlikely that Mr. Dawson was the descendant of one of these peasants. The pleasure he felt in reverting to those times might probably be thus accounted for. This Mr. Dawson, who, if he were not a clerk in office, would not be worthy of contradiction, asserts many extraordinary things respecting this country. He felt no interest in preserving its character, because, like his brother Orangemen, he was not indigenous to the soil. They must certainly be exotics, for if half their venom was natural, the influence of St. Patrick would be effectual in banishing the reptiles from among us. But the reptile still lives, and here are its hisses.

Mr. O'Connell here took up a printed report of Mr. Dawson's speech.

Mr. Dawson tells us that the history of Ireland is a mere waste — not a spot in it to vary the dismal scene but Londonderry, that furnished the robbers to Marshal Schomberg, "Let us trace," says he, "its dark and bloody progress. When a foreign foe invaded, it shrunk at the foot of an insignificant conquerer." And this is what Mr. Dawson said of a country to which he boasts of belonging. Let me tell him this country was never beat. It was by Irishmen she was always ruined. Their treachery and disunion were the cause of her defeat. Four-fifths of the Irish troops joined the Cromwellian invaders under Dermot, and it was to their desertion, and not to the superior arms of her enemies, that her conquest was attributable. Mr. Dawson proceeded — "continued insurrection, intestine wars, bloody massacres, treacherous treaties." Treacherous treaties! Come forward, Mr. Dawson, with your native host of Orangemen, and prove infraction of one single treaty on the part of the Irish. I ask but one. But he takes care to make the charge general. Oh! that is the way in which libels and malignant imputations are uttered and circulated; for he knows he cannot substantiate it. "*Versatur in generalibus.*" Oh! how fatally true the Irish were to their treaties may be read in that of Limerick. The treaty was signed before communication was had to the other part of the army, which were, Mr. Chairman, under the command of an ancestor of your own. Before it was completed, the French fleet with men and arms arrived at Dingle. Some argued that the treaty was not binding — that it had been agreed upon only in the South. What was

the reply? "We know we are not bound by the treaty, but Irish honor is pledged, and never shall we stain it." And well did they observe it. They dismissed the French troops — they admitted their enemies. They relied on English faith and Orange honor, and the consequence, the natural consequence, was that they were duped. But I turn on Mr. Dawson and say to him — you accuse us of violating treaties, if you cannot show me one you are a slanderer. And I turn on him again and say — show me one solitary treaty that England has ever performed towards us, and I will forgive her all the rest. No, sir, from the time the first footstep of the Saxon polluted our land, down to the last, and not least flagrant breach of faith at the execrable Union, I defy him to show me one compact between England and this country, that has not been treacherously and basely broken. The description of a treaty with the Irish, given by Clarendon, shows that the intention, at the moment of entering into them, was to delude and betray us. Next, Mr. Dawson says: "A systematic combination against the introduction of the arts and blessings of peace are (with those qualities he before stated) to be found in mournful succession throughout the lapse of centuries." Really, this is very, very heartrending. They first take away our possessions, our rights, our wealth, and every incentive to labor and industry, and then one of that very faithless and base crew who betrayed us, an underling of a minister, is sent to thwart and irritate us — to charge us with the effects of their own perfidy, and to remind us of the blessings we have lost by being the victims of their diabolical deceit.

"During five or six centuries," says Mr. Dawson, "the history of Ireland presents not one single fact to claim the admiration or even the respect of posterity." The blundering bigot then, with a classic affectation, asks: "Where can we look for one green spot to cheer us in our gloomy pilgrimage?" Oh, hear this Orange bigot asking for a green spot! I was reading at the very time I received the newspaper with Mr. Dawson's speech, a passage in a work which has been ever and is still looked up to as a high authority on the subject of which it treats. It is an account of the injuries and massacres of the Irish in 1641, by Dr. Curry, and there the occurrence to which I allude is to be found. Many, innumerable instances could be drawn from the historians of the times in which Mr. Daw-

son's ignorance delights to revel, not of one fact, but of hundreds of facts, calculated to elevate the character of the Catholics of Ireland. Speaking of the county of Mayo, the historian says: "In this county few murders were committed by either side, though the libel saith, that about two hundred and fifty Protestants were murdered, whereof at Belluke two hundred and twenty; whereas not one person was murdered there, which the now Lady of Montrath can witness; her ladyship and Sir Robert Hanna, her father, with many others, being retreated thither for security, were all conveyed safe to Manor Hamilton. And it is observable that the said lady and the rest came to Mr. Owen O'Rorcke's, who kept a garrison at Drumaheir, for the Irish, before they came to Manor Hamilton, whose brother was prisoner with Sir Frederick Hamilton. And the said Mr. O'Rorcke, having so many persons of quality in his hands, sent to Sir Frederick to enlarge his brother, and that he would convey them all safe to him. But Sir Frederick, instead of enlarging his brother, hanged him the next day, which might have well provoked the gentleman to revenge, if he had not more humanity than could be well expected upon such occasions, and in times of so great confusion; yet he sent them all safe when they desired." Yes, he sent them all safe when they desired. He did what he ought to do, harrowed as his heart must have been at the atrocious outrage that had been committed by his rash and ferocious enemy. He did what an Irish gentleman did do, and does do — he spurned at cruelty. He was not goaded, even by the example set him, into an imitation of barbarity. His honor stifled his sense of injury. I will give that fact to Mr. Dawson, and let him make the most of it, in classic fulminations against the Catholics of Ireland. Let Mr. Dawson read this fact, and if he persist in aspersing his native land after the perusal of it — if he should then impugn the chivalrous generosity — the humanity — the virtues of Ireland, I will only say, that if Ireland has produced generous hearts and dispositions, she has also produced monsters and anomalies, which have turned what was intended to be one of the gardens of the world into the pitiful pelting province that she is at this moment!

Mr. Dawson had said that the object of James II. was to establish the Catholic religion both in England and Ireland, and with it unlimited despotism. This was a false assertion; he did no more

than to proclaim toleration, and this was enough for the Dawsons of the day to expel him from the throne. The prosecution of the seven bishops I now condemn, and if I had lived in the day of the occurrence I would have condemned it then. Mr. Dawson says, that in order to effect the purpose of establishing an unlimited despotism in Ireland, James proceeded to remodel the civil establishments, and he accordingly displaced every Protestant who held an office in the administration of justice, and filled up the place of chancellor, chief judges, puisne judges, privy councellors, sheriffs, magistrates, and even constables, with Catholics. Talking of constables reminds me of the Dublin corporation; that immaculate body once petitioned for the removal of Mulvaney, the scavenger, from his functions, because he was, contrary to law, a Papist! Oh, what a relentless spirit! They would not allow a Papist to fill even the dirtiest office of the state. It is asserted by Mr. Dawson, that all the judges appointed by James were intolerant. This is false; James nominated only three judges — Nugent, Lord Riverston, Sir Stephen Rice, and Daly. Would to God all Judge Dalys were like him. He never raised himself to the bench by destroying the interests of his country. He never devoted his leisure hours to calumniating his wretched, ragged countrymen! All three individuals nominated by James to the bench, were remarkable for their purity and perfection. They are quoted by Protestant writers as the models of judicial knowledge and purity. It was related of Rice that he gambled his property, and this was the only blemish that ever sullied his reputation. They lived in troubled times and they survived them. They did not fly, as they would have done if they had been guilty of a crime or a dereliction of duty. They lived honored and respected, and they descended to their graves without taint or reproach, having served their King well, and I trust having served their God better. Oh! it is only Orange bigotry that could ransack the very graves to find materials of insult; but in this instance, as in every other, it has failed, and I defy it to the proof. Mr. Dawson had alleged it as a charge, that it was enacted by James that three fellows of the University were prohibited from meeting together. Even if it were so, how did the enactment differ from the enactments usual in all cases of civil commotion. What was this act intended to prevent but a Protestant insurrection? *Flagrante bello*, it is provided that there

shall be no meetings of persons who might conspire to cause a public tumult, and this which is now practised — nay, which is carried to an unparalleled extent in Ireland under the present government, is charged as a crime upon James. But it should not be forgotten that by the repeal of that act of settlement, the monarch himself was a sufferer to an immense amount. The passing of that act, however, might not be justified, but decidedly any act that would tend to subvert it would be unjust. Transfers and conveyances had been made to such an extent, that it would be an unjustifiable crime to disturb them. I have been accused of recommending the repeal of the act of settlement, and I dare say I will now be accused of recommending it. But as a proof of my sincerity in defending it, I will say that if that act were annulled I would be comparatively a beggar. My property hangs upon its continuance. The property of my two brothers, who are both independent, hangs upon the same title. What then have I to gain by a change? Mr. Dawson had complained of the attainder of two thousand six hundred Protestants by James. But what was there in that, worthy of reprobation. Those attainted men had fled the country; they were told that if they did not come back within a certain period they would be attainted. They did not return and they were attainted. Why should they not? They were attainted because they were enemies of the King; and if they were not enemies of the King, they were base cowards, for they ran away when their country needed their assistance in its cause. In Athens it was the law that every man who was neutral was criminal — "He who is not for us is against us." And shall it be said that those who fled from their country when she needed their energies on her behalf, were not deserving of obloquy and punishment?

Mr. Dawson had said that the parliament of James was Catholic. I admit the fact. But let Mr. Dawson show me any act of their doing that can shake their purity and honesty! Let him show me an act even proposed for the purpose of oppressing the consciences of Protestants! No, the parliament of that day sat in friendship with a few Protestants, and their Bill of Rights was more extensive even than that of England. Even after the excesses and cruelties that had been committed against the Catholics, when they were deprived of power, and when they regained it, was there a system of

blood and cruelty on their part, although they had the dominion if they used it? Under Mary the Catholics of Ireland were not persecutors, and again under James they wielded their power in mercy and toleration. They forgot the persecutions which their body endured under Elizabeth, and they only bore in recollection the character of their religion, which taught them to give charity and good-will for persecution and cruelty. Mr. Dawson had said that King James had taken away their churches from the Protestants. This assertion, as well as the other assertion, made by that profound statesman, was false. This statement was derived from the pure pages of Archbishop King's work. The cathedral of Christ's Church in Dublin was the King's chapel, and it was in that case alone that James exercised his authority, and in dispossessing the holders of that cathedral he acted under his royal right and was not influenced by his religious feelings. The contrary was the fact with regard to Wexford. In that county the Catholic soldiery had taken possession of a Protestant church, and when James heard the circumstances he ejected the soldiery and restored the church to its owners. Doctor Leslie, a learned divine of the Protestant Church, had challenged the accuracy of King's book, and had denounced and refuted it, and now, after such a lapse of years, Mr. Peel sends out his underling, Mr. Dawson, his clerk, to repeat the calumnies. Who was this King? He was a vile parasite of James. He was the ecclesiastic who prayed from his pulpit, that God might blast him if he ever preached any other doctrine than passive obedience, and at another time, that God might blast and destroy William and his consort, if they had any intention of invading this country! He — he is the vile toad-eater, who has denounced the monarch whose feet he kissed? Dopping, who preached up that there was no faith to be kept with the Catholics of Limerick, was the first to present an address to King James on his landing. What an exquisite pair of defenders of the violation of the treaty of Limerick! What immaculate authority for Mr. Dawson to quote from! Is it to be endured that Peel, who knows nothing of the history of these times, or the history of our country, is to send out one of his clerks to blow up, with his pestiferous breath, the embers of those unholy fires of bigotry which had been nearly extinguished by the superincumbent influence of liberality and good fellowship, and to excite, by his evil agency,

the inflammable materials of Irish society? Before I conclude, I will read an extract from a work written by Mr. Storey, a chaplain in the army of King William, who is a tolerably good authority on the bravery of the Irish troops, which Mr. Dawson has repudiated:

WEDNESDAY, 24th. — A breach being made near St. John's Gate, over the Black Battery, that was about twelve yards long, and pretty flat, as it appeared to us, the King gave orders that the counterscarp should be attacked that afternoon, to which purpose a great many woolsacks were carried down, and good store of ammunition, with other things suitable for such work. All the grenadiers in the army were ordered to march down into the trenches, which they did. Those, being about five hundred, were commanded, each company, by their respective captains, and were to make the first attack, being supported by one battalion of the Blue Dutch on the right, then Lieutenant Douglass's regiment, Brigadier Stuart's, my Lord Meath's, and my Lord Lisburn's, as also a Brandenburg regiment. These were all posted towards the breach, upon the left of whom were Col. Cutts and the Danes. Lieutenant General Douglass commanded, and their orders were to possess themselves of the counterscarp and maintain it. We had also a body of horse drawn up to succor the foot upon occasion. About half an hour after three, the signal being given by firing three pieces of cannon, the grenadiers, being in the furthest angle of our trenches, leaped over and ran towards the counterscarp, firing their pieces and throwing their grenades. This gave the alarm to the Irish, who had their guns all ready, and discharged great and small shot upon us, as fast as 'twas possible. Our men were not behind them in either, so that in less than two minutes, the noise was so terrible that one would have thought the very skies were ready to rend in sunder. This was seconded by dust, smoke and all the terrors that the art of man could invent to ruin and undo one another; and to make it the more uneasy, the day itself was excessively hot to the bystanders, and much more sore, in all respects, to those upon action. Captain Carlisle, of my Lord Drogheda's regiment, ran in with his grenadiers to the counterscarp, and though he received two wounds between that and the trenches, yet he went forward and commanded his men to throw in the grenades, but in the leaping into the dry ditch below the counterscarp, an Irishman below shot him dead. Lieutenant Burton, however, encouraged the men, and they got upon the counterscarp, and all the rest of the grenadiers were as ready as they. By this time the Irishmen were throwing down their arms and running as fast as they could into town, which, our men perceiving, entered the breach, pell-mell, with them, and half the Earl of Drogheda's grenadiers and some others were actually in town. The regiments that were to second the grenadiers went to the counterscarp, and, having no order to proceed, they stopt." [I engage they did, they stopt sure enough.] "The Irishmen were all running from the walls, and quite over the bridge into the English town; but seeing but a few of our men enter, they were with much ado persuaded to rally, and those that were in seeing themselves not followed, and their amunition being spent, they designed to retreat, but some were shot, some taken, and the rest came out again, but very few without being wounded. The Irish then ventured upon the breach again, and from the walls and every place so pestered us upon the counterscarp, that, after nigh three hours resisting bullets, stones, broken bottles, from the very women, who boldly stood in the breach, and were nearer our men than their own, ..."

And here I will pay a tribute to the heroic virtues of these women, who thus sacrificed themselves for their country's honor. An officer of the Irish army was wounded. The instance is one of singular interest, arising from female courage and presence of mind. He was wounded, and was flying into his own house, and was pursued by an enemy. He had gained his door, and his wife, from a window in the house, was a witness of his efforts to escape from his relentless pursuer. The window-stone was loose, and it was a ready instrument for her purpose. Her husband was nearly a victim to the revenge of his foe, who had just stepped upon the threshold, when the impulse of the mind of the fond and courageous woman gave a strength and energy to her efforts; she hurled the stone upon the ruffian's head, and he bit the dust. Oh, what splendid devotion to country! Would there have been an Irish heart among the Irish if they did not beat out their invaders, stimulated, as they were, by such heart-cheering examples.

Mr. O'Connell resumed the reading.

. . . "whatever ways could be thought on to destroy us, our ammunition being spent, it was judged safest to return to our trenches. When the work was at the hottest, the Brandenburg regiment, who behaved themselves very well, had got upon the Black Battery, when the enemy's powder happened to take fire, and blew up a great many of them, the men, fagots, and stones, and what not, flying into the air with a most terrible noise. Colonel Cutts was commanded by the Duke of Wurtemburg to march towards the spur at the south gate and beat in the Irish that appeared there, which he did, though he lost several of his men and was himself wounded; he went within half musket shot of the gate, and all his men were open to the enemy's fire, who lay secure within the walls. The Danes were not idle all the while, but fired upon the enemy with all imaginable fury, and had several killed, but the mischief was, we had but one breach, and all towards the left, it was impossible to get into the town when the gates were shut if there had been no enemy to oppose us, without a great many scaling ladders, which we had not. From half an hour after three till after seven there was one continued fire of grape and small shot without any intermission; insomuch that the smoke that went from the town reached in one continued cloud to the top of a mountain at least six miles off. When our men drew off, some were brought up dead and some without a leg; others wanted arms, and some were blind with powder; especially a great many of the poor Brandenburghers looked like furies, with the misfortune of gunpowder. One Mr. Upton, getting in amongst the Irish in town, and seeing no way to escape, went in the crowd undiscovered till he came at the Governor, and then surrendered himself. There was a captain, one Bedloe, who deserted the enemy the day before, and now went upon the breach and fought bravely on our side, for which his Majesty gave him a company. The King stood nigh Cromwell's fort all the time, and the busi-

ness being over, he went to his camp very much concerned, as indeed was the whole army; for you might have seen a mixture of anger and sorrow in everybody's countenance. The Irish had two small field pieces planted in the King's Island, which flanked their own counterscarp, and in our attack did us no small damage, as did also two guns more that they had planted within the town, opposite the breach, and charged with cartridge shot. We lost at least five hundred upon the spot, and had a thousand more wounded, as I understand by the surgeons of our hospitals, who are the properest judges. The Irish lost a great many by cannon and other ways; but it cannot be supposed that their loss should be equal to ours, since it is a much easier thing to defend walls than 'tis by main strength to force people from them; and one man within has the advantage of four without."

[Here followed a list of officers killed and wounded, needless to be recounted.]

Are we after this to be told by Dawson that our countrymen were not brave, and would not succeed if they had held out? In a base violation of the treaty, which had been signed before the walls of Limerick, the privileges and immunities promised were denied; the treaty was broken; it stands a record of British perfidy! Our ancestors, sir, for I, too, may say that blood runs even in my veins from those who fought before Limerick, are denied their rights! Your noble brother, degraded from his natural rank, is unrepresented and unrepresenting. He neither has a vote in the election of his own order, nor the voice of a Forty-shilling Freeholder in returning a member to the Commons' House of Parliament. Where is the liberty the Catholics enjoyed under Charles I., which was secured to them by the treaty of Limerick? Tell me that, Mr. Dawson. Tell me that, Orange faction. Let Mr. Peel bring his borough members, who come in when the division bell is rung, to assert facts contrary to reason and religion against us; but let them not insult us by saying that the treaty of Limerick has not been foully violated.

There is another trait of Mr. Dawson's hypocrisy that is worth mentioning. After my examination before the Parliamentary Committee, Mr. Dawson came up to me and told me, in the weakness of his heart, that my evidence had removed many prejudices from him, and that his opinions on many subjects were altered. I rejoiced at the declaration, and I respected him for making it at the time. I mentioned in public the fact, and stated that Mr. Dawson had shaken hands with me in the interview, and this part of the relation it was deemed necessary to contradict in the Dublin Evening Mail. I do

not know whether he shook hands with me or not. I hope now he did not. I would shrink from any contact with a man who could make such a declaration to me as he did, and since falsify it by his acts.

I have done. I have shown that the treaty of Limerick was foully violated. I arraign those who perpetuate the violation by their hostility to us and to our cause. I arraign their bigotry in the face of the world; and I demand, in the name of humanity and justice and faith, that at least the terms of the compact should be fulfilled.

Speech at the Second Clare Election.

Mr. O'Connell arose and placed his hand several times upon his breast during the acclamations, evidently under the influence of powerful emotions.

I ACCEPT the trust, not with any presumptuous confidence in my own abilities, but simply with an honesty of intuition and purity of motive. We have procured Emancipation, from the moral condition of the people, from that high enlightenment they had acquired from their submission, their obedience to the laws, from their respect to the many ordinances of man and laws of God.

It was impossible that that measure could be any longer withheld — but I complain of the results of that measure; I complain that since it has passed, four months have now elapsed and there has not been an effort employed on the part of the government, nor any disposition manifested to do away with the distinctions which then existed and which still continue to exist in the country. No, they are still kept alive as much as ever, and up to the period at which I now speak, there does not appear a single Catholic who has derived the least benefit from the measure. In speaking of your having elected me now, I shall still point out to you — I feel it my duty to do so — the injustice which has been done to you and me when the last election was made the subject of discussion in the House, and I must say that it had anything but my respect or submission upon that occasion. I heard the insolent opinion of the speaker pronounced, and, though I am well aware of the little and contemptible motives by which he was actuated; although I am well aware that they are of that description which the character of the sex from which they emanated should consign to silence, I shall not say anything more about them now, but the time shall come when with your voice I will bring this matter forth. Upon that occasion, too, I

have to complain of the conduct of a certain profession, a profession to which I once considered it an honor to belong. I allude to the profession of the bar.

The bar, in my opinion, have disgraced themselves in the discussion of my case before the House of Commons. I put forward, upon that occasion, my opinions as to my right to sit and vote. I proved my right to sit and vote by the existing law. There was not one who came forward either by pamphlet or letter to contradict my statement. If they had done so in print, I would immediately have annihilated them. Mr. Sugden committed one of the most egregious errors that ever a lawyer of any country was guilty of upon that occasion. Mr. Tyndal waited, and in a dry, hum-drum form of a speech in parliament, opposed me. It was a poor, miserable attempt at a speech, and this man has since become the Lord Chief Justice of England. That country is to be pitied that has such a judge. It is melancholy to reflect that elevation can be easily procured by abandonment of principle. There was another who opposed me — Mr. Sugden — one who has lately made himself very remarkable by some ridiculous observation, but whose name has not been introduced to-day. He committed an egregious blunder, and I nailed it to him. The first who opposed me has since become a Chief Justice, whilst another has been appointed his Majesty's Attorney General for England.

I cannot express the sentiments of abhorrence and contempt I entertain for the opinion pronounced by Sir James Scarlett. He was favorable in opinion to me, so much so that Mr. Hutchinson, the member for Mallow, and others, told me they were convinced by the reasonings of Sir James Scarlett; yet this man afterwards voted against me. Thus I was put down by parliamentary magic and two lawyers, both of whom are promoted, and one of whom advocated my cause at one period. I must, however, do justice to that portion of the profession who acted nobly, consistently, and honorably. I cannot be unmindful of the splendid aid of Henry Brougham, that man of unrivalled talent, who possesses more information than any other man I ever met. Oh, yes; it gladdens my heart to reflect that I had such a man at my side, the brightest ornament in the British House of Commons, the statesman, the orator, the lawyer, the man of science, and the philosopher. There were

others, too, who supported me. I cannot omit the names of Duncannon, Ebrington, of Rice, of Lloyd.

[Yes, and, said some individual, the Knight of Kerry.]

Oh; as to the Knight of Kerry, I hardly consider it a debt I owe him, to enumerate his distinguished name, one of the most honest men who ever entered into the House of Commons. There were also many who supported me among the high families of England. The illustrious name of Grey can never be forgotten by me. I had his distinguished support. The decision, notwithstanding all, was against me. It was a decision in the face of the law. I told them so before the bar of the House — that there was an injustice done me, and an injustice in my person done to you. As far as I am concerned nothing shall prevent me tearing away the veil and showing the administration in all its naked deformity, for the purpose of saving the country for the King and the people. I shall next allude to the destruction of the Catholic Association. It certainly reminds me — in truth it does, of the immortal Alexander, who "twice had slew the slain," — it was a most unnecessary measure, for the Association had previously performed a virtual suicide. It was frightful to consider the consequence of that act; it is a despotic power put into the hands of the Viceroy, and I complain of it because it bears, without distinction, upon all classes. I shall not be one fortnight in the House until I call for its repeal. I shall demand, too, the repeal of that act which deprived the virtuous forty-shilling freeholders of their franchise — an act which robbed two hundred and fifty thousand of the elective franchise in one day.

The disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders was a breach of the Union. It was the basis of the Union that the country should be represented by the forty-shilling freeholders among the constituency of the country, for the purpose of placing the representation of both kingdoms upon an equalization; that equalization was now destroyed — the basis of the Union was therefore destroyed, and the measure was grossly violated in this instance. Standing here now, as I do, for the first time, the undisputed member of the county of Clare, I pledge myself to have those virtuous men restored to their rights. As a favorable result of emancipation, and a disposition to dispense justice, the Ministry point, no doubt, to the late

proclamation for the dispersion of Orange assemblies. I will admit this, but I am at liberty to canvass this proclamation; it came a week just too late. I went, about a week before the fatal occurrence which called it forth, to Lord Levison Gower, and told him my apprehensions; I told him I feared, if some timely and salutary measures were not taken, that sixty individuals, at least, would fall victims to Orange butchery. In a week afterwards the proclamation is issued; it reminds me of the familiar adage, that "he was a good servant who locked the stable door when the steed was stolen." His master had certainly good reason to congratulate himself on the services of such a servant. There was no proclamation as long as the people lay quiet, as long as they laid themselves down to the fury of the Orange gang, as long as they patiently submitted to the sword; as long as all this continued there was no proclamation; but when the battle of Mackeon took place, which was gallant and victorious to the Catholics, then the proclamation was issued.

I shall now address you on a subject more closely allied to your feelings, and I address you with pain, as I have to allude to myself. What, I ask, can I do for Clare? I will tell you what I can't do, I cannot provide anyone among you with place, pension, or office. I cannot meet the expectation of anyone in this way. I don't care what the administration may be, I shall always be like the shepherd's dog, watching to mark where the rights and liberties of the people shall be infringed upon, to sound the alarm, to protect them from danger. The first object to which my attention shall be directed, is to hold out the olive branch of peace to all; to reconcile the temporary separation between landlord and tenant; to engender those kindly and affectionate feelings between those respective classes which ought forever to exist, and, if possible, ought never to have suffered estrangement or alienation. Upon the occasion of the last election, there were many and many who opposed me, who are now disposed to give me their support; and there were many who were actuated in that opposition by the most honorable motives. There is Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, too, of whom I can scarcely speak in adequate terms of eulogy. I should be base, indeed, if I did not bestow upon him the commendations he deserves. The Catholics turned him out of the county, and the revenge which he practiced, was one of the best speeches I ever heard in their favor. It was one

of the greatest instances of generosity, which I ever before witnessed. I consider Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald one of the ablest men in the cabinet, and if he were not encumbered with a certain peculiarity approaching to diffidence in his own powers, frequently the companion of great merit, — he would be the first man in the cabinet. I shall now turn to my public duties, and it may be asked, what are my qualifications? I say it unaffectedly, I am no orator. I am a "plain, blunt man," who speaks the plain language. My forensic habits have given me a facility in delivering my sentiments as they occur to my mind, without humming, or having to look for a better word. I have no pretensions to poetry. The Muses have never hovered over me with their zephyr-airy wings, or carried me aloft on those wild and ethereal voyages of fancy which are taken by her favorite votaries. I come, as I have said, to the House of Commons, a plain workingman, with honesty of intentions — a man of business. That man must be an early riser who is up before me; and he must be a sober fellow who goes to bed with a more sober head than I do. When I go over to the House of Commons, it is my intention to be there from the moment that prayers begin until the moment that all the business is over. I will be the first in the House, and I shall be last out. I will read every bill, every word of it. I come now to what I consider my duties with regard to religion. If any question should come before the House on the subject of the discipline of the Established Church, I shall immediately walk out. I shall leave Protestants to deal with what leads to their own spiritual concerns. I should wish the same for myself, and I will do as I would be done by. But with respect to the temporalities of the Established Church, that is totally another subject. I should wish to bring about a suitable equalization of church property, not that thousands of curates should hardly have the means of subsistence, while the bishops were rioting in luxury. The former have only £75 a year, while many of the bishops have twenty thousand! The time is approaching when the system of tithes must be abolished. France is now comfortable in the abolition of its tithes. If no one will introduce the subject, I will introduce it myself. I know that I shall have more Protestants than any other class to join me in this measure. I shall endeavor to put an end to the perpetually returning litigation to which the Catholics and Dissenters are subject, by these primeval transfers of deeds,

which were a consuming gangrene to both Dissenters and Catholics in their public charities. I shall endeavor to protect them by the law, free from litigation. I go into parliament for freedom for all men — Jew and Gentile, Heathen and Christian. I except, however, the subjects of that abominable monopoly, the East India Company, who still keep the abominations of the idol Juggernaut. I would leave those people to their superstitions, endeavoring to convince them by every reasonable argument, but I should neither support nor encourage them, nor support those who would do so either. I would place no limit to the freedom of the human mind. But I shall pass from these subjects to those of much more interest.

Let me draw your attention to a system of oaths, a horrible system of oaths. There are no less a number of oaths required to be taken in various departments than seventeen or eighteen hundred. There are a multitude of oaths in the excise, and I shall make it my business to call for a list of all the public oaths which are now required to be taken in various departments, for the purpose of having them abolished. I condemn the taking of oaths altogether. The next subject to which I shall call your attention is that of parliamentary reform. I consider that it is calculated to give security to property and safety to life. I claim, in a word, for the people at large a full and free representation. I profess myself a radical reformer. The voting should be by ballot, and carried on regularly in the parish in which each individual lived. I may be asked what are my sentiments respecting the duration of parliament. I will not quarrel much about that, but I am an advocate for full, free, and frequent parliaments. The parliament anterior to the year 1688 was triennial. For my part, in this particular, I must say I am much attached to biennial parliaments. From this subject, I shall now turn to that of the Repeal of the Union. I may be asked, shall I be able to effect this. Who would be believed if, two years ago, he should have been hazardous enough to say, that this day I would stand the unquestioned representative of the County of Clare? I know that in seeking the Repeal of the Union, I shall have the support of the Corporation of Dublin, however opposed to me upon other subjects.

I now come to that species of reform which is the object of my darling solicitude — the reform of law. The government should pay

all the expenses; there should be no hireling advocacy. Prosecutors never see one another until they are brought into court, and their case comes on in the shape of a record. In every case of litigation, the contending parties should previously see one another, the judge explain the laws, and I have no doubt that under those circumstances a mutual compromise and arrangement would take place before the parties would leave the court. There is one subject more to which I shall advert. I am the respecter of authority. If calumny assail the Throne, then private life cannot be secure. I have read with horror some details of a distinguished individual in the London newspapers. The story of Captain Garth, however, must come to light, and the Duke of Cumberland, I have no doubt, will be freed from the foul calumny with which he has been assailed. No — I shall not see the brother of my King attacked. I am no respecter of persons, but I will call for and demand investigation into this transaction. There is a moral progress at present in the world. There is no true basis for liberty but religion.

SPEECH

AT MULLAGHMAST MONSTER MEETING.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

I ACCEPT, with the greatest alacrity, the high honor you have done me in calling me to the chair of this majestic meeting. I feel more honored than I ever did in my life, with one single exception, and that related to, if possible, an equally majestic meeting at Tara. But I must say that if a comparison were instituted between them, it would take a more discriminating eye than mine to discover any difference between them. There are the same incalculable numbers; there is the same firmness; there is the same determination; there is the same exhibition of love to old Ireland; there is the same resolution not to violate the peace; not to be guilty of the slightest outrage; not to give the enemy power by committing a crime, but peacefully and manfully to stand together in the open day, to protest before man and in the presence of God against the iniquity of continuing the Union.

At Tara, I protested against the Union — I repeat the protest at Mullaghmast. I declare solemnly my thorough conviction as a constitutional lawyer, that the Union is totally void in point of principle and of constitutional force. I tell you that no portion of the empire had the power to traffic on the rights and liberties of the Irish people. The Irish people nominated them to make laws, and not legislatures. They were appointed to act under the constitution and not annihilate it. Their delegation from the people was confined within the limits of the constitution, and the moment the Irish parliament went beyond those limits and destroyed the constitution, that moment it annihilated its own power, but could not annihilate the immortal spirit of liberty, which belongs, as a rightful inheritance, to the people of Ireland. Take it then from me that the Union is void. I admit there is the

force of a law, because it has been supported by the policeman's truncheon, by the soldier's bayonet, and by the horseman's sword; because it is supported by the courts of law, and those who have power to adjudicate in them; but I say solemnly, it is not supported by constitutional right. The Union, therefore, in my thorough conviction, is totally void, and I avail myself of this opportunity to announce to several hundreds of thousands of my fellow-subjects, that the Union is an unconstitutional law, and that it is not fated to last long — its hour is approaching. America offered us her sympathy and support. We refused the support but we accepted the sympathy; and while we accepted the sympathy of the Americans we stood upon the firm ground of the right of every human being to liberty; and I, in the name of the Irish nation, declare that no support obtained from America should be purchased by the price of abandoning principle for one moment, and that principle is, that every human being is entitled to freedom.

My friends, I want nothing for the Irish but their country, and I think the Irish are competent to obtain their own country for themselves. I like to have the sympathy of every good man everywhere, but I want not armed support or physical strength from any country. The Republican party in France offered me assistance. I thanked them for their sympathy, but I distinctly refused to accept any support from them. I want support from neither France nor America, and if that usurper, Louis Philippe, who trampled on the liberties of his own gallant nation, thought fit to assail me in his newspaper, I returned the taunt with double vigor, and I denounce him to Europe and the world as a treacherous tyrant, who has violated the compact with his own country, and therefore is not fit to assist the liberties of any other country. I want not the support of France; I want not the support of America; I have physical support enough about me to achieve any change; but you know well that it is not my plan — I will not risk the safety of one of you. I could not afford the loss of one of you — I will protect you all, and it is better for you all to be merry and alive, to enjoy the repeal of the Union; but there is not a man of you there that would not, if we were attacked unjustly and illegally, be ready to stand in the open field by my side. Let every man that concurs in that sentiment lift up his hand.

Every individual in the immense multitude lifted his hand amidst tremendous cheering.

The assertion of that sentiment is our sure protection, for no person will attack us, and we will attack nobody. Indeed, it would be the height of absurdity for us to think of making any attack; for there is not one man in his senses in Europe or America, that does not admit that the repeal of the Union is now inevitable. The English papers taunted us, and their writers laughed us to scorn; but now they admit that it is impossible to resist the application for repeal. More power to you. But that even shows we have power enough to know how to use it. Why, it is only this week that one of the leading London newspapers, called the "Morning Herald," who had a reporter at the Lismore meeting, published an account of that great and mighty meeting, and in that account the writer expressly says that it will be impossible to refuse so peaceable, so determined, so unanimous a people, as the people of Ireland, the restoration of their domestic legislature. For my own part, I would have thought it wholly unnecessary to call together so large a meeting as this, but for the trick played by Wellington, and Peel, and Graham, and Stanley, and the rest of the paltry administration, by whose government this country is disgraced. I don't suppose so worthless an administration ever before got together. Lord Stanley is a renegade from Whiggism, and Sir James Graham is worse. Sir Robert Peel has five hundred colors on his bad standard, and not one of them is permanent. To-day it is orange, to-morrow it will be green, the day after neither one nor the other, but we shall take care that it shall never be dyed in blood.

Then there is the poor old Duke of Wellington, and nothing was ever so absurd as their deification of him in England. The English historian — rather the Scotch one — Alison, an arrant Tory, admits that the Duke of Wellington was surprised at Waterloo, and if he got victoriously out of that battle, it was owing to the valor of the British troops, and their unconquerable determination to die, but not to yield. No man was ever a good soldier, but the man who goes into the battle determined to conquer or not come back from the battle-field. No other principle makes a good soldier; conquer or die is the battle cry for the good soldier; conquer or die is his only security. The Duke of Wellington had troops at Waterloo that had learned that word, and there were Irish troops amongst

them. You all remember the verses made by the poor Shan Van Vocht:

> "At famed Waterloo,
> Duke Wellington would look blue
> If Paddy was not there too,
> Says the Shan Van Vocht."

Yes, the glory he got there was bought by the blood of the English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers — the glory was yours. He is nominally a member of the administration, but yet they would not entrust him with any kind of office. He has no duty at all to perform, but a sort of Irish anti-repeal warden. I thought I never would be obliged to the ministry, but I am obliged to them. They put a speech abusing the Irish into the Queen's mouth. They accused us of disaffection, but they lie; it is their speech; there is no disaffection in Ireland. We were loyal to the sovereigns of Great Britain, even when they were our enemies; we were loyal to George the Third, even when he betrayed us; we were loyal to George the Fourth, when he blubbered and cried when we forced him to emancipate us. We were loyal to old Billy, though his minister put into his mouth a base, bloody, and intolerant speech against Ireland; and we are loyal to the Queen, no matter what our enemies may say to the contrary. It is not the Queen's speech, and I pronounce it to be a lie. There is no dissatisfaction in Ireland, but there is this—a full determination to obtain justice and liberty. I am much obliged to the ministry for that speech, for it gives me, amongst other things, an opportunity of addressing such meetings as this. I had held the monster meetings. I had fully demonstrated the opinion of Ireland. I was convinced their unanimous determination to obtain liberty was sufficiently signified by the many meetings already held: but when the minister's speech came out, it was necessary to do something more. Accordingly, I called a monster meeting in Loughrea. I called another meeting in Cliffden. I had another monster meeting in Lismore, and here now we are assembled on the Rath of Mullaghmast.

At Mullaghmast (and I have chosen this for this obvious reason), we are on the precise spot where English treachery — aye, and false Irish treachery, too — consummated a massacre that has never been imitated, save in the massacre of the Mamelukes by Mahomet Ali.

It was necessary to have Turks atrocious enough to commit a crime equal to that perpetrated by Englishmen. But do not think that the massacre at Mullaghmast was a question between Protestants and Catholics — it was no such thing. The murdered persons were to be sure Catholics, but a great number of the murderers were also Catholic, and Irishmen, because there were then, as well as now, many Catholics who were traitors to Ireland. But we have now this advantage, that we may have many honest Protestants joining us — joining us heartily in hand and heart, for old Ireland and liberty. I thought this a fit and becoming spot to celebrate, in the open day, our unanimity in declaring our determination not to be misled by any treachery. Oh, my friends, I will keep you clear of all treachery — there shall be no bargain, no compromise with England — we shall take nothing but repeal, and a parliament in College Green. You will never, by my advice, confide in any false hopes they hold out to you; never confide in anything coming from them, or cease from your struggle, no matter what promise may be held to you, until you hear me say I am satisfied; and I will tell you where I will say that — near the statue of King William, in College Green. No, we came here to express our determination to die to a man, if necessary, in the cause of old Ireland. We came to take advice of each other, and above all, I believe you came here to take my advice. I can tell you, I have the game in my hand — I have the triumph secure — I have the repeal certain, if you but obey my advice. [Great cheers, and cries of "We will obey you in anything."]

I will go slow—you must allow me to do so—but you will go sure. No man shall find himself imprisoned or persecuted who follows my advice. I have led you thus far in safety; I have swelled the multitude of repealers until they are identified with the entire population, or nearly the entire population of the land, for seven-eighths of the Irish people are now enrolling themselves repealers. [Cheers and cries of more power to you.] I don't want more power; I have power enough, and all I ask of you is to allow me to use it. I will go on quietly and slowly, but I will go on firmly, and with a certainty of success. I am now arranging a plan for the formation of the Irish House of Commons.

It is a theory, but it is a theory that may be realized in three

weeks. The repeal arbitrators are beginning to act; the people are submitting their differences to men chosen by themselves. You will see by the newspapers that Dr. Gray and my son, and other gentlemen, have already held a petty session of their own, where justice will be administered free of all expense to the people. The people shall have chosen magistrates of their own in the room of the magistrates who have been removed. The people shall submit their differences to them, and shall have strict justice administered to them that shall not cost them a single farthing. I shall go on with that plan until we have all disputes settled and decided by justices appointed by the people themselves. [Long may you live.] I wish to live long enough to have perfect justice administered to Ireland, and liberty proclaimed throughout the land. It will take me some time to prepare my plan for the formation of the new Irish House of Commons—that plan which we will yet submit to her Majesty for her approval, when she gets rid of her present paltry administration and has one that I can support. But I must finish that job before I go forth, and one of my reasons for calling you together is to state my intentions to you. Before I arrange my plan the Conciliation Hall will be finished, and it will be worth any man's while to go from Mullaghmast to Dublin to see it.

When we have it arranged I will call together three hundred, as the "Times" called them, bogtrotters, but better men never stepped on pavement. But I will have the three hundred and no thanks to them. Wales is up at present, almost in a state of insurrection. The people there have found that the landlords' power is too great and has been used tyrannically, and I believe you agree with them tolerably well in that. They insist on the sacredness of the right of the tenants to security of possession, and with the equity of tenure which I would establish we will do the landlords full justice, but we will do the people justice also. We will recollect that the land is the landlord's, and let him have the benefit of it, but we will also recollect that the labor belongs to the tenant and the tenant must have the value of his labor, not transitory and by the day, but permanently and by the year. Yes, my friends, for this purpose I must get some time. I worked the present repeal year tolerably well. I believe no one in January last would believe that we could have such a meeting within the year as the Tara demonstration.

You may be sure of this—and I say it in the presence of Him who will judge me—that I never will willfully deceive you. I have but one wish under heaven, and that is for the liberty and prosperity of Ireland. I am for leaving England to the English, Scotland to the Scotch, but we must have Ireland for the Irish. I will not be content until I see not a single man in any office, from the lowest constable to the Lord Chancellor, but Irishmen. This is our land, and we must have it. We will be obedient to the Queen, joined to England by the golden link of the Crown, but we must have our own parliament, our own bench, our own magistrates, and we will give some of the shoneens who now occupy the bench leave to retire, such as those lately appointed by Sugden. He is a pretty boy, sent here from England; but I ask, did you ever hear such a name as he has got? I remember, in Wexford, a man told me he had a pig at home which he was so fond of that he would call it Sugden. No; we shall get judicial independence for Ireland. It is for this purpose we are assembled here to-day, as every countenance I see around me testifies. If there is any one here who is for the Union, let him say so. Is there anybody here for the repeal? [Cries of "all, all," and loud cheering.]

Yes, my friends, the Union was begot in iniquity — it was perpetrated in fraud and cruelty. It was no compact, no bargain, but it was an act of the most decided tyranny and corruption that was ever yet perpetrated. Trial by jury was suspended — the right of personal protection was at an end — courts martial sat throughout the land — and the county of Kildare, among others, flowed with blood. Oh, my friends, listen now to the man of peace, who will never expose you to the power of your enemies. In 1798 there were some brave men, some valiant men, to head the people at large, but there were many traitors, who left the people in the power of their enemies. The Curragh of Kildare afforded an instance of the fate which Irishmen were to expect, who confided in their Saxon enemies. Oh, it was an ill-organized, a premature, a foolish, and an absurd insurrection; but you have a leader now who never will allow you to commit any act so foolish or so destructive. How delighted do I feel with the thorough conviction which has come over the minds of the people, that they could not gratify your enemies more than by committing a crime. No; our ancestors suffered for confiding in the

English, but we never will confide in them. They suffered for being divided amongst themselves. There is no division amongst us. They suffered for their own dissensions — for not standing man to man by each other's side. We shall stand peaceably side by side in the face of every enemy. Oh, how delighted was I in the scenes which I witnessed as I came along here to-day! How my heart throbbed, how my spirit was elevated, how my bosom swelled with delight at the multitude which I beheld, and which I shall behold, of the stalwart and strong men of Kildare! I was delighted at the activity and force that I saw around me, and my old heart grew warm again in admiring the beauty of the dark-eyed maids and matrons of Kildare. Oh, there is a starlight sparkling from the eye of a Kildare beauty, that is scarcely equalled, and could not be excelled all over the world. And remember that you are the sons, the fathers, the brothers, and the husbands of such women, and a traitor or a coward could never be connected with any of them. Yes, I am in a county, remarkable in the history of Ireland for its bravery and its misfortune, for its credulity in the faith of others, for its people judged of the Saxon by the honesty and honor of their own natures. I am in a county celebrated for the sacredness of its shrines and fanes. I am in a county where the lamp of Kildare's holy shrine burned with its sacred fire, through ages of darkness and storm — that fire which for six centuries burned before the high altar without being extinguished, being fed continuously, without the slightest interruption, and it seemed to me to have been not an inapt representation of the continuous fidelity and religious love of country of the men of Kildare. Yes, you have those high qualities — religious fidelity, continuous love of country. Even your enemies admit that the world has never produced any people that exceeded the Irish in activity and strength. The Scottish philosopher has declared, and the French philosopher has confirmed it, that number one in the human race is, blessed be Heaven, the Irishman. In moral virtue, in religion, in perseverance, and in glorious temperance, you excel. Have I any teetotallers here? Yes, it is teetotallism that is repealing the Union. I could not afford to bring you together, I would not dare to bring you together, but that I had the teetotallers for my police.

Yes, among the nations of the earth, Ireland stands number one

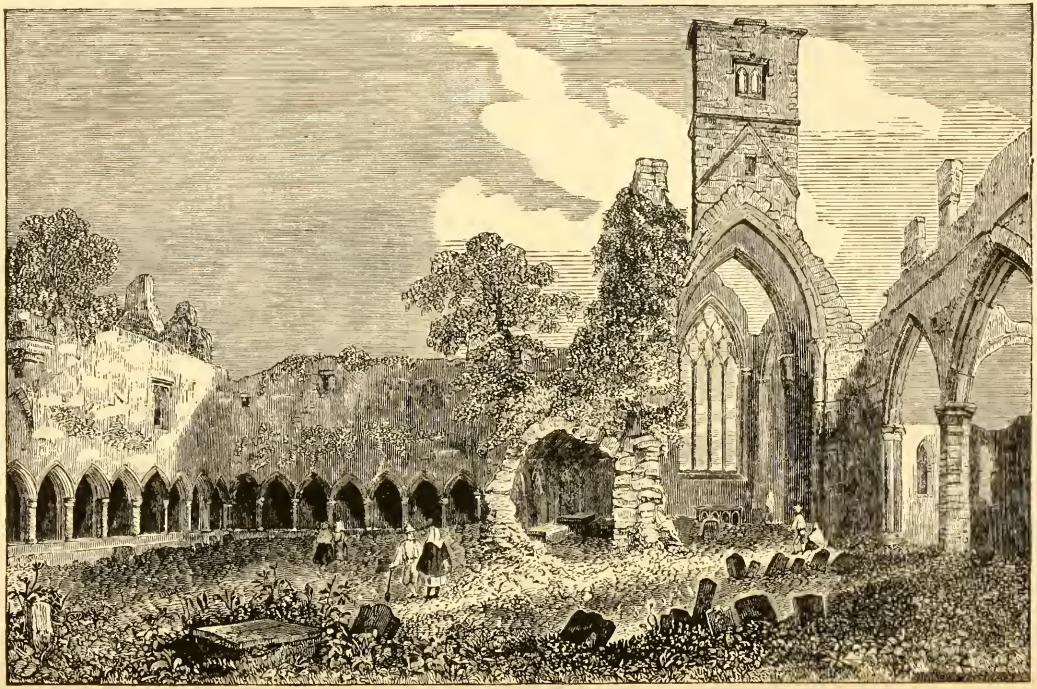
in the physical strength of her sons, and in the beauty and purity of her daughters. Ireland, land of my forefathers, how my mind expands, and my spirit walks abroad in something of majesty, when I contemplate the high qualities, inestimable virtues, and true purity and piety, and religious fidelity of the inhabitants of your green fields and productive mountains. Oh, what a scene surrounds us! — It is not only the countless thousands of brave and active and peaceable and religious men that are here assembled, but nature herself has written her character with the finest beauty in the verdant plains that surround us. Let any man run round the horizon with his eye, and tell me if created nature ever produced anything so green and so lovely, so undulating, so teeming with production. The richest harvests that any land can produce are those reaped in Ireland; and then here are the sweetest meadows, the greenest fields, the loftiest mountains, the purest streams, the noblest rivers, the most capacious harbors — and her water-power is equal to turn the machinery of the whole world. Oh, my friends, it is a country worth fighting for — it is a country worth dying for; but above all, it is a country worth being tranquil, determined, submissive and docile; for disciplined as you are in obedience to those who are breaking the way, and trampling down the barriers between you and your constitutional liberty, I will see every man of you having a vote, and every man protected by the ballot from the agent or landlord. I will see labor protected, and every title to possession recognized, when you are industrious and honest. I will see prosperity again throughout your land — the busy hum of the shuttle and the tinkling of the smithy shall be heard again. We shall see the nailer employed even until the middle of the night, and the carpenter covering himself with his chips. I will see prosperity in all its gradations spreading through a happy, contented, religious land. I will hear the hymn of a happy people go forth at sunrise to God in praise of his mercies — and I will see the evening sun set down amongst the uplifted hands of a religious and free population. Every blessing that man can bestow and religion can confer upon the faithful heart, shall spread throughout the land. Stand by me — join with me — I will say be obedient to me, and Ireland shall be free.

SPEECHES.

BY

CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ.

[675]



FRANCISCAN ABBEY, CO. SLIGO.

A Speech

Delivered at a Public Dinner given to Mr. Finlay by the Roman Catholics of the Town and County of Sligo.

I THINK, Sir, you will agree with me, that the most experienced speaker might justly tremble in addressing you, after the display you have just witnessed. What then, must I feel, who never before addressed a public audience? However, it would be but an unworthy affectation in me, were I to conceal from you the emotions with which I am agitated by this kindness. The exaggerated estimate which other countries have made of the few services so young a man could render, has I hope, inspired me with the sentiments it ought; but *here*, I do confess to you, I feel no ordinary sensation — here, where every object springs some new association, and the loveliest objects, mellowed as they are by time, rise painted on the eye of memory — here, where the light of heaven first blessed my infant view, and nature breathed into my infant heart, that ardor for my country which nothing but death can chill — here, where the scenes of my childhood remind me how innocent I was, and the graves of my fathers admonish me how pure I should continue — here, standing as I do amongst my fairest, fondest, earliest sympathies — such a welcome, operating, not merely as an affectionate tribute, but as a moral testimony, does indeed quite oppress and overwhelm me.

Oh! believe me, warm is the heart that feels, and willing is the tongue that speaks; and still, I cannot, by shaping it to my rudely inexpressive phrase, shock the sensibility of a gratitude too full to be suppressed, and yet (how far!) too eloquent for language.

If any circumstance could add to the pleasure of this day, it is that which I feel in introducing to the friends of my youth the friend of my adoption; though perhaps I am committing one of our im-

puted blunders, when I speak of introducing one whose patriotism has already rendered him familiar to every heart in Ireland; a man, who, conquering every disadvantage, and spurning every difficulty, has poured around our misfortunes the splendor of an intellect, that at once irradiates and consumes them. For the services he has rendered to his country, from my heart I thank him; and, for myself, I offer him a personal, it may be selfish tribute, for saving me, by his presence this night, from an impotent attempt at his panegyric. Indeed, gentlemen, you can have little idea of what he has to endure, who in these times, advocates your cause. Every calumny which the venal and the vulgar, and the vile, are lavishing upon you, is visited with exaggeration upon us. We are called traitors, because we would rally round the crown an unanimous people. We are called apostates, because we will not persecute Christianity. We are branded as separatists, because of our endeavors to annihilate the fetters that, instead of binding, clog the connection. To these may be added, the frowns of power, the envy of dulness, the mean malice of exposed self-interest, and, it may be, in despite of all natural affection, even the discountenance of kindred! —Well, be it so, —

> For thee, fair Freedom, welcome all the past,
> For thee, my country, welcome, even the last!

I am not ashamed to confess to you, that there was a day when I was bigoted as the blackest; but I thank the Being who gifted me with a mind not quite impervious to conviction, and I thank you, who afforded such convincing testimonies of my error. I saw you enduring with patience the most unmerited assaults, bowing before the insults of revived anniversaries; in private life, exemplary; in public, unoffending; in the hour of peace, asserting your loyalty; in the hour of danger, proving it. Even when an invading enemy victoriously penetrated into the very heart of our country, I saw the banner of your allegiance beaming refutation on your slanderers; was it a wonder, then that I seized my prejudices, and with a blush burned them on the altar of my country!

The great question of Catholic, shall I not rather say, of Irish emancipation, has now assumed that national aspect which imperiously challenges the scrutiny of every one. While it was shrouded in the mantle of religious mystery, with the temple for its sanctuary,

and the pontiff for its sentinel, the vulgar eye might shrink and the vulgar spirit shudder. But now it has come forth, visible and tangible for the inspection of the laity; and I solemnly protest, dressed as it has been in the double haberdashery of the English minister and the Italian prelate, I know not whether to laugh at its appearance, or to loathe its pretensions — to shudder at the deformity of its original creation, or smile at the grotesqueness of its foreign decorations. Only just admire this far-famed security bill, this motley compound of oaths and penalties, which, under the name of emancipation, would drag your prelates with a halter about their necks to the vulgar scrutiny of every village tyrant, in order to enrich a few political traders and distil through some state alembic the miserable rinsings of an ignorant, a decaying, and degenerate aristocracy! Only just admire it! Originally engendered by our *friends* the opposition, with a *cuckoo* insidiousness they swindled it into the nest of the treasury ravens, and when it had been fairly hatched with the beak of the one, and the nakedness of the other, they sent it for its feathers to Monseigneur Quarantotti, who has obligingly transmitted it with the hunger of its parent, the rapacity of its nurse, and the coxcombry of its *plumassier*, to be baptized by the bishops, and received *æquo gratoque animo* by the people of Ireland!! Oh, thou sublimely ridiculous Quarantotti! Oh, thou superlative coxcomb of the conclave! what an estimate hast thou formed of the MIND of Ireland! Yet why should I blame this wretched scribe of the Propaganda! He had every right to speculate as he did; all the chances of the calculation were in his favor. Uncommon must be the people, over whom centuries of oppression have revolved in vain! Strange must be the mind, which is not subdued by suffering! Sublime the spirit which is not debased by servitude! God, I give thee thanks! — he knew not Ireland. Bent — broken — manacled as she had been, she will not bow to the mandate of an Italian slave, transmitted through an English vicar. For my own part, as an Irish Protestant, I trample to earth this audacious and desperate experiment of authority; and for you, as Catholics, the time has come to give that calumny the lie, which represents you as subservient to a foreign influence. That influence, indeed, seems not quite so unbending as it suited the purposes of bigotry to represent it, and appears now not to have conceded

more, only because more was not demanded. The theology of the question is not for me to argue, it cannot be in better hands than in those of your bishops; and I can have no doubt that when they bring their rank, their learning, their talents, their piety, and their patriotism to this sublime deliberation, they will consult the dignity of that venerable fabric which has stood for ages, splendid and immutable; which time could not crumble, nor persecutions shake, nor revolutions change; which has stood amongst us, like some stupendous and majestic Appenine, the earth rocking at its feet, and the heavens roaring around its head, firmly balanced on the base of its eternity; the relic of WHAT WAS; the solemn and sublime memento of WHAT MUST BE!

Is this my opinion as a professed member of the church of England? Undoubtedly it is. As an Irishman, I feel my liberties interwoven, and the best affections of my heart as it were *enfibred* with those of my Catholic countrymen; and as a Protestant, convinced of the purity of my own faith, would I not debase it by postponing the powers of reason to the suspicious instrumentality of this world's conversion? No; surrendering as I do, with a proud contempt, all the degrading advantages with which an ecclesiastical usurpation would invest me; so I will not interfere with a blasphemous intrusion between any man and his Maker. I hold it a criminal and accursed sacrilege, to rob even a beggar of a single motive for his devotion: and I hold it an equal insult to my own faith, to offer me any boon for its profession. This pretended emancipation bill passing into a law, would, in my mind, strike not a blow at this sect or that, but at the very vitality of Christianity itself. I am thoroughly convinced that the antichristian connection between church and state, which it was suited to increase, has done more mischief to the Gospel interest, than all the ravings of infidelity since the crucifixion. The sublime Creator of our blessed creed never meant it to be the channel of a courtly influence, or the source of a corrupt ascendancy. He sent it amongst us to heal, not to irritate; to associate, not to seclude; to collect together, like the baptismal dove, every creed and clime and color in the universe, beneath the spotless wing of its protection. The union of church and state only converts good Christians into bad statesmen, and political knaves into pretended Christians. It is at best but a foul and adulterous

connection, polluting the purity of heaven with the abomination of earth, and hanging the tatters of a *political piety* upon the cross of an insulted Saviour.

Religion, holy religion, ought not, in the words of its Founder, to be "led into temptation." The hand that holds her chalice should be pure, and the priests of her temple should be spotless as the vestments of their ministry. Rank only degrades, wealth only impoverishes, ornaments but disfigure her. I would have her pure, unpensioned, unstipendiary; she should rob the earth of nothing but its sorrows: a divine arch of promise, her extremities should rest on the horizon, and her span embrace the universe; but her only sustenance should be the tears that were exhaled and embellished by the sunbeam. Such is my idea of what religion ought to be. What would this bill make it? A mendicant of the Castle, a menial at the levee, its manual the red book, its liturgy the pension list, its gospel the will of the minister! Methinks I see the stalled and fatted victim of its creation, cringing with a brute suppliancy through the venal mob of ministerial flatterers, crouching to the ephemeral idol of the day; and, like the devoted sacrifice of ancient heathenism, glorying in the garland that only decorates him for death! I will read to you the opinions of a celebrated Irishman, on the suggestion in his day, of a bill similar to that now proposed for our oppression. He was a man who added to the pride, not merely of his country, but of his species; a man who robed the very soul of inspiration in the splendors of a pure and overpowering eloquence. I allude to Mr. Burke, — an authority at least to which the sticklers for establishments can offer no objection. "Before I had written thus far," says he, in his letter on the penal laws, "I heard of a scheme for giving the Castle the patronage of the presiding members of the Catholic clergy. At first I could scarcely credit it; for I believe it is the first time that the presentation to other people's alms has been desired in any country. Never were the members of one religious sect fit to appoint the pastors to another. It is a great deal to suppose that the present Castle would nominate bishops for the Roman church in Ireland, with a religious regard for its welfare. Perhaps they cannot, perhaps they dare not do it. But suppose them to be as well inclined, as I know that I am, to do the Catholics all kinds of justice, I declare I would not, if it were in my power, take that pat-

ronage on myself. I know I ought not to do it. I belong to another community; and it would be an intolerable usurpation in me, where I conferred no benefit, or even if I did confer temporal advantages. How can the Lord Lieutenant form the least judgment on their merits, so as to decide which of the Popish priests is fit to be a bishop? It cannot be. The idea is ridiculous. He will hand them over to Lords-Lieutenant of counties, justices of the peace, and others, who, for the purpose of vexing and turning into derision this miserable people, will pick out the worst and most obnoxious they can find amongst the clergy to govern the rest. Whoever is complained against by his brother, will be considered as persecuted; whoever is censured by his superior, will be looked upon as oppressed; whoever is careless in his opinions, loose in his morals, will be called a liberal man, and will be supposed to have incurred hatred because he was not a bigot. Informers, tale-bearers, perverse and obstinate men, flatterers, who turn their back upon their flock, and court the Protestant gentlemen of their country, will be the objects of preferment; and then I run no risk in foretelling, that whatever order, quiet, and morality you have in the country, will be lost." Now, let me ask you, is it to such characters as those described by Burke, that you would delegate the influence imputed to your priesthood? Believe me, you would see them transferring their devotion from the Cross to the Castle; wearing their sacred vestments but as a masquerade appendage, and, under the degraded passport of the Almighty's name, sharing the pleasures of the court, and the spoils of the people. When I say this I am bound to add, and I do so from many proud and pleasing recollections, that I think the impression on the Catholic clergy of the present day would be late, and would be delible. But it is human nature. Rare are the instances in which a contact with the court has not been the beginning of corruption. The man of God is peculiarly disconnected with it. It directly violates his special mandate, who took his birth from the manger, and his disciples from the fishing-boat. Judas was the first who received the money of power, and it ended in the disgrace of his creed and the death of his master. If I was a Catholic, I would peculiarly deprecate any interference with my priesthood. Indeed, I do not think, in any one respect in which we should wish to view the delegates of the Almighty, that, making fair

allowances for human infirmity, they could be amended. The Catholic clergy of Ireland are rare examples of the doctrines they inculcate. Pious in their habits, almost primitive in their manners, they have no care but their flock; no study but their Gospel. It is not in the gaudy ring of courtly dissipation that you will find the Murrays, the Corpingers, and the Moylands of the present day — not at the levee, or at the lounge, or the election riot. No; you will find them wherever good is to be done, or evil to be corrected — rearing their mitres in the van of misery, consoling the captive, reforming the convict, enriching the orphan; ornaments of this world, and emblems of a better; preaching their God through the practice of every virtue; monitors at the confessional, apostles in the pulpit, saints at the death bed, holding the sacred water to the lip of sin, or pouring the redeeming unction on the agonies of despair. Oh, I would hold him little better than the Promethean robber, who would turn the fire of their eternal altar into the impure and perishable mass of this world's preferment. Better by far that the days of ancient barbarism should revive; better that your religion should again take refuge among the fastnesses of the mountain, and the solitude of the cavern; better that the rack of a murderous bigotry should again terminate the miseries of your priesthood, and that the gate of freedom should be only open to them through the gate of martyrdom, than they should gild their missals with the wages of a court, and expect their ecclesiastical promotion, not from their superior piety, but their comparative prostitution. But why this interference with your principles of conscience? Why is it that they will not erect your liberties save on the ruin of your temples? Why is it that in the day of peace they demand securities from a people who in the day of danger constituted their strength? When were they denied every security that was reasonable? Was it in 1776, when a cloud of enemies, hovering on our coast, saw every heart a shield, and every hill a fortress? Did they want securities in Catholic Spain? Were they denied securities in Catholic Portugal? What is their security to-day in Catholic Canada? Return — return to us our own glorious Wellington, and tell incredulous England what was her security amid the lines of Torres Vedras, or on the summit of Barrossa! Rise, libelled martyrs of the Peninsula! rise from your "gory bed," and give security for your child-

less parents! No, there is not a Catholic family in Ireland, that for the glory of Great Britain is not weeping over a child's, a brother's, or a parent's grave, and yet still she clamors for securities! Oh, Prejudice! where is thy reason! Oh, Bigotry! where is thy blush! If ever there was an opportunity for England to combine gratitude with justice, and dignity with safety, it is the present. Now, when Irish blood has crimsoned the cross upon her naval flag, and an Irish hero strikes the harp to victory upon the summit of the Pyrenees. England — England! do not hesitate. This hour of triumph may be but the hour of trial; another season may see the splendid panorama of European vassalage, arrayed by your ruthless enemy, and glittering beneath the ruins of another capital — perhaps of London. Who can say it? A few months since, Moscow stood as splendid, as secure. Fair rose the morn on the patriarchal city — the empress of her nation, the queen of commerce, the sanctuary of strangers; her thousand spires pierced the very heavens, and her domes of gold reflected back the sunbeams. The spoiler came; he marked her for his victim; and, as if his very glance was destiny, even before the night-fall, with all her pomp and wealth, and happiness, she withered from the world! A heap of ashes told where once stood Moscow! Merciful God! if this lord of desolation, heading his locust legions, were to invade our country; though I do not ask what would be your determination; though, in the language of our young enthusiast, I am sure you would oppose him with "a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other;" still I do ask with fearlessness, upon what single principle of policy or of justice, could the advocates for your exclusion solicit your assistance; could they expect you to support a constitution from whose benefits you were debarred? With what front could they ask you to recover an ascendancy, which, in point of fact, was but re-establishing your bondage?

It has been said that there is a faction in Ireland ready to join this despot — "a French party," as Mr. Grattan thought it decent, even in the very senate house, to promulgate. Sir, I speak the universal voice of Ireland, when I say, she spurns the imputation. There is no "French party" here, but there is, — and it would be strange if there was not, — there is an Irish party — men who cannot bear to see their country taunted with the mockery of a constitution; men who will be content with no connection that refuses

them a community of benefits while it imposes a community of privations; men who, sooner than see this land polluted by the footsteps of a slave, would wish the ocean-wave became its sepulchre, and that the orb of heaven forgot where it existed. It has been said too (and when we were to be calumniated, what has not been said?) that Irishmen are neither fit for freedom or grateful for favors. In the first place, I deny that to be a favor which is a *right;* and in the next place, I utterly deny that a system of conciliation has ever been adopted with respect to Ireland. Try them, and, my life on it, they will be found grateful. I think I know my countrymen; they cannot help being grateful for a benefit; and there is no country on the earth where one would be conferred with more characteristic benevolence. They are, emphatically, the school-boys of the heart, a people of sympathy; their acts spring instinctively from their passions; by nature ardent, by instinct brave, by inheritance generous. The children of impulse, they cannot avoid their virtues; and to be other than noble, they must not only be unnatural but unnational. Put my panegyric to the test. Enter the hovel of the Irish peasant. I do not say you will find the frugality of the Scotch, the comfort of the English, or the fantastic decorations of the French cottager; but I do say, within those wretched bazaars of mud and misery you will find sensibility the most affecting, politeness the most natural, hospitality the most grateful, merit the most unconscious; their look is eloquence, their smile is love, their retort is wit, their remark is wisdom; not a wisdom borrowed from the dead, but that with which nature herself has inspired them; an acute observance of the passing scene, and a deep insight into the motives of its agent. Try to deceive them, and see with what shrewdness they will detect; try to outwit them, and see with what humor they will elude; attack them with argument, and you will stand amazed at the strength of their expression, the rapidity of their ideas, and the energy of their gesture. In short, God seems to have formed our country like our people; he has thrown round the one its wild, magnificent, decorated rudeness; he has infused into the other the simplicity of genius and the seeds of virtue; he says audibly to us, "Give them cultivation."

This is the way, Gentlemen, in which I have always looked upon your question — not as a party, or a sectarian, or a Catholic, but as

an Irish question. Is it possible that any man can seriously believe the paralyzing five millions of such a people as I have been describing, can be a benefit to the empire! Is there any man who deserves the name not of a statesman, but of a rational being, who can think it politic to rob such a multitude of all the energies of an honorable ambition! Look to Protestant Ireland, shooting over the empire those rays of genius, and those thunderbolts of war, that have at once embellished and preserved it. I speak not of a former era. I refer not for my example to the day just passed, when our Burkes, our Barrys, and our Goldsmiths, exiled by this system from their native shore, wreathed the "immortal shamrock" round the brow of painting, poetry, and eloquence! But now, even while I speak, who leads the British senate? A Protestant Irishman! Who guides the British arms? A Protestant Irishman! And why, why is Catholic Ireland, with her quintuple population, stationary and silent? Have physical causes neutralized its energies? Has the religion of Christ stupefied its intellect? Has the God of mankind become the partisan of a monopoly, and put an interdict on its advancement? Stranger, do not ask the bigoted and pampered renegade who has an interest in deceiving you; but open the penal statutes, and weep tears of blood over the reason. Come — come yourself, and see this unhappy people; see the Irishman, the only alien in Ireland, in rags and wretchedness, staining the sweetest scenery ever eye reposed on, persecuted by the extorting middleman of some absentee landlord, plundered by the lay-proctor of some rapacious and unsympathizing incumbent, bearing through life but insults and injustice, and bereaved even of any hope in death by the heart-rending reflection that he leaves his children to bear, like their father, an abominable bondage? Is it the fact? Let any who doubts it walk out into your streets, and see the consequences of such a system; see it rearing up crowds in a kind of apprenticeship to the prison, absolutely permitted by their parents, from utter despair, to lisp the alphabet and learn the rudiments of profligacy? For my part, never did I meet one of these youthful assemblages without feeling within me a melancholy emotion. How often have I thought, within that little circle of neglected triflers who seem to have been born in caprice and bred in orphanage, there may exist some mind formed of the finest mould, and wrought for immortality; a soul swelling

with the energies and stamped with the patent of the Deity, which, under proper culture might perhaps bless, adorn, immortalize, or ennoble empires; some Cincinnatus, in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant; some Milton, "pregnant with celestial fire;" some Curran, who, when thrones were crumbled and dynasties forgotten, might stand the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruins and national dissolution, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shade things might moulder, and round whose summit eternity must play. Even in such a circle the young Demosthenes might have once been found, and Homer, the disgrace and glory of his age, have sung neglected! Have not other nations witnessed those things, and who shall say that nature has peculiarly degraded the intellect of Ireland? Oh, my countrymen, let us hope that under better auspices and a sounder policy, the ignorance that thinks so may meet its refutation. Let us turn from the blight and ruin of this wintry day to the fond anticipation of a happier period, when our prostrate land shall stand erect among the nations, fearless and unfettered; her brow blooming with the wreath of science, and her path strewed with the offerings of art; the breath of heaven blessing her flag, the extremities of earth acknowledging her name, her fields waving with the fruits of agriculture, her ports alive with the contributions of commerce, and her temples vocal with unrestricted piety. Such is the ambition of the true patriot; such are the views for which we are calumniated! Oh, divine ambition! Oh, delightful calumny! Happy he who shall see thee accomplished! Happy he who through every peril toils for thy attainment! Proceed, friend of Ireland and partaker of her wrongs, proceed undaunted to this glorious consummation. Fortune will not gild, power will not ennoble thee: but thou shalt be rich in the love and titled by the blessings of thy country; thy path shall be illumined by the public eye, thy labors enlightened by the public gratitude; and oh, remember — amid the impediments with which corruption will oppose, and the dejection with which disappointments may depress you — remember you are acquiring a name to be cherished by the future generations of earth, long after it has been enrolled amongst the inheritors of heaven.

A Speech

Delivered at an Aggregate Meeting of the Roman Catholics of Cork.

IT is with no small degree of self-congratulation that I at length find myself in a province which every glance of the eye, and every throb of the heart, tells me is truly Irish; and that congratulation is not a little enhanced by finding that you receive me not quite as a stranger. Indeed, if to respect the Christian without regard to his creed, if to love the country but the more for its calamities, if to hate oppression though it be robed in power, if to venerate integrity though it pine under persecution, gives a man any claim to your recognition, then, indeed, I am not a stranger amongst you. There is a bond of union between brethren, however distant; there is a sympathy between the virtuous, however separated; there is a heaven-born instinct by which the associates of the heart become at once acquainted, and kindred natures, as it were by magic, see in the face of a stranger, the features of a friend. Thus it is, that, though we never met, you hail in me the sweet association, and I feel myself amongst you even as if I were in the home of my nativity. But this my knowledge of you was not left to chance; nor was it left to the records of your charity, the memorials of your patriotism, your municipal magnificence, or your commercial splendor; it came to me hallowed by the accents of that tongue on which Ireland has so often hung with ecstacy, heightened by the eloquence and endeared by the sincerity of, I hope, our mutual friend. Let me congratulate him on having become in some degree, naturalized in a province, where the spirit of the elder day seems to have lingered; and let me congratulate you on the acquisition of a man who is at once the zealous advocate of your cause, and a practical instance of the injustice of your oppressions. Surely,

surely if merit had fair play, if splendid talents, if indefatigable industry, if great research, if unsullied principle, if a heart full of the finest affections, if a mind matured in every manly accomplishment, in short, if every noble, public quality, mellowed and reflected in the pure mirror of domestic virtue, could entitle a subject to distinction in a state, Mr. O'Connell should be distinguished; but, it is his crime to be a Catholic, and his curse to be an Irishman. Simpleton! he prefers his conscience to a place, and the love of his country to a participation in her plunder! Indeed he will never rise. If he joined the bigots of my sect, he might be a sergeant; if he joined the infidels of your sect, he might enjoy a pension, and there is no knowing whether some Orange-corporator, at an Orange-anniversary, might not modestly yield him the precedence of giving "the glorious and immortal memory." Oh, yes; he might be privileged to get drunk in gratitude to the man who colonized ignorance in his native land, and left to his creed the legacy of legalized persecution. Nor would he stand alone, no matter what might be the measure of his disgrace, or the degree of his dereliction. You will know there are many of your own community who would leave him at the distance-post. In contemplating their recreancy, I should be almost tempted to smile at the exhibition of their pretensions, if there was not a kind of moral melancholy intermingled, that changed satire into pity, and ridicule into contempt. For my part, I behold them in the apathy of their servitude, as I would some miserable maniac in the contentment of his captivity. Poor creature! when all that raised him from the brute is levelled, and his glorious intellect is mouldering in ruins, you may see him with his song of triumph, and his crown of straw, a fancied freeman amid the clanking of his chains, and an imaginary monarch beneath the inflictions of his keeper! Merciful God! is it not almost an argument for the sceptic and disbeliever, when we see the human shape almost without an aspiration of the human soul, separated by no boundary from the beasts that perish — beholding with indifference the captivity of their country, the persecution of their creed, and the helpless, hopeless destiny of their children? But they have nor creed nor consciences, nor country; their god is gold, their gospel is a contract, their church a counting-house, their characters a commodity; they never pray but for the opportunities of corruption, and hold their consciences, as

they do their government-debentures, at a price proportioned to the misfortunes of their country.

But let us turn from these mendicants of disgrace: though Ireland is doomed to the stain of their birth, her mind need not be sullied by their contemplation. I turn from them with pleasure to the contemplation of your cause, which, as far as argument can affect it, stands on a sublime and splendid elevation. Every obstacle has vanished into air; every favorable circumstance has hardened into adamant. The Pope, whom childhood was taught to lisp as the enemy of religion, and age shuddered at as a prescriptive calamity, has by his example put the princes of Christendom to shame. This day of miracles, in which the human heart has been strung to its extremest point of energy; this day, to which posterity will look for instances of every crime and every virtue, holds not in its page of wonders a more sublime phenonemon, than that calumniated pontiff. Placed at the very pinnacle of human elevation, surrounded by the pomp of the Vatican and the splendors of the court, pouring the mandates of Christ from the throne of the Cæsars, nations were his subjects, kings were his companions, religion was his handmaid; he went forth gorgeous with the accumulated dignity of ages, every knee bending, and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another. Have we not seen him in one moment, his crown crumbled, his sceptre a reed, his throne a shadow, his home a dungeon! But if we have, Catholics, it was only to show how inestimable is human virtue compared with human grandeur; it was only to show those whose faith was failing, and whose fears were strengthening, that the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints, and the patience of the martyrs, had not wholly vanished. Perhaps it was also ordained to show the bigot at home, as well as the tyrant abroad, that though the person might be chained, and the motive calumniated, religion was still strong enough to support her sons, and to confound, if she could not reclaim, her enemies. No threats could awe, no promises could tempt, no sufferings could appal him; mid the damps of his dungeon he dashed away the cup in which the pearl of his liberty was to be dissolved. Only reflect on the state of the world at that moment! All around him was convulsed, the very foundations of the earth seemed giving away, the comet was let loose that, "from its fiery hair shook pestilence

and death," the twilight was gathering, the tempest was roaring, the darkness was at hand; but he towered sublime, like the last mountain in the deluge — majestic, not less in his elevation than in his solitude, immutable amid change, magnificent amid ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty, the last resting-place of heaven's light! Thus have the terrors of the Vatican retreated; thus has that cloud which hovered o'er your cause brightened at once into a sign of your faith and an assurance of your victory.

Another obstacle, the omnipotence of France; I know it was a pretence, but it was made an obstacle. What has become of it? The spell of her invincibility destroyed, the spirit of her armies broken, her immense boundary dismembered, and the lord of her empire become the exile of a rock. She allows fancy no fear, and bigotry no speciousness; and, as if in the very operation of the change to point the purpose of your redemption, the hand that replanted the rejected lily was that of an *Irish Catholic*. Perhaps it is not also unworthy of remark, that the last day of her triumph, and the first of her decline, was that on which her insatiable chieftain smote the holy head of your religion. You will hardly suspect I am imbued with the follies of superstition; but when the man now unborn shall trace the story of that eventful day, he will see the adopted child of fortune, borne on the wings of victory from clime to clime, marking every movement with a triumph, and every pause with a crown, till time, space, and seasons, nay, even nature herself, seeming to vanish from before him — in the blasphemy of his ambition he smote the apostle of his God, and dared to raise the everlasting Cross amid his perishable trophies! I am no fanatic: but is it not remarkable? May it not be one of those signs which the Deity has sometimes given, in compassion to our infirmity? — signs which, in the punishment of one nation, not unfrequently denote the warning to another:—

> "Signs sent by God to mark the will of Heaven:
> Signs which bid nations weep and be forgiven."

The argument, however, is taken from the bigot; and those whose consciousness taught them to expect what your loyalty should have taught them to repel, can no longer oppose you from the terrors of invasion. Thus, then, the papal phantom and the French threat have vanished into nothing.

Another obstacle, the tenets of your creed. Has England still to learn them? I will tell her where. Let her ask Canada, the last plank of her American shipwreck. Let her ask Portugal, the first omen of her European splendor. Let her ask Spain, the most Catholic country in the universe, her Catholic friends, her Catholic allies, her rivals in the triumph, her reliance in the retreat, her last stay when the world had deserted her. They must have told her on the field of blood whether it was true that they "*kept no faith with heretics.*" Alas, alas! how miserable a thing is bigotry, when every friend puts it to the blush, and every triumph but rebukes its weakness. If England continued still to accredit this calumny, I would direct her for conviction to the hero, for whose gift alone she owes us an eternity of gratitude; whom we have seen leading the van of universal emancipation, decking his wreath with the flowers of every soil, and filling his army with the soldiers of every sect; before whose splendid dawn, every tear exhaling, and every vapor vanishing, the colors of the European world have revived, and the spirit of European liberty (may no crime avert the omen!) seems to have arisen! Suppose he was a Catholic, could this have been? Suppose Catholics did not follow him, could this have been? Did the Catholic Cortes inquire his faith when they gave him the supreme command? Did the Regent of Portugal withhold from his creed the reward of his valor? Did the Catholic soldier pause at Salamanca to dispute upon polemics? Did the Catholic chieftain prove upon Barossa that he kept no faith with heretics? or did the creed of Spain, the same with that of France, the opposite of that of England, prevent their association in the field of liberty? Oh, no, no, no! the citizen of every clime, the friend of every color, and the child of every creed, liberty walks abroad in the ubiquity of her benevolence: alike to her the varieties of faith and the vicissitudes of country; she has no object but the happiness of man, no bounds but the extremities of creation. Yes, yes, it was reserved for Wellington to redeem his own country when he was regenerating every other. It was reserved for him to show how vile were the aspersions on your creed, how generous were the glowings of your gratitude. He was a Protestant, yet Catholics trusted him: he was a Protestant, yet Catholics advanced him! He is a Protestant Knight in Catholic Portugal; he is a Protestant Duke in Catholic Spain; he is a Prot-

estant commander of Catholic armies. He is more: he is the living proof of the Catholic's liberality, and the undeniable refutation of the Protestant's injustice. Gentlemen, as a Protestant, though I may blush for the bigotry of many of my creed who continue obstinate, in the teeth of this conviction, still, were I a Catholic, I should feel little triumph in the victory. I should only hang my head at the distresses which this warfare occasioned to my country. I should only think how long she had withered in the agony of her disunion; how long she had bent, fettered by slaves, cajoled by blockheads, and plundered by adventurers; the proverb of the fool, the prey of the politician, the dupe of the designing, the experiment of the desperate: struggling as it were between her own fanatical and infatuated parties, those hell-engendered serpents which enfold her, like the Trojan seer, even at the worship of her altars, and crush her to death in the very embraces of her children! It is time (is it not?) that she should be extricated. The act would be proud, the means would be Christian; mutual forbearance, mutual indulgence, mutual concession. I would say to the Protestant, "Concede:" I would say to the Catholic, "Forgive;" I would say to both, "Though you bend not at the same shrine, you have a common God and a common country; the one has commanded love, the other kneels to you for peace." This hostility of her sects has been the disgrace, the peculiar disgrace of Christianity. The Gentoo loves his cast; so does the Mahometan; so does the Hindoo, whom England, out of the abundance of her charity, is about to teach her creed; — I hope she may not teach her practice. But Christianity, Christianity alone, exhibits her thousand sects, each denouncing his neighbor here, in the name of God, and damning hereafter, out of pure devotion! "You 're a heretic," says the Catholic: "You 're a Papist," says the Protestant. "I appeal to Saint Peter," exclaims the Catholic: "I appeal to Saint Athanasius," cries the Protestant; "and if it goes to damning, he 's as good at it as any saint in the calendar." "You 'll all be damned eternally," moans out the Methodist; "I'm the elect!" Thus it is, you see, each has his anathema, his accusation, and his retort; and in the end, Religion is the victim! The victory of each is the overthrow of all; and Infidelity, laughing at the contest, writes the refutation of their creed in the blood of the combatants! I wonder if this reflection has ever struck any of those reverend dig-

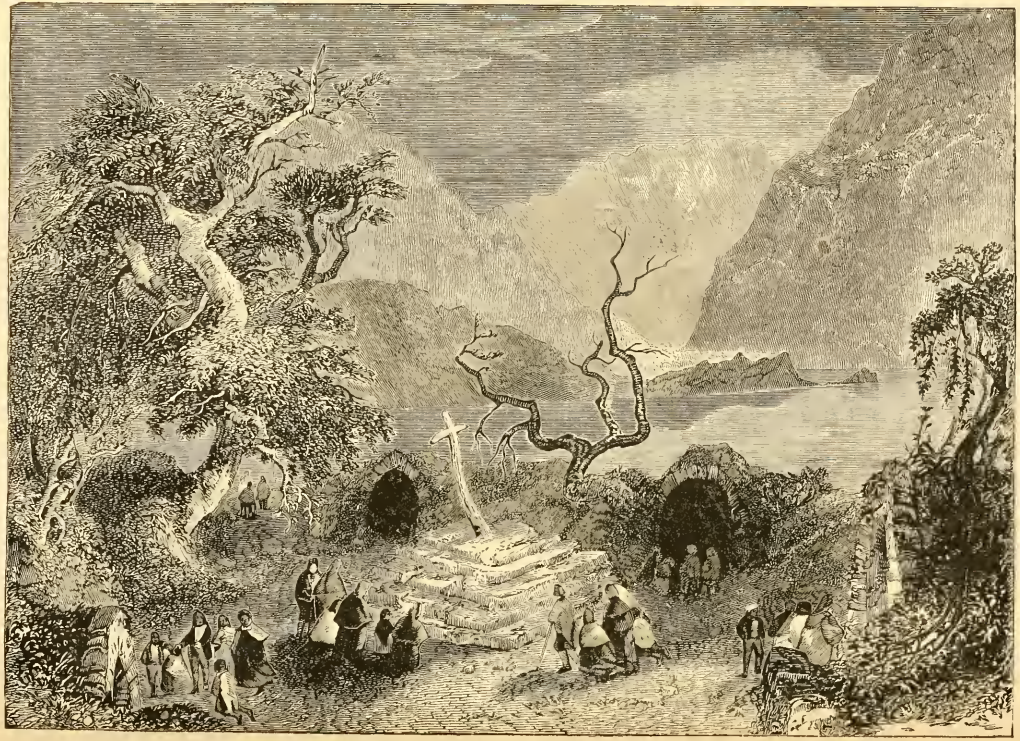
nitaries who rear their mitres against Catholic emancipation. Has it ever glanced across their Christian zeal, if the story of our country should have casually reached the valleys of Hindostan, with what an argument they are furnishing the heathen world against their sacred missionary? In what terms could the Christian ecclesiastic answer the Eastern Brahmin, when he replied to his exhortation sin language such as this: "Father, we have heard your doctrine; it is splendid in theory, specious in promise, sublime in prospect; like the world to which it leads, it is rich in the miracles of light. But, Father, we have heard that there are times when its rays vanish and leave your sphere in darkness, or when your only lustre arises from meteors of fire, and moons of blood; we have heard of the verdant island which the Great Spirit has raised in the bosom of the waters with such a bloom of beauty, that the very wave she has usurped worships the loveliness of her intrusion. The sovereign of our forests is not more generous in his anger than her sons; the snow-flake, ere it falls on the mountain, is not purer than her daughters; little inland seas reflect the splendors of her landscape, and her valleys smile at the story of the serpent! Father, is it true that this isle of the sun, this people of the morning, find the fury of the ocean in your creed, and more than the venom of the viper in your policy? Is it true, that for six hundred years her peasant has not tasted peace, nor her piety rested from prosecution? Oh, Brahma! defend us from the God of the Christian! Father, Father, return to your brethren; retrace the waters; we may live in ignorance, but we live in love, and we will not taste the tree that gives us evil when it gives us wisdom. The heart is our guide, nature is our gospel; in the imitation of our fathers we found our hope; and, if we err, on the virtue of our motives we rely for our redemption." How would the missionaries of the mitre answer him? How will they answer that insulted Being of whose creed their conduct carries the refutation?

But to what end do I argue with the Bigot? — a wretch whom no philosophy can humanize, no charity soften, no religion reclaim, no miracle convert; a monster who, red with the fires of hell and bending under the crimes of earth, erects his murderous divinity upon a throne of skulls, and would gladly feed, even with a brother's blood, the cannibal appetite of his rejected altar! His very interest cannot soften him into humanity. Surely if it could, no man would

be found mad enough to advocate a system which cankers the very heart of society and undermines the natural resources of government; which takes away the strongest excitement to industry by closing up every avenue to laudable ambition; which administers to the vanity or the vice of a party when it should only study the advantage of a people; and holds out the perquisites of state as an impious bounty on the persecution of religion. I have already shown that the power of the Pope, that the power of France, and that the tenets of your creed, were but imaginary auxiliaries to this system. Another pretended obstacle has, however, been opposed to your emancipation. I allude to the danger arising from a foreign influence. What a triumphant answer can you give to that! Methinks, as lately, I see the assemblage of your hallowed hierarchy, surrounded by the priesthood and followed by the people, waving aloft the crucifix of Christ alike against the seductions of the court and the commands of the conclave! Was it not a delightful, a heart-cheering spectacle, to see that holy band of brothers preferring the chance of martyrdom to the certainty of promotion, and postponing all the gratifications of worldly pride to the severe but heaven-gaining glories of their poverty? They acted honestly, and they acted wisely also; for I say here, before the largest assembly I ever saw in any country—and I believe you are almost all Catholics—I say here, that if the see of Rome presumed to impose any temporal mandate directly or indirectly on the Irish people, the Irish bishops should at once abandon it, or the flocks, one and all, would abjure and banish them both together. History affords us too fatal an example of the perfidious, arrogant, and venal interference of a papal usurper of former days in the temporal jurisdiction of this country; an interference assumed without right, exercised without principle, and followed by calamities apparently without end. Thus, then, has every obstacle vanished; but it has done more; every obstacle has, as it were, by miracle, produced a powerful argument in your favor. How do I prove it? Follow me in my proofs, and you will see by what links the chain is united. The power of Napoleon was the grand and leading obstacle to your emancipation. That power led him to the menace of an Irish invasion. What did that prove? Only the sincerity of Irish allegiance. On the very threat we poured forth our volunteers, our yeomen, and our militia; and the country became

encircled with an armed and a loyal population. Thus, then, the calumny of your disaffection vanished. That power next led him to the invasion of Portugal. What did it prove? Only the good faith of Catholic allegiance. Every field in the Peninsula saw the Catholic Portuguese hail the English Protestant as a brother and a friend, joined in the same pride and the same peril. Thus, then, vanished the slander that you could not keep faith with heretics. That power next led him to the imprisonment of the Pontiff, so long suspected of being quite ready to sacrifice everything to his interest and his dominion. What did that prove? The strength of his principles, the purity of his faith, the disinterestedness of his practice. It proved a life spent in the study of the saints, and ready to be closed by an imitation of the martyrs. Thus, also, was the head of your religion vindicated to Europe. There remained behind but one impediment —your liability to a foreign influence. Now mark! The Pontiff's captivity led to the transmission of Quarantotti's rescript; and on its arrival, from the priest to the peasant there was not a Catholic in the land who did not spurn the document of Italian audacity! Thus, then, vanished also the phantom of a foreign influence! Is this conviction? Is not the hand of God in it? Oh yes! for observe what followed. The very moment that power, which was the first and last leading argument against you, had, by its special operation, banished every obstacle; that power itself, as it were by enchantment, evaporated at once; and peace with Europe took away the last pretence for your exclusion. Peace with Europe! alas, alas, there is no peace for Ireland; the universal pacification was but the signal for renewed hostility to us; and the mockery of its preliminaries were tolled through our provinces by the knell of the curfew. I ask, is it not time that this hostility should cease? If ever there was a day when it was necessary, that day undoubtedly exists no longer.

The continent is triumphant, the Peninsula is free, France is our ally. The hapless house which gave birth to Jacobinism is extinct forever. The Pope has been found not only not hostile, but complying. Indeed, if England would recollect the share you had in these sublime events, the very recollection should *subsidize* her into gratitude. But should she not — should she, with a baseness monstrous and unparalleled, forget our services, she has still to study a tremendous lesson. The ancient order of Europe, it is true, is



SCENE AT GUOGANE, BARRA, CO. CORK.

restored, but what restored it? Coalition after coalition had crumbled away before the might of the conqueror; crowns were but ephemeral; monarchs only the tenants of an hour; the descendants of Frederick dwindled into a vassal; the heir of Peter shrunk into the recesses of his frozen desert; the successor of Charles roamed a vagabond, not only throneless but houseless; every evening sun set upon a change: every morning dawned upon some new convulsion; in short, the whole political globe quivered as with an earthquake, and who could tell what venerable monument was not to shiver beneath the splendid, frightful, and reposeless heavings of the French volcano? What gave Europe peace, and England safety, amid this palsy of her Princes? Was it not the Landwehr and the Landstrum and the Levy en Masse? Was it not the PEOPLE? — that first and last, and best, and noblest, as well as safest security of a virtuous government. It is a glorious lesson; she ought to study it in this hour of safety; but should she not —

> "Oh, woe be to the Prince who rules by fear,
> When danger comes upon him!"

She will adopt it. I hope it from her wisdom; I expect it from her policy; I claim it from her justice; I demand it from her gratitude. She must at length see that there is a gross mistake in the management of Ireland. No wise man ever yet imagined injustice to be his interest; and the minister who thinks he serves a state by upholding the most irritating and the most impious of all monopolies will one day or other find himself miserably mistaken. This system of persecution is not the way to govern this country; at least, to govern it with any happiness to itself, or advantage to its rulers. Centuries have proved its total inefficiency; and if it be continued for centuries, the proofs will be but multiplied. Why, however, should I blame the English people, when I see our own representatives so shamefully negligent of our interest? The other day, for instance, when Mr. Peel introduced, aye, and passed too, his three newly invented penal bills, to the necessity of which, every assizes in Ireland, and as honest a judge as ever dignified or redeemed the ermine, has given the refutation; why was it that no Irish member rose in his place to vindicate his country? Where were the nominal representatives of Ireland? Where were the renegade revilers of the demagogue? Where were the noisy proclaimers of the board? What, was there

not one voice to own the country? Was the patriot of 1782 an assenting auditor? Were our hundred *itinerants* mute and motionless — "quite chopfallen?" or is it only when Ireland is slandered, and her motives misrepresented, and her oppressions are basely and falsely denied, that their venal throats are ready to echo the chorus of ministerial calumny? Oh, I should not have to ask those questions, if in the late contest for this city, you had prevailed, and sent Hutchinson into Parliament; he would have risen, though *alone*, as I have often seen him — richer not less in hereditary fame, than in personal accomplishments; the ornament of Ireland as she is, the solitary remnant of what she was. If slander dare asperse her, it would not have done so with impunity. He would have encouraged the timid; he would have shamed the recreant; and though he could not save us from chains, he would at least have shielded us from calumny. Let me hope that his absence shall be but of short duration, and that this city will earn an additional claim to the gratitude of the country, by electing him her representative. I scarcely know him but as a public man; and considering the state to which we are reduced by the apostacy of some, and the ingratitude of others, and venality of more, — I say you should inscribe the conduct of such a man in the manuals of your devotion, and in the primers of your children; but above all, you should act on it yourselves. Let me entreat of you, above all things to sacrifice any personal differences among yourselves, for the great cause in which you are embarked. Remember the contest is for your children, your country, and your God; and remember also, that the day of Irish union will be the natal day of Irish liberty. When your own Parliament (which I trust in heaven we may yet see again) voted you the right of franchise, and the right of purchase, it gave you, if you are not false to yourselves, a certainty of your emancipation. My friends, farewell! This has been a most unexpected meeting to me; it has been our first — it may be our last. I can never forget the enthusiasm of this reception. I am too much affected by it to make professions; but, believe me, no matter where I may be driven by the whim of my destiny, you shall find me one, in whom change of place shall create no change of principle; one whose memory must perish ere he forgets his country; whose heart must be cold when it beats not for her happiness.

A Speech

Delivered at a Dinner given on Dinas Island, in the Lake of Killarney, on Mr. Phillips' Health being given, together with that of Mr. Payne, a young American.

IT is not with the vain hope of returning by words the kindnesses which have been literally showered on me during the short period of our acquaintance, that I now interrupt, for a moment, the flow of your festivity. Indeed, it is not necessary; an Irishman needs no requital for his hospitality; its generous impulse is the instinct of his nature, and the very consciousness of the act carries its recompense along with it. But, sir, there are sensations excited by an allusion in your toast, under the influence of which silence would be impossible. To be associated with Mr. Payne must be, to any one who regards private virtues and personal accomplishments, a source of peculiar pride; and that feeling is not a little enhanced in me by a recollection of the country to which we are indebted for his qualifications. Indeed, the mention of America has never failed to fill me with the most lively emotions. In my earliest infancy, that tender season when impressions, at once the most permanent and the most powerful, are likely to be excited, the story of her then recent struggle raised a throb in every heart that loved liberty, and wrung a reluctant tribute even from discomfited oppression. I saw her spurning alike the luxuries that would enervate, and the legions that would intimidate; dashing from her lips the poisoned cup of European servitude, and, through all the vicissitudes of her protracted conflict, displaying a magnanimity that defied misfortune, and a moderation that gave new grace to victory. It was the first vision of my childhood; it will descend with me to the grave. But if as a man, I venerate the mention of America, what

must be my feelings towards her as an Irishman. Never, oh never, while memory remains, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant and the asylum of her exile. No matter whether their sorrows sprung from the errors of enthusiasm, or the realities of suffering — from fancy or infliction; that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality. It is for the men of other ages to investigate and record it; but surely it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate. Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious phrenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate. Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation! Who can deny that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture! At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose a mysterious Providence may not have designed her! Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new! For myself, I have no doubt of it. I have not the least doubt that when our temples and our trophies shall have mouldered into dust; when the glories of our name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of our achievements only live in song; philosophy will rise again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington. Is this the vision of romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? Is it half so improbable as the events, which, for the last twenty years have rolled like successive tides over the surface of the European world, each erasing the impressions that preceded it? Thousands upon thousands, sir, I know there are, who will consider this supposition as wild and whimsical; but they have dwelt with little

reflection upon the records of the past. They have but ill observed the never-ceasing progress of national rise and national ruin. They form their judgment on the deceitful stability of the present hour, never considering the innumerable monarchies and republics, in former days, apparently as permanent, their very existence become now the subjects of speculation — I had almost said of scepticism. I appeal to history! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of an universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas, Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra — where is she? So thought Persepolis, and now —

> "Yon waste, where roaming lions howl,
> Yon aisle, where moans the grey-eyed owl
> Shows the proud Persian's great abode,
> Where sceptered once, an earthly god,
> His power-clad arm controlled each happier clime,
> Where sports the warbling muse, and fancy soars sublime."

So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan, yet Leonidas's is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman! In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality, and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, when the European columns shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!

Such, sir, is the natural progress of human operations, and such the unsubstantial mockery of human pride. But I should, perhaps, apologize for this digression. The tombs are, at best, a sad although an instructive subject. At all events, they are ill suited to such an hour as this. I shall endeavour to atone for it, by turning to a theme which tombs cannot inurn, or revolution alter. It is the custom of your board, and a noble one it is, to deck the cup of the gay with the garland of the great; and surely, even in the eyes of its deity, his grape is not the less lovely when glowing beneath the foliage of the palm-tree and the myrtle. Allow me to add one flower to the chaplet, which, though it sprang in America, is no exotic. Virtue planted it, and it is naturalized everywhere. I see you anticipate me; I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birth-place of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him: the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualifications. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a General, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! a conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced

the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

> "How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
> Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage;
> All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
> Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!"

Such, Sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! the lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

I have the honor, Sir, of proposing to you as a toast, THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A Speech

Delivered at an Aggregate Meeting of the Roman Catholics of the County and City of Dublin.

HAVING taken, in the discussions on your question, such humble share as was allotted to my station and capacity, I may be permitted to offer my ardent congratulations at the proud pinnacle on which it this day reposes. After having combated calumnies the most atrocious, sophistries the most plausible, and perils the most appalling that slander could invent or ingenuity could devise or power array against you, I at length behold the assembled rank and wealth and talent of the Catholic body offering to the legislature that appeal which cannot be rejected, if there be a Power in heaven to redress injury, or a spirit on earth to administer justice. No matter what may be the depreciations of faction or of bigotry; this earth never presented a more ennobling spectacle than that of a Christian country suffering for her religion with the patience of a martyr, and suing for her liberties with the expostulations of a philosopher; reclaiming the bad by her piety; refuting the bigoted by her practice; wielding the Apostle's weapons in the patriot's cause, and at length, laden with chains and with laurels, seeking from the country she had saved, the constitution she had shielded! Little did I imagine, that in such a state of your cause, we should be called together to counteract the impediments to its success, created not by its enemies, but by those supposed to be its friends. It is a melancholy occasion; but melancholy as it is, it must be met, and met with the fortitude of men struggling in the sacred cause of liberty. I do not allude to the proclamation of your Board; of that Board I never was a member, so I can speak impartially. It contained much talent, some learning, many virtues. It was valuable on that account; but it was doubly valuable as being a vehicle for

the individual sentiments of any Catholic, and for the aggregate sentiments of every Catholic. Those who seceded from it do not remember that, individually, they are nothing; that as a body they are everything. It is not this wealthy slave, or that titled sycophant, whom the bigots dread, or the parliament respects! No, it is the body, the numbers, the rank, the property, the genius, the perseverance, the education, but, above all, the *Union* of the Catholics. I am far from defending every measure of the Board—perhaps I condemn some of its measures even more than those who have seceded from it; but is it a reason, if a general makes one mistake, that his followers are to desert him, especially when the contest is for all that is dear or valuable? No doubt the Board had its errors. Show me the human institution which has not. Let the man, then, who denounces it, prove himself superior to humanity, before he triumphs in his accusation. I am sorry for its suppression. When I consider the animals who are in office around us, the act does not surprise me; but I confess, even from them, the manner did, and the time chosen did, most sensibly. I did not expect it on the very hour when the news of universal peace was first promulgated, and on the anniversary of the only British monarch's birth, who ever gave a boon to this distracted country.

You will excuse this digression, rendered in some degree necessary. I shall now confine myself exclusively to your resolution, which determines on the immediate presentation of your petition, and censures the neglect of any discussion on it by your advocates during the last session of Parliament. You have a right to demand most fully the reasons of any man who dissents from Mr. Grattan. I will give you mine explicitly. But I shall first state the reasons which he has given for the postponement of your question. I shall do so out of respect to him, if indeed it can be called respect to quote those sentiments, which on their very mention must excite your ridicule. Mr. Grattan presented your petition, and, on moving that it should lie where so many preceding ones have lain, namely, *on the table*, he declared it to be his intention to move for no discussion. Here in the first place, I think Mr. Grattan wrong; he got that petition, if not on the express, at least on the implied condition of having it immediately discussed. There was not a man at the aggregate meeting at which it was adopted, who did not expect a discussion on

the very first opportunity. Mr. Grattan, however, was angry at "suggestions." I do not think Mr. Grattan, of all men, had any right to be so angry at receiving that which every English member was willing to receive, and was actually receiving from any English corn-factor. Mr. Grattan was also angry at our "violence." Neither do I think *he* had any occasion to be so squeamish at what he calls our *violence*. There was a day, when Mr. Grattan would not have spurned our suggestions, and there was also a day when he was fifty-fold more intemperate than any of his oppressed countrymen, whom he now holds up to the English people as so unconstitutionally violent. A pretty way, forsooth, for your advocate to commence conciliating a foreign auditory in favor of your petition. Mr. Grattan, however, has fulfilled his own prophecy, that "an oak of the forest is too old to be transplanted at fifty," and our fears that an Irish native would soon lose its raciness in an English atmosphere. "It is not my intention," says he, "to move for a discussion at present." Why? "Great obstacles have been removed." That's his first reason. "I am, however," says he, "still ardent." Ardent! Why it strikes me to be a very novel kind of ardor, which toils till it has removed every impediment, and then pauses at the prospect of its victory. "And I am of opinion," he continues, "that any immediate discussion would be the height of precipitation"; that is, after having removed the impediments, he pauses in his path, declaring he is "*ardent*": and after centuries of suffering, when you press for a discussion, he protests that he considers you monstrously precipitate! Now is not that a fair translation? Why really if we did not know Mr. Grattan, we should be almost tempted to think that he was quoting from the ministry. With the exception of one or two plain, downwright, sturdy, unblushing bigots, who opposed you because you were Christians, and declared they did so, this was the cant of every man who affected liberality. "Oh, I declare," they say, "they may not be cannibals, though they are Catholics; and I would be very glad to vote for them, but this is no *time*." "Oh no," says Bragge Bathurst, "it's no *time*. What! in time of war! Why it looks like bullying us!" Very well: next comes the peace, and what say our *friends* the opposition? "Oh! I declare peace is no *time*, it looks so like persuading us." For my part, serious as the subject is, it affects me with the very same ridicule with which I

see I have so unconsciously affected you. I will tell you a story of which it reminds me. It is told of the celebrated Charles Fox. Far be it from me, however, to mention *that* name with levity. As he was a great man, I revere him; as he was a good man, I love him. He had as wise a head as ever paused to deliberate; he had as sweet a tongue as ever gave the words of wisdom utterance; and he had a heart so stamped with the immediate impress of the Divinity, that its very errors might be traced to the excess of its benevolence. I had almost forgot the story. Fox was a man of genius — of course, he was poor. Poverty is a reproach to no man; to such a man as Fox, I think it was a pride: for if *he* chose to traffic with his principles; if *he* chose to gamble with his conscience, how easily might he have been rich? I guessed your answer. It would be hard, indeed, if you did not believe that in England talents might find a purchaser, who have seen in Ireland how easily a blockhead may swindle himself into preferment. Juvenal says that the greatest misfortune attendant on poverty is ridicule. Fox found out a greater — *debt*. The Jews called on him for payment. "Ah, my dear friends," says Fox, "I admit the principle; I owe you money, but what time is this, when I am going upon *business?*" Just so our friends admit the principle; they owe you emancipation, but war 's no *time*. Well, the Jews departed just as you did. They returned to the charge: "What!" cries Fox, "is this a *time*, when I am engaged on an appointment?" What! say our friends, is this a *time* when all the world's at peace? The Jews departed; but the end of it was, Fox, with his secretary, Mr. Hare, who was as much in debt as he was, shut themselves up in garrison. The Jews used to surround his habitation at daylight, and poor Fox regularly put his head out of the window, with this question; "Gentlemen, are you *Fox*-hunting or *Hare*-hunting, this morning?" His pleasantry mitigated the very Jews. "Well, well, Fox, now you have always admitted the principle, but protested against the *time;* we will give you your own *time*, only just fix some final day for our repayment." "Ah, my dear Moses," replies Fox, "now this is friendly. I will take you at your word; I will fix a day, and as it 's to be a *final* day, what would you think of the day of *judgment?*" "That will be too busy a day with us." "Well, well, in order to accommodate all parties, let us settle *the day after*."

Thus it is, between the war inexpediency of Bragge Bathurst and the peace inexpediency of Mr. Grattan, you may expect your emancipation-bill pretty much about the time that Fox settled for the payment of his creditors. Mr. Grattan, however, though he scorned to take *your* suggestions, took the suggestions of your *friends*. "I have consulted," says he, "my right honorable friends!" Oh, all *friends, all right honorable!* Now this it is to trust the interest of a people into the hands of a *party*. You must know, in parliamentary parlance, these right honorable friends mean a party. There are few men so contemptible, as not to have a party. The minister has his party. The opposition have their party. The *saints*, for there are saints in the House of Commons, *lucus a non lucendo*, the saints have their party. Every one has his party. I had forgotten — *Ireland has no party*. Such are the reasons, if reasons they can be called, which Mr. Grattan has given for the postponement of your question; and I sincerely say, if they had come from any other man, I would not have condescended to have given them an answer. He is indeed reported to have said that he has others in reserve, which he did not think it necessary to detail. If those which he reserved were like those he delivered, I do not dispute the prudence of keeping them to himself; but as we have not the gift of prophecy, it is not easy for us to answer them, until he shall deign to give them to his constituents.

Having dealt thus freely with the alleged reasons for the postponement, it is quite natural that you should require what my reasons are for urging the discussion. I shall give them candidly. They are at once so simple and explicit, it is quite impossible that the meanest capacity amongst you should not comprehend them. I would urge the instant discussion, because discussion has always been of use to you; because, upon every discussion you have gained converts out of doors; and because, upon every discussion within the doors of parliament, your enemies have diminished and your friends have increased. Now, is not that a strong reason for continuing your discussions? This may be assertion. Aye, but I will prove it. In order to convince you of the argument as referring to the country, I need but point to the state of the public mind now upon the subject, and that which existed in the memory of the youngest. I myself remember the blackest and the basest universal

denunciations against your creed, and the vilest anathemas against any man who would grant you an iota. *Now*, every man affects to be liberal, and the only question with some is the *time* of the concession; with others, the extent of the concessions; with many, the nature of the securities you should afford; whilst a great multitude, in which I am proud to class myself, think that your emancipation should be immediate, universal, and unrestricted. Such has been the progress of the human mind *out of doors*, in consequence of the powerful eloquence, argument, and policy elicited by those discussions which your friends now have, for the first time, found out to be precipitate. Now let us see what has been the effect produced *within the doors* of Parliament. For twenty years you were silent, and of course you were neglected. The consequence was most natural. Why should Parliament grant privileges to men who did not think those privileges worth the solicitation? Then rose your *agitators*, as they are called by those bigots who are trembling at the effect of their arguments on the community, and who, as a matter of course, take every opportunity of calumniating them. Ever since that period your cause has been advancing. Take the numerical proportions in the House of Commons on each subsequent discussion. In 1805, the first time it was brought forward in the Imperial legislature, and it was then aided by the powerful eloquence of Fox, there was a majority against even taking your claims into consideration, of no less a number than 212. It was an appalling omen. In 1808, however, on the next discussion, that majority was diminished to 163. In 1810 it decreased to 104. In 1811 it dwindled to 64, and at length in 1812, on the motion of Mr. Canning, and it is not a little remarkable that the first successful exertion in your favor was made by an English member, your enemies fled the field, and you had the triumphant majority to support you of 129! Now, is this not demonstration? What becomes now of those who say discussion has not been of use to you: but I need not have resorted to arithmetical calculation. Men become ashamed of combating with axioms. Truth is omnipotent, and must prevail; it forces its way with the fire and the precision of the morning sunbeam. Vapors may impede the infancy of its progress; but the very resistance that would check only condenses and concentrates it, until at length it goes forth in the fullness of its meridian, all life

and sight and lustre, the minutest objects visible in its refulgence. You lived for centuries on the vegetable diet and eloquent silence of this Pythagorean policy; and the consequence was, when you thought yourselves mightily dignified and mightily interesting, the whole world was laughing at your philosophy, and sending its aliens to take possession of your birthright. I have given you a good reason for urging your discussion, by having shown you that discussion has always gained you proselytes. But is it the *time?* says Mr. Grattan. Yes, sir, it is the *time*, peculiarly the time, unless indeed the great question of Irish liberty is to be reserved as a weapon in the hands of a party to wield against the weakness of the British minister. But why should I delude you by talking about *time!* Oh! there will never be a time with Bigotry! She has no head, and cannot think; she has no heart, and cannot feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses, her communion is death, her vengeance is eternity, her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation! I appeal from this infernal, grave-stalled fury, I appeal to the good sense, to the policy, to the gratitude of England; and I make my appeal peculiarly at this moment, when all the illustrious potentates of Europe are assembled together in the British capital, to hold the great festival of universal peace and universal emancipation. Perhaps when France, flushed with success, fired by ambition, and infuriated by enmity; her avowed aim an universal conquest, her means the confederated resources of the continent, her guide the greatest military genius a nation fertile in prodigies has produced — a man who seemed born to invert what had been regular, to defile what had been venerable, to crush what had been established, and to create, as if by a magic impulse, a fairy world, peopled by the paupers he had commanded into kings, and based by the thrones he had crumbled in his caprices — perhaps when such a power, so led, so organized, and so incited, was in its noon of triumph, the timid might tremble even at the charge that would save, or the concession that would strengthen. But now, — her allies faithless, her conquests despoiled, her territory dismembered, her legions defeated,

her leader dethroned, and her reigning prince our ally by treaty, our debtor by gratitude, and our inalienable friend by every solemn obligation of civilized society, — the objection is our strength, and the obstacle our battlement. Perhaps when the Pope was in the power of our enemy, however slender the pretext, bigotry might have rested on it. The inference was false as to Ireland, and it was ungenerous as to Rome. The Irish Catholic, firm in his faith, bows to the Pontiff's spiritual supremacy, but he would spurn the Pontiff's temporal interference. If, with the spirit of an earthly domination, he were to issue to-morrow his despotic mandate, Catholic Ireland with one voice would answer him: "Sire, we bow with reverence to your spiritual mission: the descendant of Saint Peter, we freely acknowledge you the head of our church, and the organ of our creed: but, Sire, if we have a church, we cannot forget that we also have a country; and when you attempt to convert your mitre into a crown, and your crozier into a sceptre, you degrade the majesty of your high delegation, and grossly miscalculate upon our acquiescence. No foreign power shall regulate the allegiance which we owe to our sovereign; it was the fault of our fathers that one Pope forged our fetters; it will be our own, if we allow them to be riveted by another." Such would be the answer of universal Ireland; such was her answer to the audacious menial, who dared to dictate her unconditional submission to an act of Parliament which emancipated by penalties, and redressed by insult. But, sir, it never would have entered into the contemplation of the Pope to have assumed such an authority. His character was a sufficient shield against the imputation, and his policy must have taught him that, in grasping at the shadow of a temporal power, he should but risk the reality of his ecclesiastical supremacy.

Thus was Parliament doubly guarded against a foreign usurpation. The people upon whom it was to act deprecate its authority, and the power to which it was imputed abhors its ambition; the Pope would not exert it if he could, and the people would not obey it if he did. Just precisely upon the same foundation rested the aspersions which were cast upon your creed. How did experience justify them? Did Lord Wellington find that religious faith made any difference amid the thunder of the battle? Did the Spanish soldier desert his colors because his General believed not in the *real*

presence? Did the brave Portuguese neglect his orders to negotiate about mysteries? Or what comparison did the hero draw between the policy of England and the piety of Spain, when at one moment he led the heterodox legions to victory, and the very next was obliged to fly from his own native flag, waving defiance on the walls of Burgos, where the Irish exile planted and sustained it? What must he have felt when in a foreign land he was obliged to command brother against brother, to raise the sword of blood, and drown the cries of nature with the artillery of death? What were the sensations of our hapless exiles when they recognized the features of their long-lost country? when they heard the accents of the tongue they loved, or caught the cadence of the simple melody which once lulled them to sleep within a mother's arms, and cheered the darling circle they must behold no more? Alas, how the poor banished heart delights in the memory that song associates! He heard it in happier days, when the parents he adored, the maid he loved, the friends of his soul, and the green fields of his infancy were round him; when his labors were illumined with the sunshine of the heart, and his humble hut was a palace—for it was HOME. His soul is full, his eye suffused, he bends from the battlements to catch the cadence, when his death-shot, sped by a brother's hand, lays him in his grave—the victim of a code calling itself Christian! Who shall say, heart-rending as it is, this picture is from fancy? Has it not occurred in Spain? May it not at this instant be acting in America? Is there any country in the universe in which these brave exiles of a barbarous bigotry are not to be found refuting the calumnies that banished and rewarding the hospitality that received them? Yet England, enlightened England, who sees them in every field of the old world and the new, defending the various flags of every faith, supports the injustice of her exclusive constitution by branding upon them the ungenerous accusation of an exclusive creed! England, the ally of Catholic Portugal, the ally of Catholic Spain, the ally of Catholic France, the friend of the Pope! England, who seated a Catholic bigot in Madrid! who convoyed a Catholic Braganza to the Brazils! who enthroned a Catholic Bourbon in Paris! who guaranteed a Catholic establishment in Canada! who gave a constitution to Catholic Hanover! England, who searches the globe for Catholic grievances to redress and Catholic princes to restore, will not trust

the Catholic at home, who spends his blood and treasure in her service! Is this generous? Is this consistent? Is it just? Is it even politic? Is it the act of a wise country to fetter the energies of an entire population? Is it the act of a Christian country to do it in the name of God? Is it politic in a government to degrade part of the body by which it is supported, or pious to make Providence a party to their degradation? There are societies in England for discountenancing vice; there are Christian associations for distributing the Bible; there are voluntary missions for converting the heathen; but Ireland, the seat of their government, the stay of their empire, their associate by all the ties of nature and of interest, how has she benefited by the gospel of which they boast? Has the sweet spirit of Christianity appeared on our plains in the character of her precepts, breathing the air and robed in the beauties of the world to which she would lead us; with no argument but love, no look but peace, no wealth but piety; her creed comprehensive as the arch of heaven, and her charities bounded but by the circle of creation? Or has she been let loose amongst us in form of fury and in act of demon, her heart festered with the fires of hell, her hands clotted with the gore of earth, withering alike in her repose and in her progress, her path apparent by the print of blood and her pause denoted by the expanse of desolation? Gospel of Heaven! is this thy herald? God of the universe! is this thy hand-maid? Christian of the ascendancy! how would you answer the disbelieving infidel, if he asked you, should he estimate the Christian doctrine by the Christian practice; if he dwelt upon those periods when the human victim writhed upon the altar of the peaceful Jesus, and the cross, crimsoned with his blood, became little better than a stake to the sacrifice of his votaries; if he pointed to Ireland, where the word of peace was the war-whoop of destruction; where the son was bribed against the father and the plunder of the parent's property was made a bounty on the recantation of the parent's creed; where the march of the human mind was stayed in His name who had inspired it with reason, and any effort to liberate a fellow-creature from his intellectual bondage was sure to be recompensed by the dungeon or the scaffold; where ignorance was so long a legislative command, and piety legislative crime; where religion was placed as a barrier between the sexes, and the intercourse of nature was pronounced felony

by law; where God's worship was an act of stealth, and His ministers sought amongst the savages of the woods that sanctuary which a nominal civilization had denied them; where at this instant conscience is made to blast every hope of genius and every energy of ambition; and the Catholic who would rise to any station of trust must, in the face of his country, deny the faith of his fathers; where the preferments of earth are only to be obtained by the forfeiture of Heaven?

> "Unprized are her sons till they learn to betray,
> Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires;
> And the torch that would light them to dignity's way
> Must be caught from the pile where their country expires?"

How, let me ask, how would the Christian zealot droop beneath this catalogue of Christian qualifications? But, thus it is, when sectarians differ on account of mysteries; in the heat and acrimony of the causeless contest, religion, the glory of one world, and the guide of another, drifts from the splendid circle in which she shone, in the comet-maze of uncertainty and error. The code, against which you petition, is a vile compound of impiety and impolicy: impiety, because it debases in the name of God; impolicy, because it disqualifies under pretence of government. If we are to argue from the services of Protestant Ireland, to the losses sustained by the bondage of Catholic Ireland, and I do not see why we should not, the state which continues such a system is guilty of little less than a political suicide. It matters little where the Protestant Irishman has been employed; whether with Burke, wielding the senate with his eloquence; with Castlereagh, guiding the cabinet with his counsels; with Barry, enriching the arts by his pencil; with Swift, adorning literature by his genius; with Goldsmith or with Moore, softening the heart by their melody; or with Wellington, chaining victory at his car, he may boldly challenge the competition of the world. Oppressed and impoverished as our country is, every muse has cheered, every art adorned, and every conquest crowned her. Plundered, she was not poor, for her character enriched; attainted, she was not titleless, for her services ennobled; literally outlawed into eminence, and fettered into fame, the fields of her exile were immortalized by her deeds, and the links of her chain became decorated by her laurels. Is this fancy, or is it fact? Is there a department in the state

in which Irish genius does not possess a predominance? Is there a conquest which it does not achieve, or a dignity which it does not adorn? At this instant, is there a country in the world to which England has not deputed an Irishman as her representative? She has sent Lord Moira to India, Sir Gore Ousely to Ispahan, Lord Stuart to Vienna, Lord Castlereagh to Congress, Sir Henry Wellesly to Madrid, Mr. Canning to Lisbon, Lord Strangford to the Brazils, Lord Clancarty to Holland, Lord Wellington to Paris — all Irishmen! Whether it results from accident or from merit, can there be a more cutting sarcasm on the policy of England! Is it not directly saying to her, "here is a country from one-fifth of whose people you depute the agents of your most august delegation, the remaining four-fifths of which by your odious bigotry, you incapacitate from any station of office or of trust!" It is adding all that is weak in impolicy to all that is wicked in ingratitude. What is her apology? Will she pretend that the Deity imitates her injustice, and incapacitates the intellect as she has done the creed? After making Providence a pretence for her code, will she also make it a party to her crime, and arraign the universal spirit of partiality in his dispensations? Is she not content with him as a Protestant God, unless he also consents to become a Catholic demon? But, if the charge were true; if the Irish Catholic were imbruted and debased, Ireland's conviction would be England's crime, and your answer to the bigot's charge should be the bigot's conduct. What, then! is this the result of six centuries of your government? Is this the connection which you called a benefit to Ireland? Have your protecting laws so debased them, that the very privilege of reason is worthless in their possession? Shame! oh, shame! to the government where the people are barbarous? The day is not distant when they made the education of a Catholic a crime: and yet they arraign the Catholic for ignorance! The day is not distant when they proclaimed the celebration of the Catholic worship a felony, and yet they complain that the Catholic is not moral! What folly! Is it to be expected that the people are to emerge in a moment from the stupor of a protracted degradation? There is not perhaps to be traced upon the map of national misfortune, a spot so truly and so tediously deplorable as Ireland. Other lands, no doubt, have had their calamities. To the horrors of revolution, the miseries of des-

potism, the scourges of anarchy, they have in their turns been subject. But it has been only in their turns; the visitations of woe, though severe, have not been eternal; the hour of probation, or of punishment, has passed away; and the tempest, after having emptied the vial of its wrath, has given place to the serenity of the calm and of the sunshine. Has this been the case with respect to our miserable country? Is there, save in the visionary world of tradition — is there in the progress, either of record or recollection, one verdant spot in the desert of our annals, where patriotism can find repose, or philanthropy refreshment? Oh, indeed, posterity will pause with wonder on the melancholy page which shall portray the story of a people amongst whom the policy of man, has waged an eternal warfare with the providence of God, blighting into deformity all that was beauteous, and into famine all that was abundant. I repeat, however, the charge to be false. The Catholic mind in Ireland has made advances scarcely to be hoped in the short interval of its partial emancipation. But what encouragement has the Catholic parent to educate his offspring? Suppose he sends his son, the hope of his pride, and the wealth of his heart, into the army; the child justifies his parental anticipation; he is moral in his habits, he is strict in his discipline, he is daring in the field, and temperate at the board, and patient in the camp; the first in the charge, and the last in the retreat; with a hand to achieve, and a head to guide, and temper to conciliate; he combines the skill of Wellington with the clemency of Cæsar and the courage of Turenne — yet he can never rise — he is a *Catholic!* Take another instance. Suppose him at the bar. He has spent his nights at the lamp, and his days in the forum; the rose has withered from his cheek mid the drudgery of form; the spirit has fainted in his heart mid the analysis of crime; he has foregone the pleasures of his youth and the associates of his heart, and all the fairy enchantments in which fancy may have wrapped him. Alas! for what? Though genius flashed from his eye, and eloquence rolled from his lips; though he spoke with the tongue of Tully, and argued with the learning of Coke, and thought with the purity of Fletcher, he can never rise — he is *a Catholic!* Merciful God! what a state of society is this, in which thy worship is interposed as a disqualification upon thy Providence! Behold, in a word, the effects of the code against which you petition; it dis-

heartens exertion, it disqualifies merit, it debilitates the state, it degrades the God-head, it disobeys Christianity, it makes religion an article of traffic, and its founder a monopoly; and for ages it has reduced a country, blessed with every beauty of nature, and every bounty of Providence, to a state unparalleled under any constitution professing to be free, or any government pretending to be civilized. To justify this enormity there is now no argument. Now is the time to concede with dignity that which was never denied without injustice. Who can tell how soon we may require all the zeal of our united population to secure our very existence? Who can argue upon the continuance of this calm? Have we not seen the labor of ages overthrown, and the whim of a day erected on its ruins; establishments the most solid, withering at a word, and visions the most whimsical realized at a wish? crowns crumbled, discords confederated, kings become vagabonds, and vagabonds made kings at the capricious frenzy of a village adventurer? Have we not seen the whole political and moral world shaking as with an earthquake, and shapes the most fantastic and formidable and frightful, heaved into life by the quiverings of the convulsion? The storm has passed over us; England has survived it; if she is wise, her present prosperity will be but the handmaid to her justice; if she is pious, the peril she has escaped will be but the herald of her expiation. Thus much have I said in the way of argument to the enemies of your question. Let me offer an humble opinion to its friends. The first and almost the sole request which an advocate would make to you is, to remain united; rely on it, a divided assault can never overcome a consolidated resistance. I allow that an educated aristocracy, are as a head to the people, without which they cannot think: but then the people are as hands to the aristocracy, without which it cannot act. Concede, then, a little to even each other's prejudices; recollect that individual sacrifice is universal strength; and can there be a nobler altar than the altar of your country? This same spirit of conciliation should be extended even to your enemies. If England will not consider that a brow of suspicion is but a bad accompaniment to an act of grace; if she will not allow that kindness may make those friends whom even oppression could not make foes; if she will not confess that the best security she can have from Ireland is by giving Ireland an interest in her constitution; still, since her power is the

shield of her prejudices, you should concede where you cannot conquer; it is wisdom to yield, when it has become hopeless to combat.

There is but one concession which I would never advise, and which, were I a Catholic, I would never make. You will perceive that I allude to any interference with your clergy. That was the crime of Mr. Grattan's security bill. It made the patronage of your religion the ransom for your liberties, and bought the favor of the crown by the surrender of the church. It is a vicious principle; it is the cause of all your sorrows. If there had not been a state-establishment, there would not have been a Catholic bondage. By that incestuous conspiracy between the altar and the throne, infidelity has achieved a more extended dominion than by all the sophisms of her philosophy, or all the terrors of her persecution. It makes God's apostle a court appendage, and God himself a court-purveyor; it carves the cross into a chair of state, where with grace on his brow, and gold in his hand, the little perishable puppet of this world's vanity makes Omnipotence a menial to its power, and Eternity a pander to its profits. Be not a party to it. As you have spurned the temporal interference of the Pope, resist the spiritual jurisdiction of the crown. As I do not think that you, on the one hand, could surrender the patronage of your religion to the King without the most unconscientious compromise, so, on the other hand, I do not think the King could ever conscientiously receive it. Suppose he receives it; if he exercises it for the advantage of your church, he directly violates the coronation oath, which binds him to the exclusive interest of the Church of England; and if he does not intend to exercise it for your advantage, to what purpose does he require from you its surrender? But what pretence has England for this interference with your religion? It was the religion of her most glorious era; it was the religion of her most ennobled patriots; it was the religion of the wisdom that framed her constitution; it was the religion of the valor that achieved it; it would have been to this day the religion of her empire, had it not been for the lawless lust of a murderous adulterer. What right has she to suspect your church? When her thousand sects were brandishing the fragments of their faith against each other, and Christ saw his garment without a seam, a piece of patch-work for every mountebank who figured in the pantomime; when her Babel temple rocked at every breath of

her Priestleys and her Paines, Ireland, proof against the menace of her power, was proof also against the perilous impiety of her example. But if as Catholics you should guard it, the palladium of your creed, not less as Irishmen should you prize it, the relic of your country. Deluge after deluge has desolated her provinces. The monuments of art which escaped the barbarism of one invader, fell beneath the still more savage civilization of another. Alone, amid the solitude, your temple stood like some majestic monument amid the desert of antiquity, just in its proportions, sublime in its associations, rich in the virtue of its saints, cemented by the blood of its martyrs, pouring forth for ages the unbroken series of its venerable hierarchy, and only the more magnificent from the ruins by which it was surrounded. Oh! do not for any temporal boon betray the great principles which are to purchase you an eternity! Here, from your very sanctuary, — here, with my hand on the endangered altars of your faith, in the name of that God, for the freedom of whose worship we are so nobly struggling — I conjure you, let no unholy hand profane the sacred ark of your religion; preserve it inviolate; its light is "light from heaven;" follow it through all the perils of your journey; and, like the fiery pillar of the captive Israel, it will cheer the desert of your bondage, and guide to the land of your liberation!

SPEECHES.

BY

RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

[721]

HON. EDMUND BURKE.

Speech on American Taxation.

On the 19th April, 1774, Mr. Rose Fuller, member for Rye, proposed in the House of Commons that the House should proceed to take into consideration the duty of 3d. per lb., imposed under the Act of 1767, on tea imported into America. It was on this occasion that Burke, then member for the borough of Wendover, delivered the following speech — an oration which contains some of the most splendid passages in the English language. It was marked with such energy, that it roused the attention of the House, though spoken at a very late period in the debate. It is said that Lord John Townshend, struck by the remarkable beauty of one passage, cried aloud, "What a man is this! how could he acquire such transcendent powers?" The speech was published under the orator's supervision, in compliance with the public wish. Few literary efforts have given evidence of the possession of so much power of sarcasm, as the description of the coalition ministry of Lord Grafton. The character of Lord Chatham is most exquisitely portrayed. For elegance of diction, and beauty of illustration, it has, perhaps, never been surpassed.

SIR, — I agree with the honorable gentleman who spoke last, that this subject is not new in this house. Very disagreeably to this house, very unfortunately to this nation, and to the peace and prosperity of this whole empire, no topic has been more familiar to us. For nine long years, session after session, we have been lashed round and round this miserable circle of occasional arguments and temporary expedients. I am sure our heads must turn, and our stomachs nauseate with them. We have had them in every shape; we have looked at them in every point of view. Invention is exhausted; reason is fatigued; experience has given judgment; but obstinacy is not yet conquered.

The honorable gentleman has made one endeavor more to diversify the form of this disgusting argument. He has thrown out a speech composed almost entirely of challenges. Challenges are serious things; and as he is a man of prudence as well as resolution, I dare say he has very well weighed those challenges before he delivered them. I had long the happiness to sit at the same side of

the house, and to agree with the honorable gentleman on all the American questions. My sentiments, I am sure, are well known to him; and I thought I had been perfectly acquainted with his. Though I find myself mistaken, he will still permit me to use the privilege of an old friendship, he will permit me to apply myself to the house under the sanction of his authority; and, on the various grounds he has measured out, to submit to you the poor opinions which I have formed, upon a matter of importance enough to demand the fullest consideration I could bestow upon it.

He has stated to the house two grounds of deliberation; one narrow and simple, and merely confined to the question on your paper: the other more large and more complicated; comprehending the whole series of the parliamentary proceedings with regard to America, their causes, and their consequences. With regard to the latter ground, he states it as useless, and thinks it may be even dangerous, to enter into so extensive a field of inquiry. Yet, to my surprise, he had hardly laid down this restrictive proposition, to which his authority would have given so much weight, when directly, and with the same authority, he condemns it, and declares it absolutely necessary to enter into the most ample historical detail. His zeal has thrown him a little out of his usual accuracy. In this perplexity what shall we do, Sir, who are willing to submit to the law he gives us? He has reprobated in one part of his speech the rule he had laid down for debate in the other; and, after narrowing the ground for all those who are to speak after him, he takes an excursion himself, as unbounded as the subject and the extent of his great abilities.

Sir, when I cannot obey all his laws, I will do the best I can. I will endeavor to obey such of them as have the sanction of his example, and to stick to that rule, which, though not inconsistent with the other, is the most rational. He was certainly in the right when he took the matter largely. I cannot prevail on myself to agree with him in his censure of his own conduct. It is not, he will give me leave to say, either useless or dangerous. He asserts, that retrospect is not wise; and the proper, the only proper, subject of inquiry is, "not how we got into this difficulty, but how we are to get out of it." In other words, we are, according to him, to consult our invention, and to reject our experience. The mode of deliberation he recommends is diametrically opposite to every rule of reason, and every principle of

good sense established amongst mankind. For that sense, and that reason, I have always understood, absolutely to prescribe, whenever we are involved in difficulties from the measures we have pursued, that we should take a strict review of those measures, in order to correct our errors if they should be corrigible; or at least to avoid a dull uniformity in mischief, and the unpitied calamity of being repeatedly caught in the same snare.

Sir, I will freely follow the honorable gentleman in his historical discussion, without the least management for men or measures, further than as they shall seem to me to deserve it. But before I go into that large consideration, because I would omit nothing that can give the house satisfaction, I wish to tread the narrow ground to which alone the honorable gentleman, in one part of his speech, has so strictly confined us.

He desires to know whether, if we were to repeal this tax agreeably to the proposition of the honorable gentleman who made the motion, the Americans would not take post on this concession, in order to make a new attack on the next body of taxes; and whether they would not call for a repeal of the duty on wine as loudly as they do now for the repeal of the duty on tea? Sir, I can give no security on this subject. But I will do all that I can, and all that can be fairly demanded. To the experience which the honorable gentleman reprobates in one instant, and reverts to in the next; to that experience, without the least wavering or hesitation on my part, I steadily appeal; and would to God there was no other arbiter to decide on the vote with which the house is to conclude this day!

When parliament repealed the stamp act in the year 1766, I affirm first, that the Americans did not in consequence of this measure call upon you to give up the former parliamentary revenue which subsisted in that country; or even any one of the articles which compose it. I affirm also, that when, departing from the maxims of that repeal, you revived the scheme of taxation, and thereby filled the minds of the colonists with new jealousy, and all sorts of apprehensions, then it was that they quarrelled with the old taxes, as well as the new: then it was, and not till then, that they questioned all the parts of your legislative power; and by the battery of such questions have shaken the solid structure of this empire to its deepest foundations.

Of those two propositions I shall, before I have done, give such

convincing, such damning proof, that however the contrary may be whispered in circles, or bawled in newspapers, they never more will dare to raise their voices in this house. I speak with great confidence. I have reason for it. The ministers are with me. They at least are convinced that the repeal of the stamp act had not, and that no repeal can have, the consequences which the honorable gentleman who defends their measures is so much alarmed at. To their conduct I refer him for a conclusive answer to this objection. I carry my proof irresistibly into the very body of both ministry and parliament; not on any general reasoning growing out of collateral matter, but on the conduct of the honorable gentleman's ministerial friends on the new revenue itself.

The act of 1767, which grants this tea duty, sets forth in its preamble, that it was expedient to raise a revenue in America, for the support of the civil government there, as well as for purposes still more extensive. To this support the act assigns six branches of duties. About two years after this act passed, the ministry, I mean the present ministry, thought it expedient to repeal five of the duties, and to leave (for reasons best know to themselves) only the sixth standing. Suppose any person, at the time of that repeal, had thus addressed the minister, "Condemning, as you do, the repeal of the stamp act, why do you venture to repeal the duties upon glass, paper, and painters' colors? Let your pretence for the repeal be what it will, are you not thoroughly convinced, that your concessions will produce, not satisfaction, but insolence in the Americans; and that the giving up these taxes will necessitate the giving up of all the rest?" This objection was as palpable then as it is now; and it was as good for preserving the five duties as for retaining the sixth. Besides, the minister will recollect, that the repeal of the stamp act had but just preceded his repeal; and the ill policy of that measure (had it been so impolitic as it has been represented), and the mischiefs it produced, were quite recent. Upon the principles, therefore, of the honorable gentleman, upon the principles of the minister himself, the minister has nothing at all to answer. He stands condemned by himself, and by all his associates, old and new, as a destroyer, in the first trust of finance, of the revenues; and, in the first rank of honor, as a betrayer of the dignity of his country.

Most men, especially great men, do not always know their well-

wishers. I come to rescue that noble lord out of the hands of those he calls his friends, and even out of his own. I will do him the justice he is denied at home. He has not been this wicked or imprudent man. He knew that a repeal had no tendency to produce the mischiefs which gave so much alarm to his honorable friend. His work was not bad in its principle, but imperfect in its execution; and the motion on your paper presses him only to complete a proper plan, which, by some unfortunate and unaccountable error, he had left unfinished.

I hope, Sir, the honorable gentleman who spoke last, is thoroughly satisfied, and satisfied out of the proceedings of ministry on their own favorite act, that his fears from a repeal are groundless. If he is not, I leave him, and the noble lord who sits by him, to settle the matter as well as they can together; for, if the repeal of American taxes destroys all our government in America, he is the man! and he is the worst of all the repealers, because he is the last.

But I hear it rung continually in my ears, now and formerly, "the preamble! what will become of the preamble, if you repeal this tax?" I am sorry to be compelled so often to expose the calamities and disgraces of parliament. The preamble of this law, standing as it now stands, has the lie direct given to it by the provisionary part of the act; if that can be called provisionary which makes no provision. I should be afraid to express myself in this manner, especially in the face of such a formidable array of ability as is now drawn up before me, composed of the ancient household troops of that side of the house, and the new recruits from this, if the matter were not clear and indisputable. Nothing but truth could give me this firmness; but plain truth and clear evidence can be beat down by no ability. The clerk will be so good as to turn to the act, and read this favorite preamble: —

"Whereas it is expedient that a revenue should be raised in your Majesty's dominions in America, for making a more certain and adequate provision for defraying the charge of administration of justice, and support of civil government, in such provinces where it shall be found necessary, and towards further defraying the expenses of defending, protecting, and securing the said dominions."

You have heard this pompous performance. Now where is the revenue which is to do all these mighty things? Five-sixths repealed, abandoned, sunk, gone, lost forever. Does the poor,

solitary tea duty support the purposes of this preamble? Is not the supply there stated as effectually abandoned as if the tea duty had perished in the general wreck? Here, Mr. Speaker, is a precious mockery; a preamble without an act; taxes granted in order to be repealed, and the reasons of the grant still carefully kept up! This is raising a revenue in America! this is preserving dignity in England! If you repeal this tax in compliance with the motion, I readily admit that you lose this fair preamble. Estimate your loss in it. The object of the act is gone already; and all you suffer is the purging the statute-book of the opprobrium of an empty, absurd, and false recital.

It has been said, again and again, that the five taxes were repealed on commercial principles. It is so said in the paper in my hand; a paper which I constantly carry about; which I have often used, and shall often use again. What is got by this paltry pretence of commercial principles I know not; for, if your government in America is destroyed by the repeal of taxes, it is of no consequence upon what ideas the repeal is grounded. Repeal this tax too upon commercial principles if you please. These principles will serve as well now as they did formerly. But you know that, either your objection to a repeal from these supposed consequences has no validity, or that this pretence never could remove it. This commercial motive never was believed by any man, either in America, which this letter is meant to soothe, or in England, which it is meant to deceive. It was impossible it should. Because every man, in the least acquainted with the detail of commerce, must know, that several of the articles on which the tax was repealed were fitter objects of duties than almost any other articles that could possibly be chosen; without comparison more so, than the tea that was left taxed: as infinitely less liable to be eluded by contraband. The tax upon red and white lead was of this nature. You have, in this kingdom, an advantage in lead, that amounts to a monopoly. When you find yourself in this situation of advantage, you sometimes venture to tax even your own export. You did so, soon after the last war; when, upon this principle, you ventured to impose a duty on coals. In all the articles of American contraband trade, whoever heard of the smuggling of red lead and white lead? You might, therefore well enough, without danger of contraband, and without injury to commerce (if this were

the whole consideration) have taxed these commodities. The same may be said of glass. Besides, some of the things taxed were so trivial, that the loss of the objects themselves, and their utter annihilation out of American commerce, would have been comparatively as nothing. But is the article of tea such an object in the trade of England, as not to be felt, or felt but slightly, like white lead, and red lead, and painters' colors? Tea is an object of far other importance. Tea is perhaps the most important object, taking it with its necessary connections, of any in the mighty circle of our commerce. If commercial principles had been the true motives to the repeal, or had they been at all attended to, tea would have been the last article we should have left taxed for a subject of controversy.

Sir, it is not a pleasant consideration; but nothing in the world can read so awful and so instructive a lesson, as the conduct of ministry in this business, upon the mischief of not having large and liberal ideas in the management of great affairs. Never have the servants of the state looked at the whole of your complicated interests in one connected view. They have taken things, by bits and scraps, some at one time and one pretence, and some at another, just as they pressed, without any sort of regard to their relations or dependencies. They never had any kind of system, right or wrong, but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties, into which they had proudly strutted. And they were put to all these shifts and devices, full of meanness and full of mischief, in order to pilfer piecemeal a repeal of an act, which they had not the generous courage, when they found and felt their error, honorably and fairly to disclaim. By such management, by the irresistible operation of feeble councils, so paltry a sum as threepence in the eyes of a financier, or so insignificant an article as tea in the eyes of a philosopher, have shaken the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the whole globe.

Do you forget that in the very last year, you stood on the precipice of general bankruptcy? Your danger was indeed great. You were distressed in the affairs of the East India Company; and you well know what sort of things are involved in the comprehensive energy of that significant appellation. I am not called upon to enlarge to you on that danger, which you thought proper yourselves to aggravate, and to display to the world with all the parade of

indiscreet declamation. The monopoly of the most lucrative trades, and the possession of imperial revenues, had brought you to the verge of beggary and ruin. Such was your representation — such, in some measure, was your case. The vent of ten millions of pounds of this commodity, now locked up by the operation of an injudicious tax, and rotting in the warehouses of the company, would have prevented all this distress, and all that series of desperate measures which you thought yourselves obliged to take in consequence of it. America would have furnished that vent, which no other part of the world can furnish but America; where tea is next to a necessary of life; and where the demand grows upon the supply. I hope our dear-bought East India committees have done us at least so much good, as to let us know, that without a more extensive sale of that article our East India revenues and acquisitions can have no certain connection with this country. It is through the American trade of tea that your East India conquests are to be prevented from crushing you with their burthen. They are ponderous indeed, and they must have that great country to lean upon, or they tumble upon your head. It is the same folly that has lost you at once the benefit of the west and of the east. This folly has thrown open folding-doors to contraband, and will be the means of giving the profits of the trade of your colonies to every nation but yourselves. Never did a people suffer so much for the empty words of a preamble. It must be given up. For on what principle does it stand? This famous revenue stands at this hour, on all the debate, as a description of revenue not as yet known in all the comprehensive (but too comprehensive!) vocabulary of finance — a preambulary tax. It is indeed a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers, or satisfaction to the subject.

Well! but whatever it is, gentlemen will force the colonists to take the teas. You will force them? Has seven years' struggle been yet able to force them? O, but it seems "we are in the right; the tax is trifling — in effect it is rather an exoneration than an imposition; three-fourths of the duty formerly payable on teas exported to America is taken off; the place of collection is only shifted; instead of the retention of a shilling from the drawback here, it is threepence custom in America." All this, sir, is very true. But this is the

very folly and mischief of the act. Incredible as it may seem, you know that you have deliberately thrown away a large duty which you held secure and quiet in your hands, for the vain hope of getting one three-fourths less, through every hazard, through certain litigation, and possibly through war.

The manner of proceeding in the duties on paper and glass imposed by the same act, was exactly in the same spirit. There are heavy excises on those articles when used in England. On export these excises are drawn back. But instead of withholding the drawback, which might have been done with ease, without charge, without possibility of smuggling; and instead of applying the money (money already in your hands) according to your pleasure, you began your operations in finance by flinging away your revenue; you allowed the whole drawback on export, and then you charged the duty (which you had before discharged), payable in the colonies; where it was certain the collection would devour it to the bone; if any revenue were ever suffered to be collected at all. One spirit pervades and animates the whole mass.

Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America, than to see you go out of the plain high road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interest, merely for the sake of insulting your colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of threepence. But no commodity will bear threepence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated, and two millions of people are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It is the weight of that preamble, of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

It is then, sir, upon the principle of this measure, and nothing else, that we are at issue. It is a principle of political expediency. Your act of 1767 asserts, that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America; your act of 1769, which takes away that revenue, contradicts the act of 1767; and, by something much stronger than words,

asserts that it is not expedient. It is a reflection upon your wisdom to persist in a solemn parliamentary declaration of the expediency of any object, for which, at the same time, you make no sort of provision. And pray, sir, let not this circumstance escape you; it is very material; that the preamble of this act, which we wish to repeal, is not declaratory of a right, as some gentlemen seem to argue it; it is only a recital of the expediency of a certain exercise of a right supposed already to have been asserted; an exercise you are now contending for by ways and means which you confess, though they were obeyed, to be utterly insufficient for their purpose. You are therefore at this moment in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom; a quiddity; a thing that wants, not only a substance, but even a name; for a thing, which is neither abstract right nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common sense; show it to be the means of attaining some useful end, and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity is more than ever I could discern. The honorable gentleman has said well — indeed, in most of his general observations I agree with him — he says, that this subject does not stand as it did formerly. Oh, certainly not! every hour you continue on this ill-chosen ground, your difficulties thicken on you, and therefore my conclusion is, remove from a bad position as quickly as you can. The disgrace, and the necessity of yielding, both of them grow upon you every hour of your delay.

But will you repeal the Act, says the honorable gentleman, at this instant when America is in open resistance to your authority, and that you have just revived your system of taxation? He thinks he has driven us into a corner. But thus pent up, I am content to meet him; because I enter the lists supported by my old authority, his new friends, the ministers themselves. The honorable gentleman remembers, that about five years ago as great disturbances as the present prevailed in America on account of the new taxes. The ministers represented these disturbances as treasonable; and this

house thought proper, on that representation, to make a famous address for a revival, and for a new application of a statute of Henry VIII. We besought the king, in that well-considered address, to inquire into treasons, and to bring the supposed traitors from America to Great Britain for trial. His majesty was pleased graciously to promise a compliance with our request. All the attempts from this side of the house to resist these violences, and to bring about a repeal, were treated with the utmost scorn. An apprehension of the very consequences now stated by the honorable gentleman was then given as a reason for shutting the door against all hope of such an alteration. And so strong was the spirit for supporting the new taxes, that the session concluded with the following remarkable declaration. After stating the vigorous measures which had been pursued, the speech from the throne proceeds: —

"You have assured me of your firm support in the prosecution of them. Nothing, in my opinion, could be more likely to enable the well disposed among my subjects in that part of the world, effectually to discourage and defeat the designs of the factious and seditious, than the hearty concurrence of every branch of the legislature, in maintaining the execution of the laws in every part of my dominions."

After this no man dreamed that a repeal under this ministry could possibly take place. The honorable gentleman knows as well as I, that the idea was utterly exploded by those who sway the house. This speech was made on the ninth day of May, 1769. Five days after this speech, that is, on the 13th of the same month, the public circular letter, a part of which I am going to read to you, was written by Lord Hillsborough, secretary of state for the colonies. After reciting the substance of the king's speech, he goes on thus: —

"I can take upon me to assure you, notwithstanding insinuations to the contrary, from men with factious and seditious views, that his majesty's present administration have at no time entertained a design to propose to parliament to lay any further taxes upon America, for the purpose of raising a revenue; and that it is at present their intention to propose, the next session of parliament, to take off the duties upon glass, paper, and colors, upon consideration of such duties having been laid on contrary to the true principles of commerce.

"These have always been, and still are, the sentiments of his majesty's present servants; and by which their conduct in respect to America has been governed. And his majesty relies upon your prudence and fidelity for such an explanation of his measures as may tend to remove the prejudices which have been excited by the misrepresentations of those who are enemies to the peace and prosperity of Great Britain and her colonies, and to re-establish that mutual confidence and affection upon which the glory and safety of the British empire depend."

Here, sir, is a canonical book of ministerial scripture, the general epistle to the Americans. What does the gentleman say to it? Here a repeal is promised, promised without condition, and while your authority was actually resisted. I pass by the public promise of a peer relative to the repeal of taxes by this house. I pass by the use of the king's name in a matter of supply, that sacred and reserved right of the Commons. I conceal the ridiculous figure of parliament hurling its thunders at the gigantic rebellion of America, and then five days after, prostrate at the feet of those assemblies we affected to despise, begging them, by the intervention of our ministerial sureties, to receive our submission, and heartily promising amendment. These might have been serious matters formerly, but we are grown wiser than our fathers. Passing, therefore, from the constitutional consideration to the mere policy, does not this letter imply, that the idea of taxing America for the purpose of revenue is an abominable project; when the ministry suppose none but factious men, and with seditious views, could charge them with it? does not this letter adopt and sanctify the American distinction of taxing for a revenue? does it not formally reject all future taxation on that principle? does it not state the ministerial rejection of such principle of taxation, not as the occasional, but the constant opinion of the king's servants? does it not say (I care not how consistently), but does it not say, that their conduct with regard to America has been always governed by this policy? It goes a great deal further. These excellent and trusty servants of the king, justly fearful lest they themselves should have lost all credit with the world, bring out the image of their gracious sovereign from the inmost and most sacred shrine, and they pawn him as a security for their promises. "His majesty relies on your prudence and fidelity for such an expla-

nation of his measures." These sentiments of the minister, and these measures of his majesty, can only relate to the principle and practice of taxing for a revenue; and accordingly Lord Botecourt, stating it as such, did, with great propriety, and in the exact spirit of his instructions, endeavor to remove the fears of the Virginian assembly, lest the sentiments which it seems (unknown to the world) had always been those of the ministers, and by which their conduct in respect to America had been governed, should by some possible revolution, favorable to wicked American taxers, be hereafter counteracted. He addresses them in this manner: —

"It may possibly be objected, that, as his majesty's present administration are not immortal, their successors may be inclined to attempt to undo what the present ministers shall have attempted to perform; and to that objection I can give but this answer: that it is my firm opinion that the plan I have stated to you will certainly take place, and that it will never be departed from; and so determined am I forever to abide by it, that I will be content to be declared infamous, if I do not, to the last hour of my life, at all times, in all places, and upon all occasions, exert every power with which I either am, or ever shall be legally invested, in order to obtain and maintain for the continent of America that satisfaction which I have been authorized to promise this day by the confidential servants of our gracious sovereign, who to my certain knowledge rates his honor so high, that he would rather part with his crown than preserve it by deceit."

A glorious and true character! which (since we suffer his ministers with impunity to answer for his ideas of taxation) we ought to make it our business to enable his majesty to preserve in all its lustre. Let him have character, since ours is no more! Let some part of government be kept in respect!

This epistle was not the letter of Lord Hillsborough solely, though he held the official pen. It was the letter of the noble lord upon the floor, and of all the king's then ministers, who (with I think the exception of two only) are his ministers at this hour. The very first news that a British parliament heard of what it was to do with the duties which it had given and granted to the king, was by the publication of the votes of American assemblies. It was in America that your resolutions were pre-declared. It was from thence that we knew to a certainty how much exactly, and not a scruple more

nor less, we were to repeal. We were unworthy to be let into the secret of our own conduct. The assemblies had confidential communications from his majesty's confidential servants. We were nothing but instruments. Do you, after this, wonder that you have no weight and no respect in the colonies? After this, are you surprised that parliament is every day and everywhere losing (I feel it with sorrow, I utter it with reluctance) that reverential affection which so endearing a name of authority ought ever to carry with it; that you are obeyed solely from respect to the bayonet; and that this house, the ground and pillar of freedom, is itself held up only by the treacherous underpinning and clumsy buttresses of arbitrary power?

If this dignity, which is to stand in the place of just policy and common sense, had been consulted, there was a time for preserving it, and for reconciling it with any concession. If in the session of 1768, that session of idle terror and empty menaces, you had, as you were often pressed to do, repealed these taxes, then your strong operations would have come justified and enforced, in case your concessions had been returned by outrages. But, preposterously, you began with violence; and before terrors could have any effect, either good or bad, your ministers immediately begged pardon, and promised that repeal to the obstinate Americans which they had refused in an easy, good-natured, complying British parliament. The assemblies which had been publicly and avowedly dissolved for their contumacy, are called together to receive your submission. Your ministerial directors blustered like tragic tyrants here, and then went mumping with a sore leg in America, canting, and whining, and complaining of faction, which represented them as friends to a revenue from the colonies. I hope nobody in this house will hereafter have the impudence to defend American taxes in the name of ministry. The moment they do, with this letter of attorney in my hand, I will tell them in the authorized terms, they are wretches, with factious and seditious views; enemies to the peace and prosperity of the mother country and the colonies, and subverters of the mutual affection and confidence on which the glory and safety of the British empire depend.

After this letter, the question is no more on propriety or dignity. They are gone already, the faith of your sovereign is pledged for the political principle; the general declaration in the letter goes to

the whole of it. You must therefore either abandon the scheme of taxing, or you must send the ministers tarred and feathered to America, who dared to hold out the royal faith for a renunciation of all taxes for revenue. Them you must punish, or this faith you must preserve; the preservation of this faith is of more consequence than the duties on red lead or white lead, or on broken glass, or atlas-ordinary, or demy-fine, or blue-royal, or bastard, or fool's-cap, which you have given up; or the threepence on tea which you retained. The letter went stamped with the public authority of this kingdom. The instructions for the colony government go under no other sanction, and America cannot believe, and will not obey you, if you do not preserve this channel of communication sacred. You are now punishing the colonies for acting on distinctions, held out by that very ministry which is here shining in riches, in favor, and in power; and urging the punishment of the very offence to which they had themselves been the tempters.

Sir, if reasons respecting simply your commerce, which is your own convenience, were the sole grounds of the repeal of the five duties, why does Lord Hillsborough, in disclaiming in the name of the king and ministry their ever having had an intent to tax for revenue, mention it as the means of re-establishing the confidence and affection of the colonies? Is it a way of soothing others, to assure them that you will take good care of yourself? The medium, the only medium for regaining their affection and confidence is, that you will take off something oppressive to their minds; sir, the letter strongly enforces that idea, for though the repeal of the taxes is promised on commercial principles, yet the means of counteracting the insinuations of men with factious and seditious views, is by a disclaimer of the intention of taxing for revenue, as a constant invariable sentiment and rule of conduct in the government of America.

I remember that the noble lord on the floor, not in a former debate to be sure (it would be disorderly to refer to it, I suppose I read it somewhere), but the noble lord was pleased to say, that he did not conceive how it could enter into the head of man to impose such taxes as those of 1767; I mean those taxes which he voted for imposing and voted for repealing; as being taxes contrary to all the principles of commerce laid on British manufactures.

I dare say the noble lord is perfectly well read, because the duty

of his particular office requires he should be so, in all our revenue laws; and in the policy which is to be collected out of them. Now, sir, when he had read this act of American revenue, and a little recovered from his astonishment, I suppose he made one step retrograde (it is but one), and looked at the act which stands just before in the statute book. The American revenue act is the forty-fifth chapter, the other to which I refer is the forty-fourth of the same session. These two acts are both to the same purpose, both revenue acts, both taxing out of the kingdom, and both taxing British manufactures exported. As the forty-fifth is an act for raising a revenue in America, the forty-fourth is an act for raising a revenue in the Isle of Man; the two acts perfectly agree in all respects except one. In the act for taxing the Isle of Man, the noble lord will find, not, as in the American act, four or five articles, but almost the whole body of British manufactures taxed from two and a half to fifteen per cent., and some articles, such as that of spirits, a great deal higher. You did not think it uncommercial to tax the whole mass of your manufactures, and let me add, your agriculture too; for I now recollect, British corn is there also taxed up to ten per cent, and this too in the very headquarters, the very citadel of smuggling, the Isle of Man. Now, will the noble lord condescend to tell me why he repealed the taxes on your manufactures sent out to America, and not the taxes on the manufactures exported to the Isle of Man? The principle was exactly the same, the objects charged infinitely more extensive, the duties without comparison higher. Why? why notwithstanding all his childish pretexts, because the taxes were quietly submitted to in the Isle of Man, and because they raised a flame in America. Your reasons were political, not commercial. The repeal was made, as Lord Hillsborough's letter well expresses it, to regain the confidence and affection of the colonies, on which the glory and safety of the British empire depend. A wise and just motive surely, if ever there was such. But the mischief and dishonor is, that you have not done what you have given the colonies just cause to expect, when your ministers disclaimed the idea of taxes for a revenue. There is nothing simple, nothing manly, nothing ingenuous, open, decisive, or steady, in the proceeding, with regard either to the continuance or the repeal of the taxes. The whole has an air of littleness and fraud. The article of tea is slurred over in

the circular letter, as it were by accident — nothing is said of a resolution either to keep that tax, or to give it up. There is no fair dealing in any part of the transaction.

If you mean to follow your true motive and your public faith, give up your tax on tea for raising a revenue, the principle of which has in effect, been disclaimed in your name; and which produces you no advantage, no, not a penny. Or, if you choose to go on with a poor pretence instead of a solid reason, and will still adhere to your cant of commerce, you have ten thousand times more strong commercial reasons for giving up this duty on tea, than for abandoning the five others that you have already renounced.

The American consumption of tea is annually, I believe, worth £300,000, at the least farthing. If you urge the American violence as a justification of your perseverance in enforcing this tax, you know that you can never answer this plain question — why did you repeal the others given in the same act, whilst the very same violence subsisted? — but you did not find the violence cease upon that concession. No! because the concession was far short of satisfying the principle which Lord Hillsborough had abjured; or even the pretence on which the repeal of the other taxes was announced, and because, by enabling the East India Company to open a shop for defeating the American resolution not to pay that specific tax, you manifestly shewed a hankering after the principle of the act which you formerly had renounced. Whatever road you take leads to a compliance with this motion. It opens to you at the end of every vista. Your commerce, your policy, your promises, your reasons, your pretences, your consistency, your inconsistency — all jointly oblige you to this repeal.

But still it sticks in our throats, if we go so far, the Americans will go farther. We do not know that. We ought from experience rather to presume the contrary. Do we not know for certain, that the Americans are going on as fast as possible, whilst we refuse to gratify them? can they do more, or can they do worse, if we yield this point? I think this concession will rather fix a turnpike to prevent their further progress. It is impossible to answer for bodies of men. But I am sure the natural effect of fidelity, clemency, kindness in governors, is peace, good will, order, and esteem, on the part of the governed. I would, certainly, at least, give these fair

principles a fair trial; which, since the making of this act to this hour, they never have had.

Sir, the honorable gentleman having spoken what he thought necessary upon the narrow part of the subject, I have given him, I hope, a satisfactory answer. He next presses me by a variety of direct challenges and oblique reflections to say something on the historical part. I shall therefore, sir, open myself fully on that important and delicate subject; not for the sake of telling you a long story (which I know, Mr. Speaker, you are not particularly fond of), but for the sake of the weighty instruction that, I flatter myself, will necessarily result from it. It shall not be longer, if I can help it, than so serious a matter requires.

Permit me then, sir, to lead your attention very far back; back to the act of navigation; the corner-stone of the policy of this country with regard to its colonies. Sir, that policy was from the beginning purely commercial, and the commercial system was wholly restrictive. It was the system of a monopoly. No trade was let loose from that constraint, but merely to enable the colonists to dispose of what, in the course of your trade, you could not take; or to enable them to dispose of such articles as we forced upon them, and for which, without some degree of liberty, they could not pay. Hence all your specific and detailed enumerations: hence the innumerable checks and counterchecks: hence that infinite variety of paper chains by which you bind together this complicated system of the colonies. This principle of commercial monopoly runs through no less than twenty-nine acts of parliament, from the year 1660 to the unfortunate period of 1764.

In all those acts the system of commerce is established, as that from whence alone you proposed to make the colonies contribute (I mean directly, and by the operation of your superintending legislative power) to the strength of the empire. I venture to say, that during that whole period, a parliamentary revenue from thence was never once in contemplation. Accordingly, in all the number of laws passed with regard to the plantations, the words which distinguish revenue laws, specifically as such, were, I think, premeditately avoided. I do not say, sir, that a form of words alters the nature of the law, or abridges the power of the lawgiver. It certainly does not. However, titles and formal preambles are not always idle

words; and the lawyers frequently argue from them. I state these facts to shew, not what was your right, but what has been your settled policy. Our revenue laws have usually a title, purporting their being grants; and the words "give and grant" usually precede the enacting parts. Although duties were imposed on America in acts of King Charles the Second, and in acts of King William, no one title of giving "an aid to his majesty," or any other of the usual titles to revenue acts, was to be found in any of them till 1764; nor were the words "give and grant" in any preamble until the 6th of George the Second. However, the title of this act of George the Second, notwithstanding the words of donation, considers it merely as a regulation of trade, "an act for the better securing of the trade of his majesty's sugar colonies in America." This act was made on a compromise of all, and at the express desire of a part, of the colonies themselves. It was therefore in some measure with their consent; and having a title directly purporting only a commercial regulation, and being in truth nothing more, the words were passed by, at a time when no jealousy was entertained, and things were little scrutinized. Even Governor Bernard, in his second printed letter, dated in 1763, gives it as his opinion, that "it was an act of prohibition, not of revenue." This is certainly true, that no act avowedly for the purpose of revenue, and with the ordinary title and recital taken together, is found in the statute book until the year I have mentioned; that is, the year 1764. All before this period stood on commercial regulation and restraint. The scheme of a colony revenue by British authority appeared therefore to the Americans in the light of a great innovation; the words of Governor Bernard's ninth letter, written in Nov. 1765, state this idea very strongly; "it must," says he, "have been supposed, such an innovation as a parliamentary taxation, would cause a great alarm, and meet with much opposition in most parts of America; it was quite new to the people, and had no visible bounds set to it." After stating the weakness of government there, he says, "was this a time to introduce so great a novelty as a parliamentary inland taxation in America?" Whatever the right might have been, this mode of using it was absolutely new in policy and practice.

Sir, they who are friends to the schemes of American revenue say, that the commercial restraint is full as hard a law for America to

live under. I think so too. I think it, if uncompensated, to be a condition of as rigorous servitude as men can be subject to. But America bore it from the fundamental act of navigation until 1764. Why? Because men do bear the inevitable constitution of their original nature with all its infirmities. The act of navigation attended the colonies from their infancy, grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. They were confirmed in obedience to it, even more by usage than by law. They scarcely had remembered a time when they were not subject to such restraint. Besides, they were indemnified for it by a pecuniary compensation. Their monopolist happened to be one of the richest men in the world. By his immense capital (primarily employed, not for their benefit, but his own) they were enabled to proceed with their fisheries, their agriculture, their ship-building (and their trade too within the limits), in such a manner as got far the start of the slow, languid operations of unassisted nature. This capital was a hot-bed to them. Nothing in the history of mankind is like their progress. For my part, I never cast an eye on their flourishing commerce, and their cultivated and commodious life, but they seem to me rather ancient nations grown to perfection through a long series of fortunate events, and a train of successful industry, accumulating wealth in many centuries, than the colonies of yesterday; than a set of miserable outcasts, a few years ago, not so much sent as thrown out, on the bleak and barren shore of a desolate wilderness three thousand miles from all civilized intercourse.

All this was done by England, whilst England pursued trade, and forgot revenue. You not only acquired commerce, but you actually created the very objects of trade in America; and by that creation you raised the trade of this kingdom at least four-fold. America had the compensation of your capital, which made her bear her servitude. She had another compensation, which you are now going to take away from her. She had, except the commercial restraint, every characteristic mark of a free people in all her internal concerns. She had the image of the British constitution. She had the substance. She was taxed by her own representatives. She chose most of her own magistrates. She paid them all. She had in effect the sole disposal of her own internal government. This whole state of commercial servitude and civil liberty, taken together, is cer-

tainly not perfect freedom; but comparing it with the ordinary circumstances of human nature, it was an happy and a liberal condition.

I know, sir, that great and not unsuccessful pains have been taken to inflame our minds by an outcry, in this house and out of it, that in America the act of navigation neither is, or ever was, obeyed. But if you take the colonies through, I affirm, that its authority never was disputed; that it was nowhere disputed for any length of time; and on the whole, that it was well observed. Wherever the act pressed hard, many individuals indeed evaded it. This is nothing. These scattered individuals never denied the law, and never obeyed it. Just as it happens whenever the laws of trade, whenever the laws of revenue, press hard upon the people in England; in that case all your shores are full of contraband. Your right to give a monopoly to the East India Company, your right to lay immense duties on French brandy, are not disputed in England. You do not make this charge on any man. But you know there is not a creek from Pentland Frith to the Isle of Wight, in which they do not smuggle immense quantities of teas, East India goods, and brandies. I take it for granted, that the authority of Governor Bernard in this point is indisputable. Speaking of these laws, as they regarded that part of America now in so unhappy a condition, he says, "I believe they are nowhere better supported than in this province; I do not pretend that it is entirely free from a breach of these laws; but that such a breach, if discovered, is justly punished." What more can you say of the obedience to any laws in any country? An obedience to these laws formed the acknowledgment, instituted by yourselves, for your superiority; and was the payment you originally imposed for your protection.

Whether you were right or wrong in establishing the colonies on the principles of commercial monopoly, rather than on that of revenue, is at this day a problem of mere speculation. You cannot have both by the same authority. To join together the restraints of an universal internal and external monopoly, with an universal internal and external taxation, is an unnatural union; perfect uncompensated slavery. You have long since decided for yourself and them; and you and they have prospered exceedingly under that decision.

This nation, sir, never thought of departing from that choice until the period immediately on the close of the last war. Then a scheme

of government new in many things seemed to have been adopted. I saw, or thought I saw, several symptoms of a great change, whilst I sat in your gallery, a good while before I had the honor of a seat in this house. At that period the necessity was established of keeping up no less than twenty new regiments, with twenty colonels capable of seats in this house. This scheme was adopted with very general applause from all sides, at the very time that, by your conquests in America, your danger from foreign attempts in that part of the world was much lessened, or indeed rather quite over. When this huge increase of military establishment was resolved on, a revenue was to be found to support so great a burthen. Country gentlemen, the great patrons of economy, and the great resisters of a standing armed force, would not have entered with much alacrity into the vote for so large and so expensive an army, if they had been very sure that they were to continue to pay for it. But hopes of another kind were held out to them; and in particular, I well remember that Mr. Townshend, in a brilliant harangue on this subject, did dazzle them, by playing before their eyes the image of a revenue to be raised in America.

Here began to dawn the first glimmerings of this new colony system. It appeared more distinctly afterwards, when it was devolved upon a person to whom, on other accounts, this country owes very great obligations. I do believe, that he had a very serious desire to benefit the public. But with no small study of the detail, he did not seem to have his view, at least equally, carried to the total circuit of our affairs. He generally considered his objects in lights that were rather too detached. Whether the business of an American revenue was imposed upon him altogether; whether it was entirely the result of his own speculation; or, what is more probable, that his own ideas rather coincided with the instructions he had received; certain it is, that, with the best intentions in the world, he first brought this fatal scheme into form, and established it by act of parliament.

No man can believe that at this time of day I mean to lean on the venerable memory of a great man, whose loss we deplore in common. Our little party differences have been long ago composed; and I have acted more with him, and certainly with more pleasure with him, than ever I acted against him. Undoubtedly Mr. Gren-

ville was a first-rate figure in this country. With a masculine understanding and a stout and resolute heart, he had an application undissipated and unwearied. He took public business not as a duty which he was to fulfil, but as a pleasure he was to enjoy; and he seemed to have no delight out of this house, except in such things as some way related to the business that was to be done within it. If he was ambitious, I will say this for him, his ambition was of a noble and generous strain. It was to raise himself, not by the low pimping politics of a court, but to win his way to power through the laborious gradations of public service, and to secure himself a well-earned rank in parliament by a thorough knowledge of its constitution and a perfect practice in all its business.

Sir, if such a man fell into errors it must be from defects not intrinsical; they must be rather sought in the particular habits of his life; which, though they do not alter the ground-work of character, yet tinge it with their own hue. He was bred in a profession. He was bred to the law, which is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion. Passing from that study he did not go very largely into the world, but plunged into business; I mean into the business of office; and the limited and fixed methods and forms established there. Much knowledge is to be had undoubtedly in that line; and there is no knowledge which is not valuable. But it may be truly said that men too much conversant in office are rarely minds of remarkable enlargement. Their habits of office are apt to give them a turn to think the substance of business not to be much more important than the forms in which it is conducted. These forms are adapted to ordinary occasions; and therefore persons who are nurtured in office do admirably well as long as things go on in their common order; but when the high roads are broken up and the waters out, when a new and troubled scene is opened and the file affords no precedent, then it is that a greater knowledge of mankind and a far more extensive comprehension of things is requisite than ever office gave or than office can ever give. Mr. Grenville thought better of the wisdom and power of human legislation than in truth it deserves. He conceived, and

many conceived along with him, that the flourishing trade of this country was greatly owing to law and institution, and not quite so much to liberty; for but too many are apt to believe regulation to be commerce, and taxes to be revenue. Among regulations, that which stood first in reputation was his idol. I mean the act of navigation. He has often professed it to be so. The policy of that act is, I readily admit, in many respects well understood. But I do say that if the act be suffered to run the full length of its principle, and is not changed and modified according to the change of times and the fluctuation of circumstances, it must do great mischief and frequently even defeat its own purpose.

After the war, and in the last year of it, the trade of America had increased far beyond the speculations of the most sanguine imaginations. It swelled out on every side. It filled all its proper channels to the brim. It overflowed with a rich redundance, and breaking its banks on the right and on the left, it spread out upon some places where it was indeed improper, upon others where it was only irregular. It is the nature of all greatness not to be exact; and great trade will always be attended with considerable abuses. The contraband will always keep pace in some measure with the fair trade. It should stand as a fundamental maxim that no vulgar precaution ought to be employed in the cure of evils which are closely connected with the cause of our prosperity. Perhaps this great person turned his eye somewhat less than was just towards the incredible increase of the fair trade, and looked with something of too exquisite a jealousy towards the contraband. He certainly felt a singular degree of anxiety on the subject, and even began to act from that passion earlier than is commonly imagined. For whilst he was first lord of the admiralty, though not strictly called upon in his official line, he presented a very strong memorial to the lords of the treasury (my lord Bute was then at the head of the board), heavily complaining of the growth of the illicit commerce in America. Some mischief happened even at that time from this over-earnest zeal. Much greater happened afterwards when it operated with greater power in the highest department of the finances. The bonds of the act of navigation were straitened so much that America was on the point of having no trade, either contraband or legitimate. They found, under the construction and execution then used, the act

no longer tying, but actually strangling them. All this coming with new enumerations of commodities; with regulations which in a manner put a stop to the mutual coasting intercourse of the colonies; with the appointment of courts of admiralty under various improper circumstances; with a sudden extinction of the paper currencies; with a compulsory provision for the quartering of soldiers, the people of America thought themselves proceeded against as delinquents, or at best as people under suspicion of delinquency; and in such a manner as, they imagined, their recent services in the war did not at all merit. Any of these innumerable regulations, perhaps, would not have alarmed alone; some might be thought reasonable, the multitude struck them with terror.

But the grand manœuvre in that business of new regulating the colonies was the 15th act of the fourth of George III., which, besides containing several of the matters to which I have just alluded, opened a new principle; and here properly began the second period of the policy of this country with regard to the colonies; by which the scheme of a regular plantation parliamentary revenue was adopted in theory and settled in practice. A revenue not substituted in the place of, but superadded to, a monopoly; which monopoly was enforced at the same time with additional strictness, and the execution put into military hands.

This act, sir, had for the first time the title of granting duties in the colonies and plantations of America, and for the first time it was asserted in the preamble that it was just and necessary that a revenue should be raised. Then came the technical words of giving and granting, and thus a complete American revenue act was made in all the forms, and with a full avowal of the right equity policy, and even necessity of taxing the colonies without any formal consent of theirs. There are contained also in the preamble to that act these very remarkable words—the commons, &c., "being desirous to make some provision in the present session of parliament towards raising the said revenue." By these words it appeared to the colonies that this act was but a beginning of sorrows; that every session was to produce something of the same kind; that we were to go on from day to day in charging them with such taxes as we pleased, for such a military force as we should think proper. Had this plan been pursued, it was evident that the provincial assemblies in which the

Americans felt all their portion of importance, and beheld their sole image of freedom, were *ipso facto* annihilated. This ill prospect before them seemed to be boundless in extent and endless in duration. Sir, they were not mistaken. The ministry valued themselves when this act passed, and when they gave notice of the stamp act, that both of the duties came very short of their ideas of American taxation. Great was the applause of this measure here. In England we cried out for new taxes on America, whilst they cried out that they were nearly crushed with those which the war and their own grants had brought upon them.

Sir, it has been said in the debate that when the first American revenue act (the act of 1764 imposing the port duties) passed, the Americans did not object to the principle. It is true they touched it but very tenderly. It was not a direct attack. They were, it is true, as yet novices; as yet unaccustomed to direct attacks upon any of the rights of parliament. The duties were port duties, like those they had been accustomed to bear, with this difference, that the title was not the same, the preamble not the same, and the spirit altogether unlike. But of what service is this observation to the cause of those that make it? It is a full refutation of the pretence for their present cruelty to America; for it shows, out of their own mouths, that our colonies were backward to enter into the present vexatious and ruinous controversy.

There is also another circulation abroad (spread with a malignant intention, which I cannot attribute to those who say the same thing in this house), that Mr. Grenville gave the colony agents an option for their assemblies to tax themselves, which they had refused. I find that much stress is laid on this, as a fact. However, it happens neither to be true nor possible. I will observe first, that Mr. Grenville never thought fit to make this apology for himself in the innumerable debates that were had upon the subject. He might have proposed to the colony agents that they should agree in some mode of taxation as the ground of an act of parliament. But he never could have proposed that they should tax themselves on requisition, which is the assertion of the day. Indeed, Mr. Grenville well knew that the colony agents could have no general powers to consent to it; and they had no time to consult their assemblies for particular powers before he passed his first revenue act. If you compare dates

you will find it impossible. Burthened as the agents knew the colonies were at that time, they could not give the least hope of such grants. His own favorite governor was of opinion that the Americans were not then taxable objects:

"Nor was the time less favorable to the equity of such a taxation. I don't mean to dispute the reasonableness of America contributing to the charges of Great Britain when she is able; nor, I believe, would the Americans themselves have disputed it, at a proper time and season. But it should be considered, that the American governments themselves have, in the prosecution of the late war, contracted very large debts, which it will take some years to pay off, and in the meantime occasions very burdensome taxes for that purpose only. For instance, this government, which is as much beforehand as any, raises every year £37,500 sterling, for sinking their debt, and must continue it for four years longer at least before it will be clear."

These are the words of Governor Bernard's letter to a member of the old ministry, and which he has since printed. Mr. Grenville could not have made this proposition to the agents, for another reason. He was of opinion, which he has declared in this house an hundred times, that the colonies could not legally grant any revenue to the crown; and that infinite mischiefs would be the consequence of such a power. When Mr. Grenville had passed the first revenue act, and in the same session had made this house come to a resolution for laying a stamp duty on America, between that time and the passing the stamp act into a law, he told a considerable and most respectable merchant, a member of this house, whom I am truly sorry I do not now see in his place, when he represented against this proceeding, that if the stamp duty was disliked, he was willing to exchange it for any other equally productive; but that if he objected to the Americans being taxed by parliament, he might save himself the trouble of the discussion, as he was determined on the measure. This is the fact, and if you please, I will mention a very unquestionable authority for it.

Thus, sir, I have disposed of this falsehood. But falsehood has a perennial spring. It is said, that no conjecture could be made of the dislike of the colonies to the principle. This is as untrue as the other. After the resolution of the house, and before the passing of

the stamp act, the colonies of Massachusetts Bay and New York did send remonstrances, objecting to this mode of parliamentary taxation. What was the consequence? They were suppressed; they were put under the table; notwithstanding an order of council to the contrary, by the ministry which composed the very council that had made the order; and thus the house proceeded to its business of taxing without the least regular knowlege of the objections which were made to it. But to give that house its due, it was not over desirous to receive information, or to hear remonstrance. On the 15th of February, 1765, whilst the stamp act was under deliberation, they refused with scorn even so much as to receive four petitions presented from so respectable colonies as Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia and Carolina; besides one from the traders of Jamaica. As to the colonies, they had no alternative left them but to disobey, or to pay the taxes imposed by that parliament which was not suffered, or did not suffer itself, even to hear them remonstrate upon the subject.

This was the state of the colonies before his majesty thought fit to change his ministers. It stands upon no authority of mine. It is proved by uncontrovertible records. The honorable gentlemen has desired some of us to lay our hands upon our hearts, and answer to his queries upon the historical part of this consideration; and by his manner (as well as my eyes could discern it) he seemed to address himself to me.

Sir, I will answer him as clearly as I am able, and with great openness; I have nothing to conceal. In the year sixty-five, being in a very private station, far enough from any line of business, and not having the honor of a seat in this house, it was my fortune, unknowing and unknown to the then ministry, by the intervention of a common friend, to become connected with a very noble person, and at the head of the treasury department. It was indeed a situation of little rank and no consequence, suitable to the mediocrity of my talents and pretensions. But a situation near enough to enable me to see, as well as others, what was going on; and I did see in that noble person such sound principles, such an enlargement of mind, such clear and sagacious sense, and such unshaken fortitude, as have bound me, as well as others much better than I, by an inviolable attachment to him from that time forward. Sir, Lord Rockingham,

very early in that summer, received a strong representation from many weighty English merchants, and manufacturers, from governors of provinces and commanders of men-of-war, against almost the whole of the American commercial regulations, and particularly with regard to the total ruin which was threatened to the Spanish trade. I believe, sir, the noble lord soon saw his way in this business. But he did not rashly determine against acts which, it might be supposed, were the result of much deliberation. However, sir, he scarcely began to open the ground, when the whole veteran body of office took the alarm. A violent outery of all (except those who knew and felt the mischief) was raised against any alteration. On one hand, his attempt was a direct violation of treaties and public law. On the other, the act of navigation and all the corps of trade laws were drawn up in array against it.

The first step the noble lord took, was to have the opinion of his excellent, learned, and ever-lamented friend, the late Mr. Yorke, then attorney-general, on the point of law. When he knew that formally and officially, which in substance he had known before, he immediately dispatched orders to redress the grievance. But I will say it for the then minister, he is of that constitution of mind, that I know he would have issued, on the same critical occasion, the very same orders, if the acts of trade had been, as they were not, directly against him; and would have cheerfully submitted to the equity of parliament for his indemnity.

On the conclusion of this business of the Spanish trade, the news of the troubles, on account of the stamp-act, arrived in England. It was not until the end of October that these accounts were received. No sooner had the sound of that mighty tempest reached us in England, than the whole of the then opposition, instead of feeling humbled by the unhappy issue of their measures, seemed to be infinitely elated, and cried out that the ministry, from envy to the glory of their predecessors, were prepared to repeal the stamp-act. Near nine years after, the honorable gentleman takes quite opposite ground, and now challenges me to put my hand to my heart, and say, whether the ministry had resolved on the appeal till a considerable time after the meeting of parliament. Though I do not very well know what the honorable gentleman wishes to infer from the admission, or from the denial of this fact, on which he so

earnestly adjures me; I do put my hand on my heart and assure him, that they did not come to a resolution directly to repeal. They weighed this matter as its difficulty and importance required, they considered maturely among themselves, they consulted with all who could give advice or information. It was not determined until a little before the meeting of parliament, but it was determined; and the main lines of their own plan marked out before that meeting. Two questions arose (I hope I am not going into a narrative troublesome to the house) —

A cry of, "Go on, go on."

—The first of the two considerations was, whether the repeal should be total, or whether only partial; taking out everything burthensome and productive, and reserving only an empty acknowledgment, such as a stamp on cards or dice. The other question was, on what principle should the act be repealed? On this head also two principles were started: One, that the legislative rights of this country, with regard to America, were not entire, but had certain restrictions and limitations. The other principal was, that taxes of this kind were contrary to the fundamental principles of commerce on which the colonies were founded; and contrary to every idea of political equity, by which equity we are bound, as much as possible, to extend the spirit and benefit of the British constitution to every part of the British dominions. The option both of the measure, and of the principle of repeal, was made before the session; and I wonder how any one can read the king's speech at the opening of that session, without seeing in that speech both the repeal and the declaratory act very sufficiently crayoned out. Those who cannot see this can see nothing.

Surely the honorable gentleman will not think that a great deal less time than was then employed, ought to have been spent in deliberation; when he considers that the news of the troubles did not arrive till towards the end of October. The parliament sat to fill the vacancies on the 14th day of December, and on business the 14th of the following January.

Sir, a partial repeal, or, as the *bon ton* of the court then was, a modification, would have satisfied a timid, unsystematic, procrastinating ministry, as such a measure has since done such a ministry.

A modification is the constant resource of weak undeciding minds. To repeal by a denial of our right to tax in the preamble (and this too did not want advisers), would have cut, in the heroic style, the Gordian knot with a sword. Either measure would have cost no more than a day's debate. But when the total repeal was adopted, and adopted on principles of policy, of equity, and of commerce; this plan made it necessary to enter into many and difficult measures. It became necessary to open a very large field of evidence commensurate to these extensive views. But then this labor did knight's service. It opened the eyes of several to the true state of the American affairs, it enlarged their ideas, it removed prejudices, and it conciliated the opinions and affections of men. The noble lord who then took the lead in administration, my honorable friend under me, and a right honorable gentleman (if he will not reject his share, and it was a large one, of this business), exerted the most laudable industry in bringing before you the fullest, most impartial, and least-garbled body of evidence that ever was produced to this house. I think the inquiry lasted in the committee for six weeks; and at its conclusion this house, by an independent, noble, spirited, and unexpected majority; by a majority that will redeem all the acts ever done by majorities in parliament; in the teeth of all the old mercenary Swiss of state, in despite of all the speculators and augurs of political events, in defiance of the whole embattled legion of veteran pensioners and practised instruments of a court, gave a total repeal to the stamp-act, and (if it had been so permitted) a lasting peace to this whole empire.

I state, sir, these particulars, because this act of spirit and fortitude has lately been in the circulation of the season, and in some hazardous declamations in this house, attributed to timidity. If, sir, the conduct of the ministry in proposing the repeal, had arisen from timidity with regard to themselves, it would have been greatly to be condemned. Interested timidity disgraces as much in the cabinet, as personal timidity does in the field. But timidity with regard to the well-being of our country is heroic virtue. The noble lord who then conducted affairs, and his worthy colleagues, whilst they trembled at the prospect of such distresses as you have since brought upon yourselves, were not afraid steadily to look in the face that glaring and dazzling influence at which the eyes of eagles have

blenched. He looked in the face of one of the ablest, and, let me say, not the most scrupulous oppositions, that perhaps ever was in this house, and withstood it, unaided by even one of the usual supports of administration. He did this when he repealed the stamp-act. He looked in the face a person he had long respected and regarded, and whose aid was then particularly wanting, I mean Lord Chatham. He did this when he passed the declaratory act.

It is now given out for the usual purposes, by the usual emissaries, that Lord Rockingham did not consent to the repeal of this act until he was bullied into it by Lord Chatham; and the reporters have gone so far as publicly to assert in a hundred companies, that the honorable gentleman under the gallery, who proposed the repeal in the American committee, had another set of resolutions in his pocket directly the reverse of those he moved. These artifices of a desperate cause are at this time spread abroad, with incredible care, in every part of the town, from the highest to the lowest companies; as if the industry of the circulation were to make amends for the absurdity of the report.

Sir, whether the noble lord is of a complexion to be bullied by Lord Chatham, or by any man, I must submit to those who know him. I confess, when I look back to that time, I consider him as placed in one of the most trying situations in which, perhaps, any man ever stood. In the house of peers there were very few of the ministry, out of the noble lord's own particular connection (except Lord Egmont, who acted, as far as I could discern, an honorable and manly part), that did not look to some other future arrangement which warped his politics. There were in both houses new and menacing appearances, that might very naturally drive any other than a most resolute minister, from his measure or from his station. The household troops openly revolted. The allies of ministry (those I mean, who supported some of their measures, but refused responsibility for any) endeavored to undermine their credit, and to take ground that must be fatal to the success of the very cause which they would be thought to countenance. The question of repeal was brought on by ministry in the committee of this house, in the very instant when it was known that more than one court negociation was carrying on with the heads of the opposition. Everything, upon every side, was full of traps and mines. Earth below shook, heaven

above menaced, all the elements of ministerial safety were dissolved. It was in the midst of this chaos of plots and counterplots, it was in the midst of this complicated warfare against public opposition and private treachery, that the firmness of that noble person was put to the proof. He never stirred from his ground, no, not an inch. He remained fixed and determined, in principle, in measure, and in conduct. He practised no managements. He secured no retreat. He sought no apology.

I will likewise do justice, I ought to do it, to the honorable gentleman who led us in this house. Far from the duplicity wickedly charged on him, he acted his part with alacrity and resolution. We all felt inspired by the example he gave us, down even to myself, the weakest in that phalanx. I declare for one, I knew well enough (it could not be concealed from any body) the true state of things; but, in my life, I never came with so much spirits into this house. It was a time for a man to act in. We had powerful enemies, but we had faithful and determined friends, and a glorious cause. We had a great battle to fight, but we had the means of fighting: not as now, when our arms are tied behind us. We did fight that day, and conquer.

I remember, sir, with a melancholy pleasure, the situation of the honorable gentleman who made the motion for the repeal; in that crisis, when the whole trading interest of this empire, crammed into your lobbies, with a trembling and anxious expectation, waited almost to a winter's return of light, their fate from your resolutions. When, at length, you had determined in their favor, and your doors thrown open, showed them the figure of their deliverer in the well-earned triumph of his important victory, from the whole of that grave multitude there arose an involuntary burst of gratitude and transport. They jumped upon him like children on a long absent father. They clung about him as captives about their redeemer. All England, all America, joined to his applause. Nor did he seem insensible to the best of all earthly rewards, the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens. Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest. I stood near him, and his face, to use the expression of the Scripture of the first martyr, "his face was as if it had been the face of an angel." I do not know how others feel, but if I had stood in that situation, I never would have exchanged it for all that kings in their

profusion could bestow. I did hope that that day's danger and honor would have been a bond to hold us all together for ever. But, alas! that, with other pleasing visions, is long since vanished.

Sir, this act of supreme magnanimity has been represented, as if it had been a measure of an administration, that, having no scheme of their own, took a middle line, pilfered a bit from one side and a bit from the other. Sir, they took no middle line. They differed fundamentally from the schemes of both parties; but they preserved the objects of both. They preserved the authority of Great Britain. They preserved the equity of Great Britain. They made the declaratory act, they repealed the stamp act. They did both fully, because the declaratory act was without qualification; and the repeal of the stamp act total. This they did in the situation I have described.

Now, Sir, what will the adversary say to both these acts? If the principle of the declaratory act was not good, the principle we are contending for this day is monstrous. If the principle of the repeal was not good, why are we not at war for a real, substantial, effective revenue? If both were bad, why has this ministry incurred all the inconveniencies of both and of all schemes? Why have they enacted, repealed, enforced, yielded, and now attempt to enforce again?

Sir, I think I may as well now, as at any other time, speak to a certain matter of fact, not wholly unrelated to the question under your consideration. We, who would persuade you to revert to the ancient policy of this kingdom, labor under the effect of this short current phrase which the court leaders have given out to all their corps, in order to take away the credit of those who would prevent you from that frantic war you are going to wage upon your colonies. Their cant is this, all the disturbances in America have been created by the repeal of the stamp-act. I suppress for a moment my indignation at the falsehood, baseness, and absurdity of this most audacious assertion. Instead of remarking on the motives and character of those who have issued it for circulation, I will clearly lay before you the state of America antecedently to that repeal, after the repeal, and since the renewal of the schemes of American taxation.

It is said, that the disturbances, if there were any before the repeal, were slight, and without difficulty or inconvenience, might

have been suppressed. For an answer to this assertion I will send you to the great author and patron of the stamp-act, who certainly meaning well to the authority of this country, and fully apprised of the state of that, made, before a repeal was so much as agitated in this house, the motion which is on your journals; and which, to save the clerk the trouble of turning to it, I will now read to you. It was for an amendment to the address of the 17th of December, 1765:

"To express our just resentment and indignation at the outrageous tumults and insurrections which have been excited and carried on in North America, and at the resistance given by open and rebellious force to the execution of the laws in that part of his majesty's dominions. And to assure his majesty, that his faithful commons, animated with the warmest duty and attachment to his royal person and government, will firmly and effectually support his majesty in all such measures as shall be necessary for preserving and supporting the legal dependence of the colonies on the mother country," &c.

Here was certainly a disturbance preceding the repeal; such a disturbance as Mr. Grenville thought necessary to qualify by the name of an insurrection, and the epithet of a rebellious force: terms much stronger than any by which those who then supported his motion, have ever since thought proper to distinguish the subsequent disturbances in America. They were disturbances which seemed to him and his friends to justify as strong a promise of support, as hath been usual to give in the beginning of a war with the most powerful and declared enemies. When the accounts of the American governors came before the house, they appeared stronger even than the warmth of public imagination had painted them; so much stronger that the papers on your table bear me out in saying, that all the late disturbances, which have been at one time the minister's motives for the repeal of five out of six of the new court taxes, and are now his pretences for refusing to repeal that sixth, did not amount — why do I compare them? — no, not to a tenth part of the tumults and violence which prevailed long before the repeal of that act.

Ministry cannot refuse the authority of the Commander-in-chief, General Gage, who, in his letter of the 4th of November, from New York, thus represents the state of things:

"It is difficult to say, from the highest to the lowest, who has not been accessory to this insurrection, either by writing or mutual agreements to oppose the act, by

what they are pleased to term all legal opposition to it. Nothing effectual has been proposed, either to prevent or quell the tumult. The rest of the provinces are in the same situation as to a positive refusal to take the stamps; and threatening those who shall take them, to plunder and murder them, and this affair stands in all the provinces, that unless the act, from its own nature, enforce itself, nothing but a very considerable military force can do it."

It is remarkable, sir, that the persons who formerly trumpeted forth the most loudly the violent resolutions of assemblies; the universal insurrections; the seizing and burning the stamped papers; the forcing stamp officers to resign their commissions under the gallows; the rifling and pulling down of the houses of magistrates; and the expulsion from their country of all who dared to write or speak a single word in defence of the powers of parliament; these very trumpeters are now the men that represent the whole as a mere trifle; and choose to date all the disturbances from the repeal of the stamp act, which put an end to them. Hear your officers abroad, and let them refute this shameless falsehood, who, in all their correspondence, state the disturbances as owing to their true causes, the discontent of the people, from the taxes. You have this evidence in your own archives — and it will give you complete satisfaction; if you are not so far lost to all parliamentary ideas of information, as rather to credit the lie of the day, than the records of your own house.

Sir, this vermin of court reporters, when they are forced into day upon one point, are sure to burrow in another; but they shall have no refuge; I will make them bolt out of all their holes. Conscious that they must be baffled, when they attribute a precedent disturbance to a subsequent measure, they take other ground, almost as absurd, but very common in modern practice, and very wicked; which is, to attribute the ill effect of ill-judged conduct to the arguments which had been used to dissuade us from it. They say, that the opposition made in parliament to the stamp act at the time of its passing, encouraged the Americans to their resistance. This has even formally appeared in print in a regular volume, from an advocate of that faction, a Dr. Tucker. This Dr. Tucker is already a dean, and his earnest labors in this vineyard will, I suppose, raise him to a bishoprick. But this assertion too, just like the rest, is false. In all the papers which have loaded your table; in all the vast crowd of verbal witnesses that appeared at your bar, witnesses

which were indiscriminately produced from both sides of the house; not the least hint of such a cause of disturbance has ever appeared. As to the fact of a strenuous opposition to the stamp act, I sat as a stranger in your gallery when the act was under consideration. Far from anything inflammatory, I never heard a more languid debate in this house. No more than two or three gentlemen, as I remember, spoke against the act, and that with great reserve and remarkable temper. There was but one division in the whole progress of the bill; and the minority did not reach to more than thirty-nine or forty. In the house of lords I do not recollect that there was any debate or division at all. I am sure there was no protest. In fact, the affair passed with so very, very little noise, that in town they scarcely knew the nature of what you were doing. The opposition to the bill in England never could have done this mischief, because there scarcely ever was less of opposition to a bill of consequence.

Sir, the agents and distributors of falsehoods have, with their usual industry, circulated another lie of the same nature with the former. It is this, that the disturbances arose from the account which had been received in America of the change in the ministry. No longer awed, it seems, with the spirit of the former rulers, they thought themselves a match for what our calumniators choose to qualify by the name of so feeble a ministry as succeeded. Feeble in one sense these men certainly may be called; for with all their efforts, and they have made many, they have not been able to resist the distempered vigor and insane alacrity with which you are rushing to your ruin. But it does so happen, that the falsity of this circulation is (like the rest) demonstrated by indisputable dates and records.

So little was the change known in America, that the letters of your governors, giving an account of these disturbances long after they had arrived at their highest pitch, were all directed to the old ministry, and particularly to the Earl of Halifax, the secretary of state corresponding with the colonies, without once in the smallest degree intimating the slightest suspicion of any ministerial revolution whatsoever. The ministry was not changed in England until the 10th day of July, 1765. On the 14th of the preceding June, Governor Fauquier from Virginia writes thus; and writes thus to the Earl of Halifax: "Government is set at defiance, not having

strength enough in her hands to enforce obedience to the laws of the community. The private distress, which every man feels, increases the general dissatisfaction at the duties laid by the stamp act, which breaks out, and shows itself upon every trifling occasion." The general dissatisfaction had produced some time before, that is, on the 29th of May, several strong public resolves against the stamp act; and those resolves are assigned by Governor Bernard, as the cause of the insurrections in Massachusetts Bay, in his letter of the 15th of August, still addressed to the Earl of Halifax; and he continued to address such accounts to that minister quite to the 7th of September of the same year. Similar accounts, and of as late a date, were sent from other governors, and all directed to Lord Halifax. Not one of these letters indicates the slightest idea of a change, either known, or even apprehended.

Thus are blown away the insect race of courtly falsehoods! thus perish the miserable inventions of the wretched runners for a wretched cause, which they have fly-blown into every weak and rotten part of the country, in vain hopes that when their maggots had taken wing, their importunate buzzing might sound something like the public voice!

Sir, I have troubled you sufficiently with the state of America before the repeal. Now I turn to the honorable gentlemen who so stoutly challenges us, to tell, whether after the repeal the provinces were quiet? This is coming home to the point. Here I meet him directly; and answer most readily, they were quiet. And I, in my turn, challenge him to prove when, and where, and by whom, and in what numbers, and with what violence, the other laws of trade, as gentlemen assert, were violated in consequence of your concession? or that even your other revenue laws were attacked? But I quit the vantage ground on which I stand, and where I might leave the burden of the proof upon him: I walk down into the open plain and undertake to show that they were not only quiet, but showed many unequivocal marks of acknowledgment and gratitude. And to give him every advantage, I select the obnoxious colony of Massachusetts Bay, which at this time (but without hearing her) is so heavily a culprit before parliament — I will select their proceedings even under circumstances of no small irritation. For, a little imprudently, I must say, Governor Bernard mixed in the administration

of the lenitive of the repeal no small acrimony arising from matters of a separate nature. Yet see, sir, the effect of that lenitive, though mixed with these bitter ingredients; and how this rugged people can express themselves on a measure of concession.

"If it is not in our power" (say they in their address to Governor Bernard), "in so full a manner as will be expected, to show our respectful gratitude to the mother country, or to make a dutiful and affectionate return to the indulgence of the king and parliament, it shall be no fault of ours; for this we intend, and hope we shall be able fully to effect."

Would to God that this temper had been cultivated, managed, and set in action! other effects than those which we have since felt would have resulted from it. On the requisition for compensation to those who had suffered from the violence of the populace, in the same address, they say: "The recommendation enjoined by Mr. Secretary Conway's letter, and in consequence thereof made to us, we will embrace the first convenient opportunity to consider and act upon." They did consider; they did act upon it. They obeyed the requisition. I know the mode has been chicaned upon, but it was substantially obeyed; and much better obeyed, than I fear the parliamentary requisition of this session will be, though enforced by all your vigor, and backed with all your power. In a word, the damages of popular fury were compensated by legislative gravity. Almost every other part of America in various ways demonstrated their gratitude. I am bold to say, that so sudden a calm recovered after so violent a storm is without parallel in history. To say that no other disturbance should happen from any other cause, is folly. But as far as appearances went, by the judicious sacrifice of one law, you procured the acquiescence in all that remained. After this experience, nobody shall persuade me, when a whole people are concerned, that acts of lenity are not means of conciliation.

I hope the honorable gentlemen has received a fair and full answer to his question.

I have done with the third period of your policy; that of your repeal; and the return of your ancient system, and your ancient tranquillity and concord. Sir, this period was not as long as it was happy. Another scene was opened, and other actors appeared on the stage. The state, in the condition I have described it, was de-

livered into the hands of Lord Chatham, a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

> Clarum et venerabile nomen
> Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

Sir, the venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind; and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament. For a wise man he seemed to me at that time, to be governed too much by general maxims. I speak with the freedom of history, and I hope without offence. One or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself; and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures, the effects of which, I am afraid, are for ever incurable. He made an administration, so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask: Sir, your name? Sir, you have the advantage of me — Mr. Such-a-one — I beg a thousand pardons! I venture to say, it did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoken to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.

Sir, in consequence of this arrangement, having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was

such, that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly the contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, who with the names of various departments of ministry, were admitted, to seem as if they acted a part under him, with a modesty that becomes all men, and with a confidence in him, which was justified even in its extravagance by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed upon any opinion of their own. Deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and powerful of the set, they easily prevailed, so as to seize upon the vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends; and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when everything was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, for his hour, became lord of the ascendant.

This light, too, is passed and set forever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townshend, officially the reproducer of this fatal scheme; whom I cannot even now remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, sir, he was the delight and ornament of this house, and the charm of every private society which he honored with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit; and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock, as some have

had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far, than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time, all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation, and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite nor vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the house just between wind and water. And not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious, or more earnest, than the preconceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required; to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the house; and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it.

I beg pardon, sir, if when I speak of this and of other great men, I appear to digress in saying something of their characters. In this eventful history of the revolutions of America, the characters of such men are of much importance. Great men are the guide-posts and landmarks in the state. The credit of such men at court, or in the nation, is the sole cause of all the public measures. It would be an invidious thing (most foreign I trust to what you think my disposition) to remark the errors into which the authority of great names has brought the nation, without doing justice at the same time to the great qualities, whence that authority arose. The subject is instructive to those who wish to form themselves on whatever of excellence has gone before them. There are many young members in the house (such of late has been the rapid succession of public men) who never saw that prodigy Charles Townshend; nor of course know what a ferment he was able to excite in everything by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings. For failings he had undoubtedly — many of us remember them; we are this day considering the effect of them. But he had no failings which were not owing to a noble cause; to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate passion for fame; a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. He worshipped that goddess wheresoever she appeared; but he paid particular devotion to her in her favorite habitation, in her chosen temple, the House of Commons. Besides the characters of the individuals that compose our body, it is impossible, Mr. Speaker, not to observe

that this house has a collective character of its own. That character too, however imperfect, is not unamiable. Like all great public collections of men, you possess a marked love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. But among vices, there is none, which the house abhors in the same degree with obstinacy. Obstinacy, sir, is certainly a great vice; and in the changeful state of political affairs it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues, constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity, and firmness, are closely allied to this disagreeable quality, of which you have so just an abhorrence; and in their excess all these virtues very easily fall into it. He, who paid such a punctillious attention to all your feelings, certainly took care not to shock them by that vice which is the most disgustful to you.

That fear of displeasing those who ought most to be pleased, betrayed him sometimes into the other extreme. He had voted, and in the year 1765, had been an advocate for the stamp act. Things and the disposition of men's minds were changed. In short, the stamp act began to be no favorite in this house. He therefore attended at the private meeting, in which the resolutions moved by a right honorable gentleman were settled; resolutions leading to the repeal. The next day he voted for that repeal; and he would have spoken for it, too, if an illness, (not as was then given out a political, but to my knowledge,) a very real illness, had not prevented it.

The very next session, as the fashion of this world passeth away, the repeal began to be in as bad an odor in this house as the stamp act had been in the session before. To conform to the temper which began to prevail, and to prevail mostly amongst those most in power, he declared, very early in the winter, that a revenue must be had out of America. Instantly he was tied down to his engagements by some, who had no objection to such experiments, when made at the cost of persons for whom they had no particular regard. The whole body of courtiers drove him onward. They always talked as if the king stood in a sort of humiliated state, until something of the kind should be done.

Here this extraordinary man, then chancellor of the exchequer, found himself in great straits. To please universally was the object

of his life; but to tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men. However, he attempted it. To render the tax palatable to the partizans of American revenue, he made a preamble stating the necessity of such a revenue. To close with the American distinction, this revenue was external or port-duty; but again, to soften it to the other party, it was a duty of supply. To gratify the colonists, it was laid on British manufactures; to satisfy the merchants of Britain, the duty was trivial, and (except that on tea, which touched only the devoted East India Company) on none of the grand objects of commerce. To counterwork the American contraband, the duty on tea was reduced from a shilling to threepence. But to secure the favor of those who would tax America, the scene of collection was changed, and, with the rest, it was levied in the colonies. What need I say more? This fine-spun scheme had the usual fate of all exquisite policy. But the original plan of the duties, and the mode of executing that plan, both arose singly and solely from a love of our applause. He was truly the child of the house. He never thought, did, or said anything but with a view to you. He every day adapted himself to your disposition; and adjusted himself before it as at a looking-glass.

He had observed (indeed it could not escape him) that several persons, infinitely his inferiors in all respects, had formerly rendered themselves considerable in this house by one method alone. They were a race of men (I hope in God the species is extinct) who, when they rose in their place, no man living could divine, from any known adherence to parties, to opinions, or to principles; from any order or system in their politics; or from any sequel or connection in their ideas, what part they were going to take in any debate. It is astonishing how much this uncertainty, especially at critical times, called the attention of all parties on such men. All eyes were fixed on them, all ears open to hear them; each party gaped and looked alternately for their vote almost to the end of their speeches. While the house hung in this uncertainty, now the hear-hims rose from this side — now they rebellowed from the other; and that party to whom they fell at length from their tremulous and dancing balance, always received them in a tempest of applause. The fortune of such men was a temptation too great to be resisted by one, to whom a single

whiff of incense withheld gave much greater pain, than he received delight, in the clouds of it, which daily rose about him from the prodigal superstition of innumerable admirers. He was a candidate for contradictory honors; and his great aim was to make those agree in admiration of him who never agreed in anything else.

Hence arose this unfortunate act, the subject of this day's debate; from a disposition which, after making an American revenue to please one, repealed it to please others, and again revived it in hopes of pleasing a third, and of catching something in the ideas of all.

This revenue act of 1767, formed the fourth period of American policy. How we have fared since then — what woeful variety of schemes have been adopted: what enforcing, and what repealing; what bullying, and what submitting; what doing, and undoing; what straining, and what relaxing; what assemblies dissolved for not obeying, and called again without obedience; what troops sent out to quell resistance, and on meeting that resistance, recalled; what shiftings, and changings, and jumblings of all kinds of men at home, which left no possibility of order, consistency, vigor, or even so much as a decent unity of color in any one public measure. It is a tedious, irksome task. My duty may call me to open it some other time; on a former occasion I tried your temper on a part of it; for the present I shall forbear.

After all these changes and agitations, your immediate situation upon the question on your paper is at length brought to this. You have an act of parliament stating, that "it is expedient to raise a revenue in America." By a partial repeal you annihilated the greatest part of that revenue, which this preamble declares to be so expedient. You have substituted no other in place of it. A secretary of state has disclaimed, in the king's name, all thoughts of such a substitution in future. The principle of this disclaimer goes to what has been left, as well as what has been repealed. The tax which lingers after its companions, (under a preamble declaring an American revenue expedient, and for the sole purpose of supporting the theory of that preamble) militates with the assurance authentically conveyed to the colonies; and is an exhaustless source of jealousy and animosity. On this state, which I take to be a fair one; not being able to discern any grounds of honor, advantage,

peace, or power, for adhering, either to the act or to the preamble, I shall vote for the question which leads to the repeal of both.

If you do not fall in with this motion, then secure something to fight for, consistent in theory and valuable in practice. If you must employ your strength, employ it to uphold you in some honorable right or some profitable wrong. If you are apprehensive that the concession recommended to you, though proper, should be a means of drawing on you further but unreasonable claims, — why then employ your force in supporting that reasonable concession against those unreasonable demands. You will employ it with more grace; with better effect; and with great probable concurrence of all the quiet and rational people in the provinces; who are now united with, and hurried away by, the violent; having indeed different dispositions, but a common interest. If you apprehend that on a concession you shall be pushed by metaphysical process to the extreme lines and argued out of your whole authority, my advice is this: when you have recovered your old, your strong, your tenable position, then face about — stop short — do nothing more — reason not at all — oppose the ancient policy and practice of the empire, as a rampart against the speculations of innovators on both sides of the question; and you will stand on great, manly, and sure ground. On this solid basis fix your machines, and they will draw worlds towards you.

Your ministers, in their own and his majesty's name, have already adopted the American distinction of internal and external duties. It is a distinction, whatever merit it may have, that was originally moved by the Americans themselves; and I think they will acquiesce in it, if they are not pushed with too much logic and too little sense, in all the consequences. That is, if external taxation be understood, as they and you understand it when you please, to be not a distinction of geography, but of policy; that it is a power for regulating trade and not for supporting establishments. The distinction, which is as nothing with regard to right, is of most weighty consideration in practice. Recover your old ground, and your old tranquillity — try it — I am persuaded the Americans will compromise with you. When confidence is once restored, the odious and suspicious *summum jus* will perish of course. The spirit of practicability, of moderation, and mutual convenience will never call in geometrical

exactness as the arbitrator of an amicable settlement. Consult and follow your experience. Let not the long story with which I have exercised your patience prove fruitless to your interests.

For my part, I should choose (if I could have my wish) that the proposition of the honorable gentleman for the repeal could go to America without the attendance of the penal bills. Alone I could almost answer for its success. I cannot be certain of its reception in the bad company it may keep. In such heterogeneous assortments the most innocent person will lose the effect of his innocency. Though you should send out this angel of peace, yet you are sending out a destroying angel too; and what would be the effect of the conflict of these two adverse spirits, or which would predominate in the end, is what I dare not say; whether the lenient measures would cause American passion to subside, or the severe would increase its fury. All this is in the hand of Providence; yet now, even now, I should confide in the prevailing virtue and efficacious operation of lenity, though working in darkness and in chaos, in the midst of all this unnatural and turbid combination. I should hope it might produce order and beauty in the end.

Let us, sir, embrace some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out: name, fix, ascertain this revenue; settle its quantity; define its objects; provide for its collection; and then fight when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob! If you kill, take possession: and do not appear in the character of madmen, as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical, without an object. But may better counsels guide you!

Again, and again, revert to your old principles — seek peace and ensue it — leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinctions of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions; I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions, in contradiction to that good old mode, on both sides, be extinguished forever. Be content to bind America

by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burthen them by taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery. Sir, let the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability, let the best of them get up and tell me what one character of liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of slavery they are free from, if they are bound in their property and industry, by all the restraints you can imagine on commerce, and at the same time are made pack-horses of every tax you choose to impose, without the least share in granting them. When they bear the burthens of unlimited monopoly, will you bring them to bear the burthens of unlimited revenue too? The Englishman in America will feel that this is slavery — that it is legal slavery will be no compensation, either to his feelings or his understanding.

A noble lord, who spoke some time ago, is full of the fire of ingenuous youth; and when he has modelled the ideas of a lively imagination by further experience, he will be an ornament to his country in either house. He has said, that the Americans are our children, and how can they revolt against their parent? He says, that if they are not free in their present state, England is not free; because Manchester, and other considerable places, are not represented. So then because some towns in England are not represented, America is to have no representative at all. They are "our children," but when children ask for bread, we are not to give a stone. Is it because the natural resistance of things, and the various mutations of time, hinders our government, or any scheme of government, from being any more than a sort of approximation to the right, is it therefore that the colonies are to recede from it infinitely?

When this child of ours wishes to assimilate to its parent, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty; are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory? and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?

If this be the case, ask yourselves this question: Will they be content in such a state of slavery? If not, look to the consequences. Reflect how you are to govern a people who think they ought to be free, and think they are not. Your scheme yields no revenue, it yields nothing but discontent, disorder, disobedience; and such is the state of America, that after wading up to your eyes in blood, you could only end just where you begun; that is, to tax where no revenue is to be found, to — my voice fails me; my inclination indeed carries me no further — all is confusion beyond it.

Well, sir, I have recovered a little, and before I sit down I must say something to another point with which gentlemen urge us. What is to become of the declaratory act asserting the entireness of British legislative authority, if we abandon the practice of taxation?

For my part I look upon the rights stated in that act, exactly in the manner in which I viewed them on its very first proposition, and which I have often taken the liberty, with great humility, to lay before you. I look, I say, on the imperial rights of Great Britain, and the privileges which the colonists ought to enjoy under these rights, to be just the most reconcilable things in the world. The Parliament of Great Britain sits at the head of her extensive empire in two capacities: one as the local legislature of this island, providing for all things at home, immediately, and by no other instrument than the executive power. The other, and I think her nobler capacity, is what I call her imperial character; in which, as from the throne of heaven, she superintends all the several inferior legislatures, and guides and controls them all without annihilating any. As all these provincial legislatures are only co-ordinate to each other, they ought all to be subordinate to her; else they can neither preserve mutual peace, nor hope for mutual justice, nor effectually afford mutual assistance. It is necessary to coerce the negligent, to restrain the violent, and to aid the weak and deficient by the overruling plenitude of her power. She is never to intrude into the

place of the others, whilst they are equal to the common ends of their institution. But in order to enable Parliament to answer all these ends of provident and beneficent superintendence, her powers must be boundless. The gentlemen who think the powers of Parliament limited, may please themselves to talk of requisitions. But suppose the requisitions are not obeyed? What! Shall there be no reserved power in the empire to supply a deficiency which may weaken, divide, and dissipate the whole? We are engaged in war — the secretary of state calls upon the colonies to contribute — some would do it, I think most would cheerfully furnish whatever is demanded — one or two, suppose, hang back, and, easing themselves, let the stress of the draft lie on the others — surely it is proper that some authority might legally say — Tax yourselves for the common supply, or parliament will do it for you. This backwardness was, as I am told, actually the case of Pennsylvania for some short time towards the beginning of the last war, owing to some internal dissensions in the colony. But, whether the fact were so, or otherwise, the case is equally to be provided for by a competent foreign power. But then this ought to be no ordinary power, nor ever used in the first instance. This is what I meant, when I have said at various times that I consider the power of taxing in parliament as an instrument of empire, and not as a means of supply.

Such, sir, is my idea of the constitution of the British empire, as distinguished from the constitution of Britain; and on these grounds I think subordination and liberty may be sufficiently reconciled through the whole; whether to serve a refining speculatist, or a factions demagogue, I know not, but enough surely for the ease and happiness of man.

Sir, whilst you held this happy course, we drew more from the colonies than all the impotent violence of despotism ever could extort from them. We did this abundantly in the last war. It has never been once denied — and what reason have we to imagine that the colonies would not have proceeded in supplying government as liberally, if you had not stepped in and hindered them from contributing, by interrupting the channel in which their liberality flowed with so strong a course; by attempting to take, instead of being satisfied to receive? Sir William Temple says, that Holland has loaded

itself with ten times the impositions which it revolted from Spain, rather than submit to. He says true. Tyranny is a poor provider; it knows neither how to accumulate nor how to extract.

I charge, therefore, to this new and unfortunate system the loss not only of peace, of union, and of commerce, but even of revenue, which its friends are contending for. It is morally certain, that we have lost at least a million of free grants since the peace. I think we have lost a great deal more; and that those who look for revenue from the provinces, never could have pursued, even in that light, a course more directly repugnant to their purposes.

Now, sir, I trust I have shown, first on that narrow ground which the honorable gentleman measured, that you are likely to lose nothing by complying with the motion, except what you have lost already. I have shown afterwards, that in time of peace you flourished in commerce, and when war required it, had sufficient aid from the colonies, while you pursued your ancient policy; that you threw everything into confusion when you made the stamp act; and that you restored everything to peace and order when you repealed it. I have shown that the revival of the system of taxation has produced the very worst effects; and that the partial repeal has produced not partial good, but universal evil. Let these considerations, founded on facts, not one of which can be denied, bring us back to our reason by the road of our experience.

I cannot, as I have said, answer for mixed measures; but surely this mixture of lenity would give the whole a better chance of success. When you once gain confidence, the way will be clear before you. Then you may enforce the act of navigation when it ought to be enforced. You will yourselves open it where it ought still further to be opened. Proceed in what you do, whatever you do, from policy, and not from rancor. Let us act like men, let us act like statesmen. Let us hold some sort of consistent conduct. It is agreed that a revenue is not to be had in America. If we lose the profit, let us get rid of the odium.

On this business of America, I confess I am serious, even to sadness. I have had but one opinion concerning it since I sat, and before I sat in parliament. The noble lord will, as usual, probably, attribute the part taken by me and my friends in this business, to a desire of getting his places. Let him enjoy this happy and original

idea. If I deprived him of it, I should take away most of his wit, and all his argument. But I had rather bear the brunt of all his wit, and indeed blows much heavier, than stand answerable to God for embracing a system that tends to the destruction of some of the very best and fairest of his works. But I know the map of England, as well as the noble lord, or as any other person; and I know that the way I take is not the road to preferment. My excellent and hon. friend under me on the floor (Mr. Dowdeswell) has trod that road with great toil for upwards of twenty years together. He is not yet arrived at the noble lord's destination. However, the tracks of my worthy friend are those I have ever wished to follow; because I know they lead to honor. Long may we tread the same road together, whoever may accompany us, or whoever may laugh at us on our journey! I honestly and solemnly declare, I have in all seasons adhered to the system of 1766, for no other reason, than that I think it laid deep in your truest interests — and that, by limiting the exercise, it fixes on the firmest foundations, a real, consistent, well-grounded authority in parliament. Until you come back to that system, there will be no peace for England.

SPEECH

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE ELECTORS OF BRISTOL.

Although Burke entered on his canvass of the Bristol electors in September, 1780, with the support of the Mayor and several other leading citizens, he found the tide of bigotry and prejudice too strong against him, and accordingly, on the morning on which the polling was to commence, he resigned. On this occasion he delivered the following graceful speech, perhaps the *best-tempered* any unsuccessful canvasser ever spoke.

GENTLEMEN, — I decline the election. It has ever been my rule through life to observe a proportion between my efforts and my objects. I have never been remarkable for a bold, active and sanguine pursuit of advantages that are personal to myself.

I have not canvassed the whole of this city in form. But I have taken such a view of it, as satisfies my own mind, that your choice will not ultimately fall upon me. Your city, gentleman, is in a state of miserable distraction: and I am resolved to withdraw whatever share my pretensions may have had in its unhappy divisions. I have not been in haste; I have tried all prudent means; I have waited for the effects of all contingencies. If I were fond of a contest, by the partiality of my numerous friends (whom you know to be among the most weighty and respectable people of the city) I have the means of a sharp one in my hands. But I thought it far better, with my strength unspent, and my reputation unimpaired, to do, early and from foresight, that which I might be obliged to do from necessity at last.

[NOTE. — Burke left Bristol immediately and proceeded to Malton (where he had been elected in 1774), for which borough he was immediately returned. He sat for Malton during the remainder of his parliamentary career.]

I am not in the least surprised, nor in the least angry at this view of things. I have read the book of life for a long time, and I have read other books a little. Nothing has happened to me, but what has happened to men much better than I, and in times and in nations full as good as the age and country that we live in. To say that I am no way concerned, would be neither decent nor true. The representation of Bristol was an object on many accounts dear to me; and I certainly should very far prefer it to any other in the kingdom. My habits are made to it; and it is in general more unpleasant to be rejected after long trial, than not to be chosen at all.

But, gentlemen, I will see nothing except your former kindness, and I will give way to no other sentiments than those of gratitude. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you have done for me. You have given me a long term, which is now expired. I have performed the conditions, and enjoyed all the profits to the full; and I now surrender your estate into your hands without being in a single tile, or a single stone, impaired or wasted by my use. I have served the public for fifteen years. I have served you in particular for six. What is passed is well stored. It is safe and out of the power of fortune. What is to come, is in wiser hands than ours; and He, in whose hands it is, best knows whether it is best for you and me, that I should be in parliament or even in the world.

Gentlemen, the melancholy event of yesterday reads to us an awful lesson against being too much troubled about any of the objects of ordinary ambition. The worthy gentleman, Mr. Coombe, the candidate who has died suddenly, and who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

It has been usual for a candidate who declines to take his leave by a letter to the sheriffs, but I received your trust in the face of day; and in the face of day I accept your dismission. I am not, — I am not at all ashamed to look upon you; nor can my presence discompose the order of business here. I humbly and respectfully take my leave of the sheriffs, the candidates and the electors; wishing heartily that the choice may be for the best, at a time which calls, if ever time did call, for service that is not nominal. It is no plaything you

are about. I tremble when I consider the trust I have presumed to ask. I confided perhaps too much in my intentions. They were really fair and upright; and I am bold to say, that I ask no ill thing for you, when on parting from this place I pray that whomsoever you choose to succeed me, he may resemble me exactly in all things, except in my abilities to serve, and my fortune to please you.

SELECT PASSAGES

FROM BURKE'S SPEECHES ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Burke spoke three times during the trial of Hastings. He opened the impeachment in February, 1788, in a speech which lasted for several days, containing several passages of surpassing power. He also spoke to one of the charges in 1789, and replied to the defence in 1794. Our limits do not permit us to give to the reader these orations, but we cannot refrain from presenting to his notice some of the most striking passages.

The following passage in reply to Hastings' statement, that to govern Hindostan properly it was necessary to make use of arbitrary power, is very fine.

HASTINGS, the lieutenant of a British monarch, claiming absolute dominion! From whom, in the name of all that was strange, could he derive, or how had he the audacity to claim, such authority? He could not have derived it from the East India Company, for they had it not to confer. He could not have received it from his sovereign, for the sovereign had it not to bestow. It could not have been given by either house of parliament, for it was unknown to the British constitution! Yet Mr. Hastings, acting under the assumption of this power, had avowed his rejection of British acts of parliament, had gloried in the success which he pretended to derive from their violation, and had on every occasion attempted to justify the exercise of arbitrary power in its greatest extent. Having thus avowedly acted in opposition to the laws of Great Britain, he sought a shield in vain, in other laws and other usages. Would he appeal to the Mahomedan law for his justification? In the whole Koran there was not a single text which could justify the power he had assumed. Would he appeal to the Gentoo code? Vain there the effort also; a system of stricter justice, or more pure morality, did not exist. It was, therefore, equal whether he fled for shelter to a British court of justice or a Gentoo pagoda;

he in either instance stood convicted as a daring violator of the laws. And what, my lords, is opposed to all this practice of tyrants and usurpers, which Mr. Hastings takes for his rule and guidance? He endeavors to find deviations from legal government, and then instructs his counsel to say that I have asserted there is no such thing as arbitrary power in the East. But, my lords, we all know that there has been arbitrary power in India; that tyrants have usurped it; and that in some instances princes, otherwise meritorious, have violated the liberties of the people, and have been lawfully deposed for such violation. I do not deny that there are robberies on Hounslow Heath, that there are such things as forgeries, burglaries, and murders; but I say that these acts are against law, and whoever commits them commits illegal acts. When a man is to defend himself against a charge of crime, it is not instances of similar violation of law that are to be the standard of his defence. A man may as well say, "I robbed upon Hounslow Heath, but hundreds robbed there before me;" to which I answer, "The law has forbidden you to rob there, and I will hang you for having violated the law, notwithstanding the long list of similar violations which you have produced as precedents." No doubt princes have violated the laws of this country; they have suffered for it. Nobles have violated the law: their privileges have not protected them from punishment. Common people have violated the law; they have hanged for it. I know no human being exempt from the law. The law is a security of the people of England; it is the security of the people of India; it is the security of every person that is governed, and of every person that governs. There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity — the law of nature and of nations. So far as any laws fortify this primeval law, and give it more precision, more energy, more effect by their declarations, such laws enter into the sanctuary, and participate in the sacredness of its character. But the man who quotes as precedents the abuses of tyrants and robbers, pollutes the very fountain of justice, destroys the foundation of all law, and thereby removes the only safeguard against evil men, whether governing or governed — the guard which prevents governors from becoming tyrants, and the governed from becoming rebels.

The following harrowing description of the cruelties perpetrated by Debi Sing, one of Hastings' official servants, is perhaps without parallel in the language. It is said that several ladies fainted at this part of Burke's oration.

Debi Sing and his instruments suspected — and in a few cases they suspected justly — that the country people had purloined from their own estates, and had hidden in secret places in the circumjacent deserts, some small reserve of their own grain to maintain themselves during the unproductive months of the year, and to leave some hope for a future season. But the under tyrants knew that the demands of Mr. Hastings would admit no plea for delay, much less for subtraction of his bribe, and that he would not abate a shilling of it to the wants of the whole human race. These hoards, real or supposed, not being discovered by menaces and imprisonment, they fell upon the last resource, the naked bodies of the people. And here, my lords, began such a scene of cruelties and tortures, as I believe no history has ever presented to the indignation of the world; such as I am sure, in the most barbarous ages, no politic tyranny, no fanatic persecution, has ever yet exceeded. Mr. Patterson, the commissioner appointed to inquire into the state of the country, makes his own apology and mine for opening this scene of horrors to you in the following words: "That the punishments inflicted upon the ryots both of Rungpore and Dinagepore for non-payment were in many instances of such a nature, that I would rather wish to draw a veil over them than shock your feelings by the detail. But that, however disagreeable the task may be to myself, it is absolutely necessary for the sake of justice, humanity, and the honor of government, that they should be exposed, to be prevented in future."

My lords, they began by winding cords round the fingers of the unhappy freeholders of those provinces, until they clung to and were almost incorporated with one another; and then they hammered wedges of iron between them, until, regardless of the cries of the sufferers, they had bruised to pieces, and for ever crippled those poor, honest, innocent, laborious hands, which had never been raised to their mouths but with a penurious and scanty proportion of the fruits of their own soil; but those fruits (denied to the wants of their own children) have for more than fifteen years past furnished the investment for our trade with China, and been sent annually out, and

without recompense, to purchase for us that delicate meal, with which your lordships, and all this auditory, and all this country have begun every day for these fifteen years at their expense. To those beneficent hands that labor for our benefit, the return of the British government has been cords and wedges. But there is a place where these crippled and disabled hands will act with resistless power. What is it that they will not pull down, when they are lifted to Heaven against their oppressors? Then what can withstand such hands? Can the power that crushed and destroyed them? Powerful in prayer, let us at least deprecate, and thus endeavour to secure ourselves from the vengeance which these mashed and disabled hands may pull down upon us. My lords, it is an awful consideration. Let us think of it.

But to pursue this melancholy but necessary detail. I am next to open to your lordships what I am hereafter to prove, that the most substantial and leading yeomen, the responsible farmers, the parochial magistrates and chiefs of villages, were tied two and two by the legs together; and their tormentors throwing them with their heads downwards over a bar, beat them on the soles of the feet with ratans, until the nails fell from their toes; and then attacking them at their heads, as they hung downward, as before at their feet, they beat them with sticks and other instruments of blind fury, until the blood gushed out at their eyes, mouths, and noses.

Not thinking that the ordinary whips and cudgels, even so administered, were sufficient, to others (and often also to the same, who had suffered as I have stated) they applied, instead of ratan and bamboo, whips made of the branches of the Bale-tree — a tree full of sharp and strong thorns, which tear the skin and lacerate the flesh far worse than ordinary scourges.

For others, exploring with a searching and inquisitive malice, stimulated by an insatiate rapacity, all the devious paths of nature for whatever is most unfriendly to man, they made rods of a plant highly caustic and poisonous, called *Bechettea*, every wound of which festers and gangrenes, adds double and treble to the present torture, leaves a crust of leprous sores upon the body, and often ends in the destruction of life itself.

At night these poor innocent sufferers, those martyrs of avarice and extortion, were brought into dungeons; and in the season when

nature takes refuge in insensibility from all the miseries and cares which wait on life, they were three times scourged, and made to reckon the watches of the night by periods and intervals of torment. They were then led out in the severe depth of winter—which there at certain seasons would be severe to any, to the Indians is most severe and almost intolerable — they were led out before break of day, and stiff and sore as they were with the bruises and wounds of the night, were plunged into water; and whilst their jaws clung together with the cold, and their bodies were rendered infinitely more sensible, the blows and stripes were renewed upon their backs; and then delivering them over to soldiers, they were sent into their farms and villages to discover where a few handfuls of grain might be found concealed, or to extract some loan from the remnants of compassion and courage not subdued in those who had reason to fear that their own turn of torment would be next, that they should succeed them in the same punishment, and that their very humanity, being taken as a proof of their wealth, would subject them (as it did in many cases subject them) to the same inhuman tortures. After this circuit of the day through their plundered and ruined villages, they were remanded at night to the same prison; whipped as before at their return to the dungeon, and at morning whipped at their leaving it; and then sent as before to purchase, by begging in the day, the reiteration of the torture in the night. Days of menace, insult and extortion — nights of bolts, fetters, and flagellation — succeeded to each other in the same round, and for a long time made up all the vicissitudes of life to these miserable people.

But there are persons whose fortitude could bear their own suffering, there are men who are hardened by their very pains; and the mind strengthened even by the torments of the body, rises with a strong defiance against its oppressor. They were assaulted on the side of their sympathy. Children were scourged almost to death in the presence of their parents. This was not enough. The son and father were bound close together, face to face, and body to body, and in that situation cruelly lashed together, so that the blow which escaped the father fell upon the son, and the blow which missed the son wound over the back of the parent. The circumstances were combined by so subtle a cruelty, that every stroke which did not

excruciate the sense should wound and lacerate the sentiments and affections of nature.

On the same principle, and for the same ends, virgins who had never seen the sun were dragged from the inmost sanctuaries of their houses. . . . . Wives were torn from the arms of their husbands, and suffered the same flagitious wrongs, which were indeed hid in the bottoms of the dungeons, in which their honor and their liberty were buried together.

The women thus treated lost their caste. My Lords, we are not here to commend or blame the institutions and prejudices of a whole race of people, radicated in them by a long succession of ages, on which no reason or argument, on which no vicissitude of things, no mixture of men, or foreign conquests have been able to make the smallest impression. The aboriginal Gentoo inhabitants are all dispersed into tribes or caste, each caste born to have an invariable rank, rights, and descriptions of employment; so that one caste cannot by any means pass into another. With the Gentoos certain impurities or disgraces, though without any guilt of the party, infer loss of caste; and when the highest caste (that of the Brahmin, which is not only noble but sacred,) is lost, the person who loses it does not slide down into one lower but reputable — he is wholly driven from all honest society. All the relations of life are at once dissolved. His parents are no longer his parents, his wife is no longer his wife, his children, no longer his, are no longer to regard him as their father. It is something far worse than complete outlawry, complete attainder, and universal excommunication. It is a pollution even to touch him, and if he touches any of his old caste they are justified in putting him to death. Contagion, leprosy, plague are not so much shunned. No honest occupation can be followed. He becomes an *Halichore*, if (which is rare) he survives that miserable degradation.

Your lordships will not wonder that these monstrous and oppressive demands, exacted with such tortures, threw the whole province into despair. They abandoned their crops on the ground. The people in a body would have fled out of its confines; but bands of soldiers invested the avenues of the province, and making a line of circumvallation, drove back those wretches, who sought exile as a relief, into the prison of their native soil. Not suffered to quit the

district, they fled to the many wild thickets which oppression had scattered through it, and sought amongst the jungles and dens of tigers a refuge from the tyranny of Warren Hastings. Not able long to exist here, pressed at once by wild beasts and famine, the same despair drove them back; and seeking their last resource in arms, the most quiet, the most passive, the most timid of the human race rose up in an universal insurrection, and (what will always happen in popular tumults) the effects of the fury of the people fell on the meaner and sometimes the reluctant instruments of the tyranny, who in several places were massacred. The insurrection began in Rungpore, and soon spread its fire to the neighboring provinces, which had been harassed by the same person with the same oppressions. The English chief in that province had been the silent witness, most probably the abettor and accomplice of all these horrors. He called in first irregular and then regular troops, who, by dreadful and universal military execution, got the better of the impotent resistance of unarmed and undisciplined despair. I am tired with the detail of the cruelties of peace. I spare you those of a cruel and inhuman war, and of the executions which, without law or process, or even the shadow of authority, were ordered by the English revenue chief in that province.

The following is the peroration of Mr. Burke's wonderful effort on this great occasion.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the

Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors, and I believe, my lords, that the sun in his beneficent progress round the world does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bonds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community — all the Commons of England resenting as their own the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent to the crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here — those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors and of their posterity to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun; we have those who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law — from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice — to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and

to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My lords, you have that true image of the primitive church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity — a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the person who was the master of nature chose to appear Himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression, knowing that He who is called first among them and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made Himself the servant of all.

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them, we reckon, rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esq., of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

In April, 1789, Burke delivered another speech against Hastings, in which he opened the charge of having taken bribes from the native princes. On this occasion the orator spoke for several days, and as usual in a fine strain of eloquence. Much, however, of what he said related to the minute details of the Anglo-Indian government at that period, and therefore does not possess much interest for the readers of the present day.

At the close of the trial Burke spoke for nine days, and his oration on this occasion is said to have been one of the most splendid instances on record of combined industry and oratory. He ranged over all Hastings' defence, and thus concluded.

My lords, I have done; the part of the Commons is concluded. With a trembling solicitude we consign this product of our long, long labors to your charge. Take it; take it. It is a sacred trust. Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to any human tribunal. My lords, your house yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say that it stands in the midst of ruins — in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours (the French Revolution). My lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutations — that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself — I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when he comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life. My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall; but if you stand — and stand I trust you will, together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom — may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.

LETTERS

OF

HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. McHALE,

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

[789]

To the Most Rev. Dr. Manners,

Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England.

The Question of the Divorce between George IV. and his Queen.

Maynooth College, Dec. 2, 1820.

Fœcunda culpæ secula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domus,
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit. — Horace.

Fruitful of crimes, this age first stained
Their hapless offspring, and profaned
The nuptial bed; from whence the woes,
Which various and unnumbered rose;
From this polluted fountain head
O'er Rome, and o'er the nation spread. — Francis.

MY LORD — During the late portentous proceedings which have awed public curiosity, your Grace and episcopal colleagues stood out in too prominent an attitude, not to attract and fix observation. As the question of divorce embraced much of ecclesiastical polity, it was naturally expected that the faithful would be enlightened by the wisdom and confirmed by the accordance of the hierarchy. But, alas! these anticipations have been sadly frustrated, and the surprise and disedification that were feebly murmured among the Lords have been long since loudly re-echoed through the empire.* It has been a subject of regret to some, of triumph to others, and of wonder to all, to see the heads of a religion which hinges on the principle of the universal intel-

* Witness among others the speech of my Lord King, who sported a good deal of mirth and raillery at the expense of the premier, until his seriousness was restored by the shock which his faith had sustained in the collision of the prelacy.

ligibility of the Scripture, arrayed in adverse ranks on a momentous question, involving in its general tendency the best interests of mankind, and in this particular instance, the safety and the honor of the empire; disputing every inch of ground with Scripture authority, and thereby demonstrating to the world the obscurity of the sacred volume. For I will not — I cannot, my lord, suppose that any unworthy bias or flexibility to power could warp the judgment of men of such exalted station and sanctity. And hence, one cannot sufficiently express his indignation against those rash advocates of the Bible, who cannot defend its perspicuity without impeaching the integrity of its expounders. Hitherto, whatever might be the opinion of the prelates, they uniformly affected the language of orthodoxy and concord, and like the ancient philosophers, though they might inwardly disbelieve, they exteriorly reverenced the doctrines of the Church. But on this occasion they scandalized the faithful, and edified the sectary, by sincerely revealing the mysteries of their own disunion.

I have heard, my lord, of the distinction of essentials, by which the lovers of subtlety, more than of truth, have thought to elude the arguments of their adversaries. It will not, doubtless, be recurred to on this occasion, nor will it be deemed presumption to assert, that there is nothing essential in Scripture, if the doctrine of marriage does not form an essential point of Christian morality. It is not a speculative article, on which one could be supposed to err without danger, and propagate his errors, without affecting the public repose. It is a duty of every day's occurrence, connected with the happiness of almost every individual; nor have the ministers of the establishment themselves aspired to such unearthly sanctity, as to be exempt from its obligations. It is, therefore, of vast importance to know whether the marriage contract lasts for life, or only during the discretion of the parties; and whether we are to believe, with his lordship of Chester, that its ties are indissoluble, or, with your Grace of Canterbury, that adultery annuls its engagements.

On reading the report of your Grace's speech, I was not a little surprised to find a minister of Christ principally resting on the obsolete laws of Moses. However, it may appear consistent enough, that they who have abjured the living authority of the

Church should appeal to the fallen power of the synagogue. Still, I would expect from your Grace, that connected and enlightened view of legislation which mounts to the origin, and catches the spirit of the law, flinging aside its exceptions, and not the heavy drudgery of a darkling critic, who fastens on a detached part, without comparing its effect with the symmetry of the whole. It is true, as appears from Deuteronomy,* that divorce was tolerated by the law of Moses. But did this permission originally enter into the views of the legislator; or was it not rather extorted by the stubbornness of a people, whom it was necessary to conciliate by indulgence to a compliance with the law? Hence the practice of divorce was not so frequent among the Jews as it is generally, but erroneously imagined. Hence it was uniformly marked as a licentious advantage which was taken of the letter against the spirit of the law, and denounced by those who were raised up by the Almighty, to enforce its observance or punish its infraction. I might illustrate the truth of these assertions by a reference to the purest period of the Jewish history. However, I shall content myself with citing the following passage of Malachy, which marks the indignation of the Almighty against this odious practice: — "And this again have you done; you have covered the altar of the Lord with tears, with weeping, and bellowing, so that I have no more a regard to sacrifice; neither do I accept any atonement at your hands. Because the Lord hath been witness between thee and the wife of thy youth, whom thou hast despised; yet she was thy partner, and the wife of thy covenant."† It is true, indeed, that towards the decline of the Hebrew republic the permission given by Moses had grown into a pernicious practice. But this relaxation may be traced to another cause. When we consider that the dispersion of the Jews introduced to their acquaintance the profane wisdom of the East; and that hence they mingled more freely with the nations, it will not be surprising if the purity of the law should have been adulterated by a mixture of exotic commentary. Then arose the celebrated schools of Hillel and Samaiah, of whom the latter confined the privilege of divorce to adultery, while the former abused the flexibility of the text to an indefinite latitude of passion or caprice. The Sanhedrim was divided by the credit of

* Chap. xxiv. † Malachy, ii, 13, 14.

these doctors;* and we are told that until the time of our Redeemer, the controversy still trembled between the alternations of either party.

I have asserted that the liberty of divorce granted by Moses was rather the effect of necessity than the spontaneous dictate of his wisdom. Such is the interpretation of Christ, who, while He explains the law of Moses, unfolds and propagates His own. And the Pharisees coming to Him, asked Him, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife? tempting Him. But He answering them, saith to them, What did Moses command you? And they said, Moses permitted to write a bill of divorce and to put her away. And Jesus answering, said to them, Because of the hardness of the heart he wrote you that precept. But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause a man shall leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife. And they shall be in one flesh. Therefore, now, they are not two but one flesh. *What, therefore, God hath joined together let not man put asunder.*"† I should now appeal to the candor of the unprejudiced, and ask what is the doctrine clearly conveyed in this language. The Pharisees ask Christ whether it is lawful for one to send away his wife. To obviate cavil and to defeat that hostile spirit which so often lurked under a pretended reverence for the law, He asks what did Moses command. Then, after showing that divorce was an imperfection which originated in temporary circumstances, He ascends to the origin and develops the primitive institution of matrimony, showing its indissoluble connexion from the creation of only one of either sex — a connexion, if we are to believe the apostle,‡ which shadowed His own mystic union with His Church; and concludes by proposing this original compact, instead of the permission of Moses, as the positive standard of His own law.

I should now ask if the solitary text of St. Matthew§ be sufficient to weaken the force of this reasoning? "But I say to you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, excepting the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: And he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery." St. Luke‖ agrees with St. Mark, and what determines the controversy, the apostle,¶ expressly

* Selden Uxor Ebraica, Lib. III, ch. xviii, xx, xxii. † St. Mark, x.
‡ Ephes. v. § St. Matt. v. ‖ St. Luke, xvi. ¶ Cor. vii.

in the name of Christ, prohibits marriage even in case of separation. What canon of criticism, then, can warrant us to bend the evidence of three clear and consistent testimonies, mutually supporting and illustrating each other, to an interpretation of an ambiguous passage which is at war with the express principles of the legislator? But if there is an apparent ambiguity, the Catholic interpretation makes it accord with the tenor of the other evangelists. The Catholic Church authorizes divorce, or rather repudiation, in case of adultery —a practice evidently warranted by the first part of the text of St. Matthew. Yet she teaches the indissolubility of marriage, a doctrine clearly deduced from the second part, compared with the other evangelists; nor shall I exhaust the patience nor insult the understanding of my reader by showing the violence that is offered to language in qualifying an absolute member of a sentence with a forced or fancied exception.

However, as if to satisfy the scruples and appease the pruriency of the grammarian, we are told that after this discourse with the Pharisees, Christ was again consulted on the same point by His disciples, to whom He was in the habit of clearly explaining what He denied to the treacherous curiosity of His enemies, or only darkly delivered in mystery and parable. To them He thus solemnly addresses himself: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery."* Such, my lord, is the conclusion of Christ himself upon that important occasion when He undertook to instruct the future teachers of His Church. And hence I am justified in expressing my surprise that the exception of an imperfect and abrogated law should be converted by a Christian prelate into the rule and practice of a perfect dispensation.

And now, my lord, permit me to lay before you another proof of the truth of Catholic interpretation in the demoralizing effects of the contrary doctrine. How different the idea of marriage in the Catholic and Protestant religion. In the one we behold a contract exposed to all the waywardness of inclination and caprice; and in the other a sacred connexion subsisting for life, exalted by religion, and instead of being at the mercy of the passions, subduing and chasten-

* St. Mark, x.

ing their violence by its salutary control. The facility of divorce weakens the mutual desire of pleasing; a neglect of reciprocal attention soon creates indifference; indifference may ripen into disgust and rankle into enmity until the unhappy couple see no hope of release from a cruel bondage, except in mutual separation and the prospect of new nuptials. Behold, then, the consequence: a divorce must be effected; adultery is a necessary step; morality is sacrificed, the nature of law is reversed, and the apprehension, or rather the hope of punishment, operates as an incentive to the commission of the crime. What an unnatural state of society! in which, according to the strong language of Seneca,* people marry for the sake of divorce, and divorce for the sake of marriage.

Witness the daily contracts, in which regular provision is made for these disgraceful contingencies. I shall not speak of the wound that is inflicted on national morals by the frequency of their recurrence. For such is now the facility of communication, that the tide of immorality flows through a thousand channels, and soon penetrates from the highest region into the remotest creeks of society. If we were to judge from observation, we could not believe that we lived in a Christian country. In the days of schoolboy innocence, our belief and our delicacy are equally shocked at the pictures of the Roman satirist.† Soon, however, the experience of age subdues the virtuous scepticism of youth; we see, in the licentiousness of the times, the most faithful comment on his writings, and are taught to absolve the heaviest strokes of his pencil from the charge of exaggeration. We behold the same shameful vicissitudes of marriage and divorce which marked the degeneracy of Rome, and may confirm our opinion of the baneful influence of the Protestant doctrine, in the words of an eminent Protestant historian: "A specious theory is confuted by this free and perfect experiment, which demonstrates

* Exeunt matrimonii causa, nubunt divortii. Seneca de benef. L. 3.

† As an instance of our retrocession to the good old times of Seneca and Juvenal, I might mention the fantastic plan of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who recommended a bill in Parliament, septennial in its operation, for the benefit of married persons. Your Grace will surely smile at the ludicrous licentiousness of the project. However, I have no doubt but it would be as acceptable to many individuals of the present day, as the law of Moses. See Spence's Anecdotes of Books and Men: London, 1820.

that the liberty of divorce does not contribute to happiness and virtue."

What is then, my lord, the prolific source of these abuses?

Unde hæc monstra tamen vel quo de fonte requiris? *

or what can stay the progress of immorality, while the doctrine of divorce is unsettled, and abandoned to the licentiousness of every interpreter? The Catholic doctrine on the indissolubility of marriage is the only remedy — a doctrine that is already incorporated with the common law of England. Startle not, my lord, at such a proposition. Some of the ministers of the Establishment have gone farther, and recommended a reconciliation with the Catholic Church. Alarmed at the defection that is daily thinning the ranks of the Establishment, they have seen no hopes of subordination except in such an alliance. Nay, the union of the Churches occupied much of the attention of your predecessor, Archbishop Wake, who, had he lived to witness the dreadful progress of sectarianism, would doubtless have pushed his overtures with greater zeal, and perhaps with greater success. You may dread that the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury would be overshadowed by the amplitude of Saint Peter's, and gradually shorn of its splendors. No, my lord; it would borrow fresh lustre from such a junction. Such were heretofore the fears of some aspiring prelates, whose ambition made them impatient of the supremacy of Rome. But scarcely did they try the fatal experiment of separation, when they found that the effulgence of their thrones was only reflected. This train of thought naturally reminds me of Bishop Butler, another ornament of the Establishment. You know with what ingenuity he traced the analogy between natural and revealed religion, and discovered resemblances between physical and moral truth. However, had not his prejudices arrested his speculations, he might have discovered in the condition of his own Church another illustration of this striking analogy. Loosened from the centre of unity, her motions are capricious and irregular: unfed by any accession of light from the fountain, her original stock is constantly diminishing; and like a distant star, still receding from the centre, she casts her lone and

* Whence those grim monsters? from what source they spring?

waning splendor, gradually deepening into that sort of twilight which teems with wayward phantoms more than utter obscurity, and which, though too feeble to light the way, is still sufficient to make the darkness visible.*

HIEROPHILOS.

* It is consoling to witness the effect of this truth on the men of Oxford, who have courage enough to quit the regions of those spectral shadows which they encounter in their inquiries, and are again returning to enjoy the light of the Catholic Church.

ANCIENT CROSS AND ROUND TOWER, CLONMACNOISE, KINGS CO.,

To the Most Rev. William Magee, D. D., etc.,

Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.

Maynooth College, 1823.

A deceitful balance is an abomination before the Lord, and a just weight is his will. — *Proverbs.*

MY LORD: Your Charge to your clergy has excited a becoming interest; and if you were ambitious of celebrity, your labors are amply repaid, and your hopes are realized. My former letter was a reply to your address, such as it was delivered or published. This will embrace your authorized edition, improved by the slow retouchings of time, and enriched by further illustrations. Though your Charge provoked the just resentment of those whose feelings were insulted, I still entertained hopes that your grace would explain what was liable to misconstruction, and soften what was offensive. You had it still in your power to retrace your steps with dignity; and the forgiving generosity of your country would have put the obnoxious passages to the account of hasty and inaccurate publication, or to the zeal of an ardent mind, hurried by its own strength beyond the boundaries of discretion. But no: the heaviness of the Charge is still aggravated by the severer harshness of the commentary; and deeming it weakness to recede, with the exception of a solitary word, you glory in being consistent. Had you been content with publishing the Charge, such as it was delivered, you would have been spared the second notice of "Hierophilos." But since you have presented yourself to the public in another form, we will now examine whether the hasty zeal of the preacher has been corrected and improved by the cautious labors of the commentator.

In delaying my reply to this stage of the controversy, I have obviated the plea put forth by your Grace, of the necessity of "consulting

for a name and station that should be respected, by refusing to come into familiar association" with what you are pleased to call the "scurrilities of a degenerate press." On the style and temper of your Grace's production I shall make no remark; but on a comparison, the public will pronounce whether "Hierophilos" has not deprived you of that convenient subterfuge, by which exalted churchmen have often contrived to hide their weakness under the mask of their dignity.

Your Grace's attempt to strip us of the ancient and envied name of *Catholic*, and to share in its honors, are almost unworthy of serious refutation. Never in so short a compass have I witnessed so much of that happy ingenuity which labors to reconcile contradictions. In one page you speak as a "sincere Protestant, and glory in giving utterance to those sentiments which a Protestant bishop should never compromise;" and in the next, with wonderful versatility, you would fain transform yourself into a Catholic! Thus your Grace becomes at once a Protestant and a Catholic — blending in your own person those attributes which were hitherto deemed irreconcilable. On one occasion, your style rises to a tone of indignation against those politicians who have of late years appropriated the name of Catholics to a certain class of his Majesty's subjects, and familiarized the public ear to its injurious misapplication. In your next address I would respectfully caution you to speak in more measured language of the religion of politicians, lest, irritated by such ingratitude, they might be disposed to prove how much you are indebted to their services for the establishment of your own.

It is not to the courtesy of parliamentary language that we are beholden for the name and honors of Catholic: it is derived to us from a higher source, and rests on more permanent authority. It is a name that is inscribed on the Creed of the Apostles, and which attached Saint Augustine to the faith which we profess — a name which, in every age, marked the rights of primogeniture, distinguishing the lawful heirs from those who were excluded from the divine inheritance — a name which has survived the ravages of time, and has never been lost by the true believers, nor usurped by the sectaries. Those who were conscious of the invalidity of their claims, have often attempted to impose on the credulity of mankind by the assumption of the genuine appellation, and by affixing on

the rightful heirs some opprobrious epithet. Thus it was that we were branded in this country with names which were intended to obscure our title. They, however, last no longer than the force in which they originate; and as soon as the laws that imposed the obnoxious epithets are relaxed, the most bigoted acquiesce in the justice of our pretensions. To deny us, therefore, the title of Catholics, is to deny the just connection between the name and nature of things, and to resist the current of thought and language by which each one is unconsciously borne along, as soon as the prejudice which resisted it subsides.

> Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine cymbam
> Remigiis subigiit: si brachia forte remisit
> Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.*

You acknowledge that the Roman Catholics are a branch of the Catholic Church, but that their religion is so incrusted with rust, that Protestants are obliged to exclude them from their communion!! While we admire your scrupulous piety, we must feel grateful for the charity of your concession. If the Roman Catholics are only a branch, I should wish to learn where is the trunk. Not, surely, the Protestant Church, since it would be an unnatural metaphor to convert a recent and divided religion into the trunk, and to characterize the most ancient one that professes Christianity as one of the branches. Unable, however, to deny its antiquity, you associate it with rust to depreciate its value. It is, my Lord, an old religion; nor shall it ever boast of any ornament to its simplicity, by courting any connection with the fashionable doctrines of modern times. The value of the genuine coin was sufficient to keep alive in every age the vigilance of those to whose care it was entrusted; and if they were inclined to suffer it to rust, it has been kept polished by continual agitation. Like other precious jewels, it is gathering richness from time; and it will always preserve sufficient value to provoke the hostility of those who are excluded from its possession. Its antiquity then is its protection; and what would have rusted baser metals, has, in reality, only brightened its splendor.

> * So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
> And slow advancing struggle with the stream;
> But if they slack their hands or cease to strive,
> Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

Do not attempt, then, to separate the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion: they are really inseparable terms. If we are a branch of the former, we are in possession of the latter; and if you are excluded from the pale of the one, you are likewise shut out from the inheritance of the other. How precious is the title of Catholic, when it is sought even by those who have abjured the Catholic faith! How fondly do you cling to its relics, and with what complacency do you repeat its venerable name! But it is only the name; and while you are amused with the unsubstantial shadow of the Establishment, you remind me of the Trojan chief, who solaced his exile by feasting his eyes with the image of which the reality was gone.

Atque animum pictura pascit inani.*

Content, yourself, then, with the name and dignity of a Protestant bishop, nor associate with it a name which will only expose the absurdity of your pretentions. Do not attempt at the same time to be a Catholic and a Protestant bishop; for they are two things so different in substance, as well as in name, that no chemistry can combine qualities so repulsive in their nature, nor logic associate terms of such different signification. Should you, however, persist in your pretensions to the name and prerogatives of Catholic, I would beg leave to remind you of the fate of the wit, who affected the dress and manners of the lord of the forest. But nature spoke through the disguise, and the ill grace with which he wore his new dignity quickly revealed the deceit to the ridicule of his companions, and earned for the cheat the just retribution of his imposture. The apologue was, doubtless, familiar to your earlier years, and your memory will readily catch the recollection; nor shall "Hierophilos" descend to expound the moral.

To support your arguments in favor of the right of Catholics, you quote the authorities of Cranmer and Cromwell. It is really surprising that Protestants can speak of Cranmer with respect, whose name and character, in mercy to their cause, they ought to consign to oblivion — a man whose pliant faith, ever obedient to his interests, successively yielded to the most opposite impressions — who shamefully practised incontinence while he professed celibacy — who would sanction a system of morality that once excited the vir-

* And with the shadowy portrait feasts his mind.

tuous indignation of a Pagan audience, while his heart abjured the vows his lips had uttered — and who, like the two-faced Janus, presented opposite characters to the Protestants and Catholics of his time. As for Cromwell, most willingly do I make him over to your Grace; nor do I envy you all the support you can derive from the name of the licentious favorite of Henry, whose disgrace and death were attested by the joy of the whole nation as the just punishment of his crimes.

I cannot dismiss this subject without adverting to the note in which your Grace insinuates two heavy charges against the Catholic Church, by stating, that "that cannot be a true religion which prohibits the free use of the Scripture, and subjects the word of God to the authority of man." I shall not stop my reader with any complaints against the usual artifices of polemical disingenuity. The ignorance of others might be endured, and their misrepresentation disregarded; but the qualifications of a bishop should place him equally above the influence of both. If I were not determined to give a full refutation of every part of your Grace's Charge, I would refer you to the former letters of "Hierophilos," in which the calumnies against the Catholic Church regarding the use of the Scriptures, were refuted to the satisfaction, or, at least, to the silence, of one of the most strenuous and talented advocates of the Bible. But as you will doubtless feel more pleasure in being referred to your own than to any other productions, allow me to place before your eyes the following sentence, taken from your Grace's Charge: — "We, my brethren, are to keep clear of both extremes; and holding the Scriptures as our great charter, whilst we maintain the liberty with which Christ has made us free, we are to submit ourselves to the authority to which he has made us subject."* After this sentence what becomes of the *free use* of the Scripture, which you hold essential to the true religion? If by the "*free use*" of the Scripture you only mean a "*tempered freedom*," regulated by the authority of the Church in the use and interpretation of Scripture, then you adopt the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and we will hail your conversion. But if by "*free use*" you mean an uncontrolled license of regulating one's belief by the Scripture and his own caprices — and, mark, there is no other alternative — why, in the

* Charge, page 22.

name of consistency, inveigh against the sectaries for asserting that "liberty with which Christ has made them free?" If the authority with which you endeavor to recall the Dissenters, subjects not the word of God to the authority of man, why has the more consistent authority of the Catholic Church a different effect? If the judge who expounds the law and corrects the abuse of its licentious application, can justly spurn the imputation of invading the authority of the legislature, why will the Church, not claiming more than the authority of a judge, be said to usurp the rights of the legislature of heaven?

The truth is, my lord, you stand not in need of argument. The sentence I have just quoted, of which the want of sense breaks out through the clumsy artifice of a labored and perplexed construction, is the best evidence that you are conscious of your own embarrassment. Knowing that you could not maintain your station without the exercise of an authority, of whose inconsistency you are convinced, you endeavor to soften it by keeping up the language of the Reformation, like the crafty Augustus, who, whilst he exercised a silent despotism over the Roman people, still affected the language of freedom, to amuse the prejudices of those who cherished the memory of the ancient commonwealth.

You tell us that the Scriptures are the boasted charter of the faith of Protestants, until we are wearied with the repetition; nor is the ludicrous spectacle of the shattered fragments of that faith which the sectaries hurl against each other, sufficient to cure their infatuation. We, too, appeal to the Scripture as the great charter of our faith, but we appeal to it with reverence. We grasp no detached passages, which might appear more striking to our contracted view; but we reverence the whole as the dictates of divine inspiration; and lest we should err in adjusting the complex system of our duties by its standard, we listen with respectful docility to that guide, which after minutely surveying the whole, can best reconcile its apparent inconsistencies and construct a balanced system of morality by regulating the proper limits of our obligations and assigning to the different virtues their respective proportions.

To conclude — and I entreat the attention of every thinking Protestant to the reflection, as it obviates that delusion which has taken strongest possession of their minds. The Scriptures were never

intended to be made the instrument of every blasphemer, who would fain conceal his extravagance and impiety under the mask of respect for religion. The indecent levity with which the awful concerns of religion are often treated by polemics, and the flippancy with which they abuse the Scripture, would almost make one think that the Scriptures were written for the vain and irreligious as a matter of idle disputation. But the Scriptures are too sacred for familiarity; nor ought the mysteries of heaven be profanely agitated between the vain contentions of men. Placed in the sanctuary of the Catholic Church, the Scripture is the monument of God's covenant with his people; it affords a proof of his presence, and a pledge of his protection. But when it is dragged out of that sanctuary by the impiety of the sectaries, and sacrilegiously carried out to battle, it becomes like the same ark of the covenant in the hands of the hypocritical sons of Heli: it provokes the vengeance of heaven — it becomes the signal of their shame — and the instrument of their discomfiture. *

HIEROPHILOS.

* And the ark of God was taken; and the two sons of Heli, Ophni and Phinees, were slain. — I. *Kings*, iv. 11.

Dr. McHale's Letter to Lord Bexley.

Ballina, November, 1828.

MY LORD — These are strange times; nor is it the least strange of the features which characterize them to see with what recklessness of their dignity the peers of the realm are rushing into print, and becoming ambitious candidates of ridicule. Heretofore they seemed to have adopted the Persian maxim of investing themselves with reverence, by keeping aloof from the ranks of the people. If they were not great men, the secret of their littleness was only known to their *valet de chambre;* nor did they rashly exhibit themselves abroad, if they did not possess those hardy qualities which are proof against public collisions. Rely on it, my lord, the people take delight in those exhibitions of aristocratic intellect, as it gives them an opportunity of measuring the relative distance between it and their own. "The Morning Chronicle," which conveyed to me Lord Bexley's letter, contained another of William Cobbett's on the opposite side, and surely no reader has failed to remark how the puny production of the peer shrinks before the strong and simple energy of the man of the people. With the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon, your lordship fills up the triumvirate of literature. Lords Farnham, and Lorton, and Winchilsea, are doubtless panting for the honor of digesting in plates of brass, the laws of the Constitution. Lords Wicklow and Roden must contribute their share to the labor, nor shall they cease to associate to their body all the writing peers of the land, until they complete the number of Decemvirs — a combination equally ominous to the liberties of the country.

It is difficult to compress within appropriate limits the refutation of your address, since, with a lofty disregard of all the unities of time, and place, and persons, your lordship's excursive fancy ranged over every topic that could minister to the prejudices of the public mind.

The Catholic Association is the first object that provokes your rage. I am not surprised. It is too mighty an object to escape notice, and it is every day assuming a more imposing attitude, and larger dimensions. To annihilate or dissolve such a formidable body, is the problem by which the great council of the nation has been singularly perplexed. There are only two ways — force or conciliation. The first has been already tried, as if to read a lecture of wisdom to the advocates of coercion. But scarce was it dissolved, when its sullen and mutinous elements again rushed to the same centre, and constituted another association, which has exceeded the former, as well in the closer compactness of all its parts, as in the more extensive sphere of its attraction. Force can have no other effect than that of binding the members of the association more firmly together. It is only the warmth of legislative favor alone that can so dissolve them as to defy their future coalition.

The college of Maynooth next comes in for the honor of your enmity. The classification shows that your mind is not utterly destitute of arrangement, as the Catholic clergy are strenuous advocates for the final pacification of the country. But what is the amount of the offending of the college? Why, truly, that it continues to teach the unchangeable doctrines of the Catholic Church! The great political sin of its professors consists in this, that a sense of gratitude for a sum of money, which is but a paltry pittance in the Government expenditure, has not so subdued their minds, as to make them traitors to the rights and religion of the Catholic people. In becoming members of the college of Maynooth, its students never covenanted to surrender the pure faith of their fathers. Indeed, your lordship does not mean to insinuate that the college grant should be withheld on account of the report of the Commissioners of Education. Surely, we ought to thank you for such a sentiment; nor are we sorry that Mr. Vansittart is no longer the dispenser of the public treasury.

It is not from a compliment to the Catholic people, the Government has ever granted money for Catholic purposes. It is from policy — and it is to this policy we shall be indebted for the continuance of such grants, if not for their augmentation. It is not the interest of Government to throw back the peasantry into the ignorance from which they are rescued by the labors of the Catholic

clergy. It is not the interest of Government to let those passions loose upon society which are restrained by the control of the Catholic priesthood. It is wiser, as well as more economical to expend a few thousand pounds upon the men who are keeping the people quiet, than millions upon those who are striving to inflame them with a religious and political frenzy. And, my lord, I assert without fear of contradiction, that the Maynooth grant does more in the moral improvement of Ireland, than the enormous mass of money which is swallowed up by the Army, the Church Establishment, and the countless Bible and Vice-Suppressing societies all together.

But still the people of England are taxed to the amount of nine or ten thousand pounds a year, for the purpose of maintaining professors to teach the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that in some cases a priest, in others a bishop, and in all the Pope, can release them from their sins, their vows, their oaths! And then you add, or rather premise, such is the doctrine laid down in the class book of the college. But why, my lord, did you not condescend to inform the honest freeholders of Kent, under what circumstances, and with what qualifications, could such a power be legitimately exercised. No; it did not suit your purpose. It was enough if your lordship could frighten John Bull into a horror for popery, by an ugly phantom of your own creation. Could your lordship not lay before them the following sentence of the report* alluded to in your address, and which is extracted from a Catholic prayer-book, now before me, entitled "True Piety"? — "It is a fundamental truth in our religion, that no power on earth can license men to lie, to forswear, or perjure themselves, to massacre their neighbors, or destroy their native country, in pretence of promoting the Catholic cause or religion. Furthermore, all pardons or dispensations granted or pretended to be granted, in order to any such ends or designs, could have no other validity or effect than to add sacrilege and blasphemy to the above-mentioned crimes." Here is an extract from a popular and an extensively-read prayer-book, compiled by one of the most venerable prelates of the Irish Church, and approved by the adoption of the rest; and yet, instead of exibiting it to enlighten the ignorance, and conciliate the good will of the English people, you draw some dark and imperfect outlines of your own, leaving the rest to be filled

* Page 228.

up by their furious prejudices. Why not put in juxtaposition our doctrine on oaths with that of Sanderson, a Protestant professor in the University at Oxford, and afterwards bishop of Lincoln? No: the resemblance between both would disabuse the men of Kent of their errors, and make them conclude that they were imposed upon by the interested views of lords who labor to divide the people in order to profit by their dissensions. The Catholics of these times are still doomed to the same savage treatment which was inflicted on the Catholics in the time of Tacitus. Now, through the calumnies of their enemies, as then through the fury of their persecutors, they must be clothed in the skins of wild beasts; now, as well as then, must they be covered with pitch, not only to blacken them before the public, but to make them fit objects for the brand to be flung at, and now as well as then must they be exhibited with this hideous caricature, in order to be hunted down by the public execration.

Of all the topics of reproach which are urged by Protestants against Catholics, none has surprised me more than that regarding oaths and dispensations. Is it because numbers swear a religion to be damnable and idolatrous, of which they never studied an iota, we must give them credit for a most sensitive reverence for oaths? Be assured of it, my lord, that of those who intrepidly swear to the idolatry of the Catholic religion, there are some who would curse with a similar oath the thirty-nine articles, if the orthodox loaves and fishes of the mosque of Mahomet were to reward the seasonable change in their religious convictions. You are not ignorant how little of religion animated the great actors in what is called the Reformation. Your lordship is not ignorant with what dexterity they accommodated their fluctuating creeds to the incessant shiftings of the political fortunes of England; and how the same persons were prepared with the same lips to bless as orthodox, or to stigmatize as heretical, the same identical opinions. While the Catholics of Ireland have cheerfully submitted to the slow tortures of a political ordeal, on account of the reverence which they feel for an oath, no doubt some of the lookers on were as much surprised at the prodigy of their fortitude or their folly, as the Carthagenians, who secretly mocked the sufferings of Regulus. To sound, then, this mysterious subject to the bottom, the apprehension is not that the Catholics feel

no reverence for an oath; but the apprehension of the Brunswickers, and the boroughmongers, and the monopolists of all classes, is lest the Catholics should lose that reverence, and thus share in the spoil from which they are excluded. There is, then, a sentiment which may be appropriately added to those which are already so loudly toasted amidst the Orange orgies, and which, no doubt, will be rapturously cheered by every loyal supporter of the Protestant constitution!!

May all the Papists of Ireland continue to be as much the dupes to their reverence for an oath, as were their Popish ancestors!

But though such a sentiment might be echoed by the hypocrites who turn religion into an instrument of faction, it will not be relished by that sound portion of the Protestant community, who can view the most hard-hearted selfishness lurking under the guise of a regard for the constitution. The people of England are beginning to be sensible how often they have been imposed upon by such hollow pretensions. As liberty was often the stalking-horse of the little tyrants of Greece, religious liberty is become the stalking-horse of the aristocratic faction of Britain. But the eyes of the people are almost opened to these delusions. They know how the unprincipled Somerset could erect palaces out of the ruins of churches, under pretence of abolishing every vestige of idolatry; — they know how Henry kept a succession of concubines, while the people were persuaded that all this was done in order to protect the purity of the Levitical law against the abominations of the Scarlet Lady of Rome; — they know how their ancestors were burdened with poor rates, while the lords, who were frightening them with the terrors of Popery, were, at the same time, pocketing the wealth of the monasteries. They know all this, nor will they suffer themselves to be cajoled any longer by saintly lords, who would burthen them with fresh imposts, whilst they amuse them with the shadow of a constitution, of which they reserve the benefits to themselves.

Another article of impeachment against the Catholics of Ireland is, that Dr. Crotty justified the Council of Constance in the execution of John Huss, and that Dr. McHale wrote a series of letters against the Protestant Establishment. I am at a loss to know why the Catholics of Ireland should suffer for such high misdemeanors.

But Dr. Crotty holds his place, though guilty, by his sanction of the sentence, of the murder of John Huss; and Dr. McHale, instead of being removed from the College, as he deserved, for daring to attack the majesty of the Established Church, was rewarded with a bishopric. Why, really, those letters contained the very milk of human kindness, compared to the burning lava which has been since poured upon the devoted heads of the parsons and the Establishment. Instead, therefore, of censure, I ought to have been thanked for the charity of my forbearance. But the great crime was, that the professor of theology was attacking the Established Church behind the masked battery of "Hierophilos." In vindication, he must say, that none of those masked assaults were half so serious as those which were avowed with his name; and, again, that the signature of "Hierophilos" became like a German mask, which is worn by known personages, in order to avoid the inconvenience of recognition. A Rev. Mr. Philpot, or the Quarterly Reviewer, pretends not to understand any distinction between a real and an assumed signature. Perhaps, I may furnish them with an appropriate illustration. The Fellows of Trinity College were forbidden to marry under the pain of expulsion. However, they interpreted Genesis like Luther, and defied the laws of the College. Were they removed? No; because no lady assumed the name of the Fellow to whom she was allied. It was a matter of notoriety that such a one was the wife of such a Fellow; but he eluded the requisition of the law, on account of her anonymous, or, rather, heteronymous, appellation. Until of late this serious and important statute was constantly violated. With your lordship, I will ask, were these Fellows expelled? And, with your lordship, I shall answer — No. But one of them was raised to a bishopric, to insult the faith and exasperate the feelings of millions, who are taxed to minister to the pride, and pomp, and luxury of men, who, under the blasphemed name of the God of peace are shaking the country by their political fanaticism.

To conclude this letter, I admit with your lordship that the question is — whether the Catholics are equally entitled with the Protestants to all the benefits of the constitution? On this one point, then, we come to close issue. For me, though nurtured in the schools of arbitrary and Popish doctrines, I have learned that

no human authority has a right to control the dictates of conscience, or to punish, by penal enactments, religious sentiments, which war not with our obligations to the state. These are the sentiments I have been taught, and these are the sentiments by which our fitness for civil offices ought to be estimated. We are not to be judged by the criterion fixed by your lordship, namely, the doctrines that were considered hostile to the Government — doctrines that are considered hostile!! We must protest against this criterion, whilst it is left to every monopolizing peer to fix its fluctuating meaning.

Your lordship, no doubt, would *consider* the Pope's purely spiritual supremacy an hostile doctrine. The Duke of Newcastle would *consider* the belief of the real presence a most formidable tenet. The invocation of saints would make Lord Lorton *consider* that we were invoking legions from heaven to dispossess him of his estates; and, in short, every principle of the Roman Catholics would be *considered* dangerous, whilst it was known that the monopoly of the few was to be shared among the many.

It is high time that the empyrics in politics should resign their trade, and that Ireland should be at length subjected to a process that will restore her to soundness and to strength. Without Emancipation, she will be feeble, and a burden to the empire. Not that Emancipation will heal all her evils — assuredly no. It is only the first step in the process of her regeneration. Other measures for her relief must follow in due course, until some powerful minister, backed by the co-operation of the entire country, shall arise, and apply his Herculean strength to the purging and re-forming of the Establishment.

In the meantime, Emancipation must be obtained. It must be generously given, in order to be thankfully received. It is not to be encumbered with any conditions that may be considered as nets for the religion of the people. The people of England are jealous of their civil and religious liberty. The Catholics of Ireland are equally jealous of theirs. Your lordship talks of concordats, and introduces the different states of Europe. There is no necessity for such a remote reference. England wants strength; Ireland requires tranquillity. Let the negotiation be, therefore, carried on with a view to their mutual political advantages, without any insidious at-

tempts on the religion of either. The Catholic religion can be made a useful ally to the state; but it is only when its profession is unshackled, and its ministers are beyond the reach of any sinister political control.

I have the honor to be, your lordship's obedient servant.

✠ John, Bishop of Maronia.

To the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam.

Ballina, February 10, 1830.

MY LORD — It appears from the public prints that your Grace has been lately exercising your pastoral zeal, in writing to your clergy, to carry on a mission among the Roman Catholics; and if the copy of the circular be genuine, it is a production that evinces no ordinary spirit. It was fondly imagined that a benevolent legislature had succeeded in stilling the angry spirit of controversy by which the land was so long shaken, and the appearance of the olive branch was hailed as a presage of mutual conciliation. But, whilst the Government brings peace, your Grace seems to imagine that the sword is a more befitting badge for the ministers of religion; and hence you seize once more your theological trumpet, to arouse the sentinels of Israel to vigilance and war.

At any time the letter to which I allude would be considered the production of a mind under the most potent preternatural influences. At present, and with all the difficulties that stare the Establishment in the face, it exhibits the calmest indifference to all earthly consideration. There is no alloy of worldly prudence about your zeal; no cold calculations of the dangers to which the Church is exposed can chill the ardor of your charity. No; whilst the Establishment is now deliberately weighed in the balance, and the other prelates are watching the legislature with trembling anxiety for what may come to pass; — whilst Lord Mountcashel, with a warning voice, is turning the public attention to the decayed state of the walls, and wishes to exchange some vain and gilded decorations for Doric pillars, to sustain the tottering edifice; — whilst Sir John Newport is giving notice that he will submit this important subject to the wisdom of the assembled senate of the empire; — whilst the pressure of tithes and church-rates is the theme of every theorist, of whatever creed,

who reasons on the national distress; — whilst the Protestant Bishop of Ferns frankly owns that, without the rich harvest of its temporalities, no minister of talent would think it worth while to labor in the vineyard of the Lord; — whilst, in short, all are under the conviction that the public would be benefited by a more general distribution of the wealth that is confined in the temple; — whilst, thus, the temporalities of the Church are the only portion of it in which its friends as well as its foes confess they feel an interest, your Grace is happily free from any disquietude on this subject. No such sordid cares can reach the elevation on which your spiritual abstractions have fixed you. Your heart has no griefs but for the spiritual blindness of the poor Catholics; and were the Establishment to-morrow shorn of all temporal honors, your Grace would, no doubt, be overwhelmed with joy, could you but extend to the benighted Catholics its spiritual consolations!

But, my lord, perhaps I do you wrong in thus attributing to you an utter indifference to the world, which might only suit one of the anchorites of old, and to which the sober and sensible spirit of the Protestant religion deems it no merit to aspire. Others of more rational and practical views will be disposed to correct the mistake into which I have fallen, and will probably perceive the deepest craft lurking under the simple guise of religious enthusiasm. Yes; the Earl of Mountcashel has attracted universal attention to the gorgeous temporalities of the Church, as well as to the enormous disproportion by which they are applied.

Hence your Grace's polemical missive, sent forth at this seasonable juncture as a decoy to divert the public from the substantial game that has been started, to follow in the pursuit of shadowy phantoms. Such artifices will, however, no longer do. Your brand has been flung too late; the pile has been extinguished ere your torch has reached it; and its materials, once so fiery and inflammatory, have lost their qualities of combustion. You may now send forth your missionaries to set Catholics and Protestants against each other. The Catholics and Protestants are too much alive to their own interest to be the victims of such delusion. There was a time when every town had its missionary menageries — when some controversial curiosity was imported from afar, and carried round the kingdom to amuse the old women of either sex, who thronged together to feast

their ears with a foreign dialect and their eyes with a strange apparition. There was a time when the most ignorant mountebank who raved against Popery could fix the public attention. But the spell that bound the hearers has been at length broken; the film that fascinated their eyes has at length been rubbed off. No illusions of stage effect can blind men any longer to the folly and the mischief of such exhibitions, and so completely palled is the people's taste by their repetition that if a public advertisement were to announce that your Grace himself, at the head of your missionaries, were to appear striding in stately pomp to the theological theatre, I question whether you could command a sufficient audience to laugh at the solemn mockery.

Making full allowance for the readiness with which your clergy are disposed to obey your Grace's orders, I doubt not but they would prefer staying at home to take care of their tithes and their wives and children rather than risk all the odium of a controversial crusade. They know it is sufficiently burdensome to Catholics to pay them the tenth portion of the fruits of their industry; nor should they like to aggravate the burden by additional reproaches on their religion. Let them, however, go forth; and in putting the two religions in juxtaposition, let them not fail in addressing the Catholics —who are often without a church to shelter them—to exhibit the blessings of the Law Church, which piously transferred to the wives and daughters of its ministers that wealth which the old Church of Christ had superstitiously expended in the repair and erection of churches, as well as the relief of the poor. Let them go to some of the parishes of your Grace's diocese, in which snug churches have been raised at the expense of an exclusively Catholic population, and let them persuade that population of the advantage of a perpetual church cess entailed on them for the purpose of providing salaries for a clerk and sexton—perhaps the only relics of the orthodox faith in the whole parish, and who are still deemed so valuable as to require a golden anchorage to keep them from being drifted away to Popery. Let them, on meeting large flocks kneeling before the divine mysteries, with their ample foreheads bared to all the rain and winds of heaven, invite them to fill their own little conventicles, where, in spite of the threatened woes of Ezekiel,* their elbows may

* Ezekiel, xiii, 18.

repose on cushions and their devotions may be warmed by the comfortable effusions of a stove. But, my lord, the parsons will not thus expose themselves to the bitter irony of a people perhaps more famed than any other for an exhaustless strain of sarcastic intelligence; they will not, for their own sakes, be marked exceptions to the good sense that is pervading all classes of society. There is now no further controversy about the purity of the Protestant Church; it is all turning on the permanence of its temporalities. All are now agreed that the Establishment is a political machine originally framed by political artificers, since kept together for political motives, and which, like every other machine, as soon as the expense of keeping it in repair shall overbalance its benefits, must be abandoned to a quiet and natural decay.

On this topic there is no room for further disputation, now that a controversy altogether of a different kind has started up in the country; which is the most effectual method of promoting the prosperity of Ireland, and of uniting more closely all classes of the long-distracted people. Who shall be foremost in exploring its resources? in giving vigor to its trade? in opening new avenues of industry, and consigning to merited contempt all the leaden lore of malignant bigotry by which the minds of the people were so long poisoned? Yes; the apostles of discord must at length retire. There is now a rivalry of benevolence—an emulation in laboring for the public good—a contention for advancing a nation's happiness, which all the arts of narrow-minded individuals will not be able to suspend. There is, in short, a great anxiety to bury, by recent acts of kindness, the memory of ancient strife; and a flow of mutual good feeling, silently working through the country, which all the *odium theologicum* poured forth from your Grace's episcopal vial shall not be able to embitter.

I am your Grace's obedient servant,

✠JOHN, BISHOP OF MARONIA.

Christmas Day at the Vatican.

Feast of St. Stephen, Rome, 1831.

UNWILLING to interrupt the series of observations suggested by the contemplation of the seven hills of the ancient city, I have not as yet made any reference to the Vatican. Yet no part of Rome possesses stronger claims on the affections of the Christian. It was not one of the seven hills on which the city was seated, yet it is the object which generally challenges the first visit from the piety of the pilgrim or the curiosity of the mere traveller. I was scarcely an hour arrived, when I hastened to Saint Peter's, to offer up my cold and imperfect prayers in unison with the incense of prayer and sacrifice that is daily ascending from that magnificent and holy temple, to the throne of the Almighty. Its precincts were worthy of the majesty of the temple. The obelisk in front proclaimed the homage of the conquered arts and wealth of Paganism to the spirit of Catholicity; its refreshing fountains, continually playing in the sunbeams, were an emblem of its pure and perennial doctrine flowing from the shrine of the apostles; and its curved colonnades, stretching out on either side, most significantly represented the ardent and affectionate eagerness with which the Catholic Church greets her children and cherishes them in her bosom. No sooner did I cross the threshold of the church than I felt, what others are said to feel, the illusion of its folded perspective. As I advanced, it appeared to be gradually unrolled, adjusting the harmonious position and size of the surrounding objects, until I stood under the stupendous dome, of which I had just seen the original model in the Pantheon: the one reposing on the earth, the masterpiece of Pagan temples, and the other resting on lofty pillars, penetrating to the heavens — the wondrous trophy of the Christian artist by whose skill and energy it was raised.

Though the capital is rich in works of art, ancient and modern, it is distanced in competition by the splendor of the Vatican. To the church of St. Peter was it first indebted for the varied aggregate of unrivalled treasures which have been gradually gathered round it. The residence of the Popes, transferred from the palace of Lateran, led to the erection of its palaces, its galleries, and magnificent saloons, in which were deposited the relics of ancient art, disinterred by the zeal of antiquarians, encouraged and animated by the munificent patronage of its Pontiffs. Poets and sculptors studied with assiduity those elegant models, and labored to rival their excellence by similar creations of their own. The relation that Rome holds to the world, collecting within its precincts more of historical and classical monuments than are spread over the earth, the Vatican museum may be said to hold to Rome, condensing within its sanctuaries such a rare variety of exquisite treasures as might be said to rival, if not in number, at least in value, all the other collections of this city. Without neglecting them, it is no wonder if my visits to the Vatican were more frequent than to any of the other churches or palaces of Rome; nor is it until after repeated visits that you can find a clue through the labyrinths of their apartments, and become familiar with those masterpieces, which must be frequently seen in order to be duly valued.

When traversing the saloon of the relics of ancient monuments, with its cinerary urns and antiquated inscriptions, such as might give occupation for years to a Mabillon or a Muratori, you fancy you are walking through some ancient necropolis; and I felt — to avail myself of an anticipated incident — as I afterwards felt when walking over the subterraneous city of Pompeii, that, of names once renowned, and of achievements that conferred cotemporary fame, not a memorial now remained but a misshapen fragment of marble, of which the orthography might puzzle the most practised decipherer of the earlier forms of the characters of Tuscany or Rome. Yet even those fragments have their value. It was partly by their aid (because a stone recorded every event) that such light has been thrown over the early history of the city, and I have often lamented, that in Ireland, where it may be now done with safety, more attention is not paid to the recording of national events, in the more durable materials of monuments of stone. From the excavations that

are occasionally carried on in the city and neighborhood, those monuments are multiplying fast, and, notwithstanding the vast apartments of the Vatican, are requiring more extensive and appropriate accommodation.

To the four successive Popes, bearing the names of Clement and Pius, the Vatican is justly indebted for its extension, and their names are in a special manner associated with its magnificent museum. Accordingly, the saloons bearing their names, and appropriated to the representation of the chief events of their reigns, stretch out (such is the fate of all history), and occupy a larger space as you come down. Still, whether the apartments be small or spacious, these objects, whether of painting or of sculpture, will always attract particular attention, which have already secured the suffrages of mankind. Such, amidst the monuments of ancient sculpture, are the Nile with its attendant Nereids; the Laocoon, writhing in inexpressible agony amidst the coiling and venomous embraces of the serpent; and, in fine, the Apollo, that may be admired but cannot be rivalled, combining all the energy of the one sex with the graces of the other, and appropriately fixed in one of the farthest niches of the museum, as an object for attracting fresh admiration. Such, among the paintings, are the immortal frescoes of Raphael, still displaying the chief events of the inspired history on the ceilings of the galleries of the Vatican. Such the other chambers, appropriated by Julius II. exclusively to his pencil, and known by his name. Such, too, his fanciful arabesques, borrowed from the baths of Titus, with which the walls of the galleries are decorated; and such, in fine, the awful picture, or rather group of pictures, of Michael Angelo, in the Sixtine Chapel, portraying — a boldness from which a less daring spirit would have shrunk — the terrible scene of the last judgment, of the reality of which an idea may be formed, when its empty and shadowy representation cannot be contemplated without awe.

No doubt the peculiar circumstances of time and solemnity under which this singular picture is contemplated, impart to it an additional effect. The chapel opens on the first Sunday of Advent — the day peculiarly consecrated to the commemoration of the Last Judgment. During the four Sundays of that penitential season, solemn mass is celebrated within the walls of the chapel, on which this awful scene is delineated, and at which the Pope attends, together with the car-

dinals, robed in their penitential attire. Without indulging in the language of exaggeration, it is an assembly such as seldom can be witnessed. You have a meeting composed of men eminent for piety, or science, or age, or long and arduous habits of business, and often conspicuous for a combination of all these qualities; and if the ancient Gaul was tempted to stroke the beard of one of the Roman senators, to try whether the god-like assembly was composed of mortals, none need fear the imputation of that awe which ignorance or barbarism inspires, in pronouncing the senate of the Roman cardinals the most venerable and majestic assembly in the world.

The magnificent ceremonies of Christmas day formed an appropriate close for the preceding functions of Advent. At an early hour in the morning I went to St. Peter's, and had the great consolation of celebrating three Masses in the subterraneau chapel over the tomb of the Apostles. Afterwards I attended at the solemn Mass sung by his Holiness. At nine o'clock the cardinals, with their appropriate trains, together with the bishops, prelates, and clergy, were to be seen crossing the nave from the sacristy to a chapel on the right hand, near the great entrance-door from which the procession commenced. At this time the scene became animated by the crowds that were thronging to be present at the august sacrifice; the bustle, however, was hushed on their entrance, for, though some on moving up the nave seemed in the attitude of conversation, not a whisper was heard in the distance, and their little figures seemed to disappear, as they spread in various directions, to procure the most convenient view of the ceremonies. Still the city continued to pour in its fresh multitudes, yet the crowds were comparatively unnoticed in its vastness.

The nave was lined by two files of Swiss guards, whose singular equipment in arms and costume contributed to heighten the effect of the solemn scene. Behind the high altar a magnificent screen was erected, covering the tribune of the church, and leaving the intermediate space for the performance of the ceremonies. Against this screen, which was tastefully hung with richly embroidered scarlet, a platform was raised, ascended by seven steps, with a magnificent pontifical throne, elevated in the centre. Benches for the cardinals, bishops, and other ecclesiastics were tastefully fitted up on either side, and temporary galleries erected, for the accommodation of

many of the immense congregation. After nine o'clock the procession began to move; first the different ecclesiastics in their respective robes, next the bishops, and then the cardinals, sweeping, in a lengthened and varied train, over the church, while the Roman Pontiff, seated on his throne, and borne aloft by the nobles of the city, formed a suitable close to the gorgeous spectacle. The liturgy was then sung with all the power and harmonious variety of intonation for which the Pope's choir is justly celebrated. The epistle and gospel were sung in the Greek and Latin tongues. The impressive solemnity with which the divine mysteries were celebrated fixed the attention; but when the sudden clangor of trumpets, mingling with the explosion of cannons from St. Angelo's, announced the elevation, the effect was truly electric, and there was not a heart, that was not a rebel to its own feelings, that was not prostrate in gratitude to adore that God, who then, as in Bethlehem, came under a mysterious form — a sacrifice of peace and of propitiation. Christmas day has everywhere its peculiar claims to devotion. There are, from the humble huts in Ireland, as pure and precious orisons offered to the Almighty, as from any temple on the globe. There are hearts in which God kindles the sacrifice of his love, without any remote or intermediate incentives. There is, however, no other place which furnishes so much of fuel to enkindle the flames of devotion, as this temple. The august sacrifice of Melchisedeck offered on the anniversary of our Redeemer's birth, by one who exemplifies not only the rite but the person of the royal patriarch, in the circumstance of being at once a king and pontiff in a city which is the cemetery of ancient Paganism, and the centre of the Christian world; on the spot beneath which, with the kindred ashes of St. Paul, repose those of the Prince of the Apostles, whose spirit still animates and sustains his successors, realizing the promises of the divine Founder of the Church, whilst they survive the shifting dynasties of the world — perpetuating the oblation of the sacrifice of love, and that under a dome whose lofty roof draws up the soul to heaven — these were circumstances calculated to awaken feelings which cannot be forgotten; whilst the vastness of the edifice reminds you that it cannot be the temple of any one country that you are treading; but as you walk along, with the sanctuary still receding from before you, and view the tribunals of mercy, with their inscriptions in various lan-

guages, inviting Greek and Hebrew, you are struck with the hidden and mysterious immensity of the place — an emblem of Him to whom it is dedicated — and forced silently to exclaim that this is no "other but the house of God," into which "the nations should be continually flowing from the four winds of heaven."

✠ John, Bishop of Maronia.

LETTER FROM ROME.

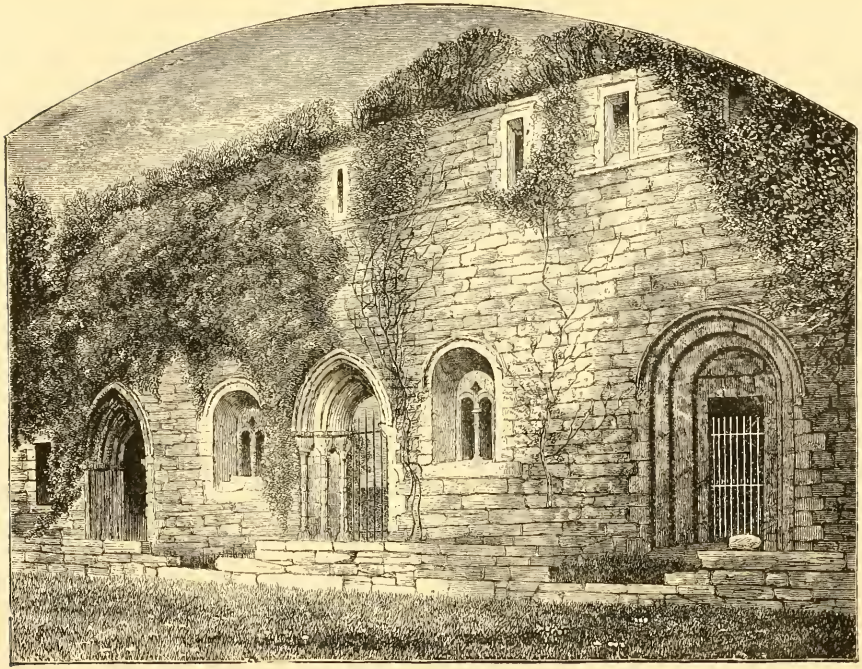
MY VISIT TO THE POPE. — A MANUSCRIPT LETTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. — THE TOMBS OF O'NEIL AND O'DONNELL, ETC.

ROME, March 27, 1832.

THE first of my visits to manifest the homage of my dutiful reverence to the Holy Father, was a few days after my arrival. It was to a Catholic bishop from Ireland a visit fraught with consolation. Notwithstanding all the efforts, which an impious policy had recourse to, to sever our connexion with the chair of Peter, efforts far more ingenious in their cruelty than those of the earlier persecutions that hunted the Christians into the catacombs, it was a gladsome introduction to be presented to the good Father of the Faithful, and to receive at his feet the Apostolical benediction. He is worthy of the elevation to which he has been raised. Benevolence! — it is too weak a word; — affectionate charity beams in every feature of the good Pontiff, nor is there wanting that visible indication of a stern and unbending intrepidity* of character, which will not fail, whenever it may be necessary, to vindicate the dearest interests of religion.

The interval between Christmas and Easter was occupied in visiting the most conspicuous churches, galleries, colleges, and libraries of Rome, together with occasional excursions to the remarkable places in the vicinity, which history and fable have so much associated with the early fortunes of Rome. On the feast of the Epiphany, it was a rare and interesting spectacle to see priests from the different Eastern Churches, Armenians, Greeks, and Maronites, celebrating mass in their own peculiar rites, and in their own

* His fortitude in supporting the illustrious Archbishop of Cologne against the persecuting policy of the King of Prussia, as well as his Apostolical rebuke of the atrocious tyranny of the Russian autocrat, justify this view of his character



CONG ABBEY, CO. MAYO, BURIAL PLACE OF RODERICK O'CONNOR, LAST KING OF IRELAND.

respective tongues. The Sunday within its octave witnessed one of the most gratifying exhibitions which any country could exhibit, the young students, to the number of about fifty, delivering compositions before the assembled dignitaries of Rome, in the varied languages of their respective countries. It was a scene which bore attestation to the Catholics of the faith of Rome, as well as to the union which links its most distant members, to see a number of young men, brought up in adverse national prejudices, and speaking from their infancy different languages, now assembled together, and moulded into one intellectual mass, animated by one spirit, and like their predecessors of old, in the day of Pentecost, all understanding through their different dialects the voice and faith of Peter, conveyed in one single language, is a continuance of the gift of tongues still perpetuated in the Church, and which cannot fail to make its impression on a reflecting and religious mind. In the evening, a large and selected society of some of the most distinguished strangers in Rome, as well as the natives, enjoyed the elegant and princely hospitality of the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda. On that occasion, Monseignore Mezophanti* addressed a large number of the guests in their respective European or oriental dialects, with ease, if not with elegance. His acquirements as a linguist are rare and extraordinary; Crassus and others acquired great celebrity for their ready talent in conversing with strangers in their own language: it is not, I am sure, any exaggerated praise to assert, that in variety of languages, or readiness in speaking them, they could not have reached the excellence of Mezophanti.

Among the numerous and richly assorted libraries with which Rome abounds, the Vatican is far the first in the number and variety of its volumes. It may be, therefore, easily inferred, that far beyond competition, it is the first in the world. Its majestic entrance is worthy of such a library, as well as of the celebrated Pope, Sixtus Quintus, who contributed so much to its literary treasures, as well as to the embellishment of its architecture. A magnificent picture, seen as you enter, exhibits Fontana, the architect, unfolding his plan to the Pontiff: then you behold on one side, a series of the most celebrated libraries in the world, and on the other, a succession of the General Councils, by which the faith of the Catholic Church was

* He has been since, and deservedly, honored with the purple.

illustrated. The library has been generally entrusted to men of vast erudition, who were able to profit of its treasures, and again to return them with interest, enriching them with valuable productions of their own. Such was Assemani whose oriental researches conferred additional celebrity on the library of the Vatican. And such is the Monseignore Mai,* the present librarian, distinguished for his valuable literary labors in restoring manuscripts, which were thought to have been lost. His courtesy and kindness in affording the easiest access to this treasury of science and of literature, I feel much pleasure in acknowledging, for it earned a claim to my gratitude.

But, indeed, courtesy has been the characteristic quality of all the librarians in Rome, in affording to visitors every facility of study and research. Such I experienced at the great libraries of Ara Cœli, and the Minerva, and such too at St. Isidore's, and the Barberini library, in which documents and manuscripts connected with Irish history abound. To that at St. Isidore, my visits were frequent, as I found there a number of Irish manuscripts. Besides, I loved to contemplate the portraits of celebrated Irishmen which decorate its walls, especially those of two of the most illustrious men of their age and nation — Luke Wadding, the learned author of the Annals of the Franciscans, and Florence O'Mul Conry, Archbishop of Tuam, to whose zeal and labors we are indebted for the foundation of Louvain, and the education of many eminent men, who conferred honor on their country. When one thinks of the dark and difficult times in which those men lived, and the mighty things they achieved for their country and their religion, he feels confirmed still more in his holy faith, since they must have been endued with more than human fortitude, in achieving such great enterprises. I met but one solitary exception to this general disposition to accommodate, in the keepers of the literary establishments in the Eternal City. This exception was in the archives of the Vatican, — a department quite distinct from its library. It is an immense collection of documentary papers and instruments, bulls, letters, and rescripts from the earlier ages to the present time. I was anxious to look for some documents that would throw some light upon our

* He, too, has been, as a reward of his merits, associated to the College of Cardinals.

ecclesiastical history, and enable me to fill up some chasms in the succession of our bishops during the persecutions. To my great surprise, delay succeeded to delay, in such manner as to make it evident that the keeper wished to deny me all access to the records which I sought. On animadverting on conduct which appeared to me so unaccountable, I found that the reverend gentleman was a pensioner of the British government, employed to send them such extracts of State papers, as would elucidate the public transactions connected with the history of England. Here, in this solitary instance, I found the perverse influence of British money, and drew my conclusion on the misfortune that would come over Ireland, if ever the government should succeed in pensioning the Catholic hierarchy. This man's sympathies, duties, feelings, seemed to be all absorbed by his gratitude for British money. To our oppressors, as far as he was concerned, the archives were open; to the Catholic victims of their persecution alone, they were inaccessible. However, a gentle hint that I would look for redress from the pontifical government, nay, that his conduct should be reported to the House of Commons, who might take this reverend pensioner to task, wrought in him a kinder tone of feeling, and procured for me a sullen and reluctant admittance. Amidst the huge mass of documents, I could not succeed in the object of my search. However, I lighted on many rare and curious letters, that well recompensed me for my loss. Among others I was shown one of Mary Queen of Scots, written to the Pope in her own hand, on the day preceding her execution. It was a precious relic, which had the appearance of being discolored by tears. It is no wonder; such a letter could not be written or read without deep emotion. It led to a long train of thought on the chequered life and tragic death of a woman, of whom her age was not worthy. Nay, the bitter prejudices of her time, seem to have descended to posterity. There was no chivalry, then, in justice, to guard her life, nor chivalry in history to vindicate her fame. But time will avenge her wrongs, and I could cheerfully encounter more of the sullenness of the pensioned Marini, to have the gratification of reading such an autograph belonging to this illustrious and ill-used Queen, whose misfortunes created a sympathy, which the misdeeds of the perfidious monarchs of her race were not able to obliterate.

Not far from the Vatican, on the Janiculum, the southern brow of

the same hill is a monument, which will fail not to tell the Irish travellers, of what their ancestors suffered from the offspring of Mary Stuart. The small church of St. Peter, designed by Bramante, and which reminds you of the temple of Vesta, on the banks of the Tiber, or of the Arno, at Tivoli, contains this melancholy monument. A slab of marble in the middle of the floor, with the names of O'Neil and O'Donnell, recalls to memory the flight of those noble chieftains on a pretended conspiracy, set on foot to enable the ungrateful James to partition among a horde of English and Scottish Calvinists, their hereditary domains, together with six counties of the Province of Ulster. Few, whatever may be their opinions or feelings on the justice of those ancient quarrels, or the policy that dictated such cruel confiscations, could refuse a sigh or a tear to the memory of the gallant Tyrone, the hero of Bealanathbnide, who had sustained so long and so bravely the sinking fortunes of his country against the combined armies of Elizabeth. It was difficult to resist the rush of feeling which was called forth by the contemplation of the close of his career, as well as by the ingratitude of his own degenerate countrymen. Here, bowed down by misfortune, and blind through age and infirmity, this gallant warrior closed his life like another Belisarius, outlawed and attainted even by the suffrages of those Catholics, whom he saved from utter ruin, without their interposing one solitary vote for his protection. It is well that Christendom has a home for the fallen and the broken-hearted. It is well that there should be some healing asylum where one can find refuge from the ingratitude and perfidy of the world. That home has been, and shall ever be found in the city of the successors of St. Peter, and I close this sad and soothing train of reflections, by offering up a heartfelt prayer for the devoted patriot, who, I trust, has found that lasting home, "where sorrow and grief shall be no more."

My excursions through Ostia, Albani, Frescati, and Tivoli, &c., during which I sojourned chiefly in the convents that are scattered throughout those districts, afforded much of instructive and agreeable relaxation. The curiosities of those classic territories are as familiar as the territories themselves are far famed, nor shall I occupy the reader's time by their repetition. The lives of the solitary anchorets of Camaldoli would appear too tame a narrative to

some who might relish better more varied and stirring scenes. Yet among those monks and such other recluses, is to be found a cheerfulness and lightness of heart to which the world is an utter stranger, and which it can never imagine to be the inhabitant of such abodes. There was one convent in particular, which I felt peculiar gratification in visiting — that of St. Benedict, at Subiaco. Here, near the brink of the Arno, and under a line of frowning rocks, parallel to the stream, is situated the monastery of the holy and celebrated founder of the Benedictines. Near, is another, dedicated to his sister St. Scholastica. I spent some days in this holy retreat, enjoying the kind hospitality of the good abbot. In the chapel, partly formed out of the cave in which the saint lay concealed for three years, fed by an intimate friend, I offered up the sacrifice of the Mass. A beautiful marble statue of the saint under the rock, together with the leaves, bearing the impress of the serpent, by which he was so tempted, that he rolled himself amidst the thorns to extinguish the flames of concupiscence, still recall the memory of his early combats and his early triumphs.

I returned to Rome before Palm Sunday, remaining there during the ceremonies of Holy Week. It was a week that embodied more of the impressive lessons and practice of religion than many other weeks put together. Many visit Rome from afar, though unable to remain longer than during those few days, and well do they find their toil and piety rewarded. The solemn tones of the Miserere in the Sixtine Chapel, make them forget all their cares and fatigues, and transport the soul to heaven. The kind and charitable attention paid to the pilgrims, in the establishment set apart for that purpose, makes such an impression on strangers, that I have heard young Americans exclaim with wonder and delight, that if there was true religion in the world, it was to be found in the charity of Rome. The washing of the feet by the Holy Father, is another tender and affecting office, which fails not to exhibit, in the minds of the astonished spectators, the connection between him and the Founder of the Church, whose humility and charity he thus imitates. In my observations on Christmas day, I have already given some faint idea of the Pontifical Mass. The Pontifical Mass of Easter Sunday brings an additional ceremony of most imposing solemnity — the benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's: one cannot witness a

more touching or magnificent ceremony. The Holy Father, accompanied by the cardinals, bishops, prelates and other ecclesiastics, who formed the procession, ascended to the centre of the balcony; the vast square was thronged with the moving multitudes below; doubtless, there were among them foreigners who differed in faith from the vast body of the people. The Pontiff lifted his arm, waved his hand in the form of a cross; no sooner did he pronounce the blessing, than all knelt, and, as if under the influence of the same mysterious spirit that subdued St. Paul, I think there was not one that was not prostrate to receive, through the person of his Vicar upon earth, the benediction of the Redeemer of the world.

✠ John, Bishop of Maronia.

Address in His Own Defence.

BY

A. M. Sullivan, M.P.

[831]

IRELAND, FAREWELL!

Address

Delivered by A. M. Sullivan, M. P., in His Own Defence, in Green Street Court House, Dublin, Feb. 20, 1868.

My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury,—I rise to address you under circumstances of embarrassment which will, I hope, secure for me a little consideration and indulgence at your hands. I have to ask you at the outset to banish any prejudice that might arise in your minds against a man who adopts the singular course—who undertakes the serious responsibility—of pleading his own defence. Such a proceeding might be thought to be dictated either by disparagement of the ordinary legal advocacy, by some poor idea of personal vanity, or by way of reflection on the tribunal before which the defence is made. My conduct is dictated by neither of these considerations or influences. Last of all men living should I reflect upon the ability, zeal, and fidelity of the Bar of Ireland, represented as it has been in my own behalf, within the past two days, by a man whose heart and genius are, thank God, still left to the service of our country, and represented, too, as it has been here this day by that gifted young advocate, the echoes of whose eloquence still resound in this court, and place me at disadvantage in immediately following him. And, assuredly, I design no disrespect to this court; either to tribunal in the abstract or to the individual judges who preside, from one of whom I heard two days ago, delivered in my own case, a charge of which I shall say—though followed by a verdict which already consigns me to prison—that it was, judging it as a whole, the fairest, the clearest, the most just and impartial ever given, to my knowledge, in a political case of this kind in Ireland between the subject and the Crown. No; I stand here in my own defence to-day, because long since I formed the opinion

that on many grounds, in such a prosecution as this, such a course would be the most fair and most consistent for a man like me. That resolution I was, for the sake of others, induced to depart from on Saturday last, in the first prosecution against me. When it came to be seen that I was the first to be tried out of two journalists prosecuted, it was strongly urged on me that my course and the result of my trial might largely affect the case of the other journalists to be tried after me; and that I ought to waive my individual views and feelings, and have the utmost legal ability brought to bear in behalf of the case of the national press at the first point of conflict. I did so. I was defended by a bar not to be surpassed in the kingdom for ability and earnest zeal; yet the result was what I anticipated. For I knew, as I had held all along, that in a case like this, where law and fact are left to the jury, legal ability is of no avail if the Crown comes in with its arbitrary power of moulding the jury. In that case, as in this one, I openly, publicly, and distinctly announced that I for my part would challenge no one, whether with cause or without cause. Yet the Crown, in the face of this fact, and in a case where they knew that, at least, the accused had no like power of peremptory challenge, did not venture to meet me on equal footing; did not venture to abstain from their practice of absolute challenge; in fine, did not dare to trust their case to twelve men "indifferently chosen," as the constitution supposes a jury to be. Now, gentlemen, before I enter further upon this jury question, let me say that with me this is no complaint merely against "the Tories." On this, as well as on numerous other subjects, it is well known that it has been my unfortunate lot to arraign both Whigs and Tories. I say further, that I care not a jot whether the twelve men selected or permitted by the Crown to try me, or rather to convict me, be twelve of my own co-religionists and political compatriots, or twelve Protestants, Conservatives, Tories or "Orangemen." Understand me clearly on this. My objection is not to the individuals comprising the jury. You may be all Catholics, or you may be all Protestants, for aught that affects my protest, which is against the mode by which you are selected—selected by the Crown—their choice for their own ends—and not "indifferently chosen" between the Crown and the accused. You may disappoint or you may justify the calculations of the Crown official who has picked you out from the panel, by negative or posi-

tive choice (I being silent and powerless) — you may or may not be all he supposes; the outrage on the spirit of the constitution is the same. I say, by such a system of picking a jury by the Crown, I am not put upon my country.

Gentlemen, from the first moment these proceedings were commenced against me, I think it will be admitted that I endeavored to meet them fairly and squarely, promptly and directly. I have never once turned to the right or to the left, but gone straight to the issue. I have from the outset declared my perfect readiness to meet the charges of the Crown. I did not care when or where they tried me. I said I would avail of no technicality — that I would object to no juror — Catholic, Protestant, or Dissenter. All I asked — all I demanded — was to be "put upon my country" in the real, fair, and full sense and spirit of the constitution. All I asked was that the Crown would keep its hand off the panel, as I would keep off mine. I had lived fifteen years in this city; and I should have lived in vain if, amongst the men that knew me in that time, whatever might be their political or religious creed, I feared to have my acts, my conduct, or principles tried. It is the first and most original condition of society that a man shall subordinate his public acts to the welfare of the community, or, at least, acknowledge the right of those amongst whom his lot is cast, to judge him on such an issue as this. Freely I acknowledged that right. Readily have I responded to the call to submit to the judgment of my country the question whether, in demonstrating my sorrow and sympathy for misfortune, my admiration for fortitude, my vehement indignation against what I considered to be injustice, I had gone too far and invaded the rights of the community. Gentlemen, I desire, in all that I have to say, to keep or to be kept within what is regular and seemly, and above all to utter nothing wanting in respect for the court; but I do say, and I do protest, that I have not got trial by jury according to the spirit and meaning of the constitution. It is as representatives of the general community, not as representatives of the crown officials, the constitution supposes you to sit in that box. If you do not fairly represent the community, and if you are not empanelled indifferently in that sense, you are no jury in the spirit of the constitution. I care not how the crown practice may be within the technical letter of the law, it

violates the intent and meaning of the constitution, and it is not "trial by jury." Let us suppose the scene removed, say, to France. A hundred names are returned on what is called a panel by a state functionary for the trial of a journalist charged with sedition. The accused is powerless to remove any name from the list unless for over-age or non-residence. But the Imperial prosecutor has the arbitrary power of ordering as many as he pleases to "stand aside." By this means he puts or allows on the jury only whomsoever he pleases. He can, beforehand, select the twelve, and, by wiping out, if it suits him, the eighty-eight other names, put the twelve of his own choosing into the box. Can this be called trial by jury? Would not it be the same thing, in a more straightforward way, to let the Crown Solicitor send out a policeman and collect twelve well-accredited persons of his own mind and opinion? For my own part, I would prefer this plain dealing, and consider far preferable the more rude but honest hostility of a drumhead court-martial. [Applause in the court.] Again I say, understand me well, I am objecting to the principle, the system, the practice, and not to the twelve gentlemen now before me as individuals. Personally, I am confident that, being citizens of Dublin, whatever your views or opinions, you are honorable and conscientious men. You may have strong prejudices against me or my principles in public life — very likely you have; but I doubt not that, though these may unconsciously tinge your judgment and influence your verdict, you will not consciously violate the obligations of your oath. And I care not whether the Crown, in permitting you to be the twelve, ordered three, or thirteen, or thirty others to "stand by" — or whether those thus arbitrarily put aside were Catholics or Protestants, Liberals, Conservatives, or Nationalists — the moment the Crown puts its finger at all on the panel, in a case where the accused has no equal right, the essential character of the jury was changed, and the spirit of the constitution was outraged. And now, what is the charge against my fellow-traversers and myself? The Solicitor-General put it very pithily awhile ago when he said our crime was, "glorifying the cause of murder." The story of the Crown is a very terrible, a very startling one. It alleges a state of things which could hardly be supposed to exist amongst the Thugs of India. It depicts a population so hideously depraved that thirty thousand of them in

one place, and tens of thousands of them in various other places, arrayed themselves publicly in procession to honor and glorify murder — to sympathize with murderers as murderers. Yes, gentlemen, that is the Crown case, or they have no case at all — that the funeral procession in Dublin, on the 8th December last, was a demonstration of sympathy with murder as murder. For you will have noted that never once, in his smart narration of the Crown story, did Mr. Harrison allow even the faintest glimmer to appear of any other possible complexion or construction of our conduct. Why, I could have imagined it easy for him not merely to state his own case, but to state ours too, and show where we failed, and where his own side prevailed. I could easily imagine Mr. Harrison stating our view of the matter — and combating it. But he never once dared to even mention our case. His whole aim was to hide it from you, and to fasten, as best such efforts of his could fasten, in your minds this one miserable refrain — "They glorified the cause of murder and assassination." But this is no new trick. It is the old story of the maligners of our people. They call the Irish a turbulent, riotous, crime-loving, law-hating race. They are forever pointing to the unhappy fact — for, gentlemen, it is a fact — that, between the Irish people and the laws under which they now live, there is little or no sympathy, but bitter estrangement and hostility of feeling or of action. Bear with me if I examine this charge, since an understanding of it is necessary in order to judge our conduct on the 8th December last. I am driven upon this extent of defence by the singular conduct of the Solicitor-General, who, with a temerity which he will repent, actually opened the page of Irish history, going back upon it just so far as it served his own purpose, and no farther. Ah! fatal hour for my prosecutors when they appealed to history! For, assuredly, that is the tribunal that will vindicate the Irish people, and confound those who malign them as sympathizers with assassination and glorifiers of murder —

Solicitor-General — My lord, I must really call upon you — I deny that I ever —

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald — Proceed, Mr. Sullivan.

Mr. Sullivan — My lord, I took down the Solicitor-General's words. I quote them accurately as he spoke them, and he cannot get rid of them now. "Glorifiers of the cause of murder" was his

designation of my fellow-traversers and myself, and our fifty thousand fellow-mourners in the funeral procession; and before I sit down I will make him rue the utterance. Gentlemen of the jury, if British law be held in "disesteem"—as the crown prosecutors phrase it—here in Ireland, there is an explanation for that fact other than that supplied by the Solicitor-General, namely, the wickedness of seditious persons like myself, and the criminal sympathies of a people ever ready to "glorify the cause of murder." Mournful, most mournful, is the lot of that land where the laws are not respected—nay, revered by the people. No greater curse could befall a country than to have the laws estranged from popular esteem, or in antagonism with the national sentiment. Everything goes wrong under such a state of things. The ivy will cling to the oak, and the tendrils of the vine reach forth towards strong support. But more anxiously and naturally still does the human heart instinctively seek an object of reverence and love, as well as of protection and support, in law, authority, sovereignty. At least, among a virtuous people like ours, there is ever a yearning for those relations which are, and ought to be, as natural between a people and their government as between the children and the parent. I say for myself, and I firmly believe I speak the sentiments of most Irishmen when I say, that, so far from experiencing satisfaction, we experience pain in our present relations with the law and governing power; and we long for the day when happier relations may be restored between the laws and the national sentiment in Ireland. We Irish are no race of assassins or "glorifiers of murder." From the most remote ages, in all centuries, it has been told of our people that they were pre-eminently a justice-loving people. Two hundred and fifty years ago the predecessor of the Solicitor-General—an English Attorney-General—it may be necessary to tell the learned gentleman that his name was Sir John Davis (for historical as well as geographical * knowledge seems to be rather scarce amongst the present law-officers of the Crown) [laughter]—held a very different opinion of them from that

* On Mr. Sullivan's first trial, the Solicitor-General, until stopped and corrected by the court, was suggesting to the jury that there was no such place as Knockrochery, and that a Fenian proclamation which had been published in the "Weekly News" as having been posted at that place, was, in fact, composed in Mr. Sullivan's office. Mr. Justice Deasy, however, pointedly corrected and reproved this blunder on the part of Mr. Harrison.

put forth to-day by the Solicitor-General. Sir John Davis said no people in the world loved equal justice more than the Irish, even where the decision was against themselves. That character the Irish have ever borne and bear still. But, if you want the explanation of this "disesteem" and hostility for British law, you must trace effect to cause. It will not do to stand by the river side near where it flows into the sea, and wonder why the water continues to run by. Not I, not my fellow traversers, not my fellow countrymen, are accountable for the antagonism between law and popular sentiment in this country. Take up the sad story where you will, yesterday, last month, last year, last century, two centuries ago, three centuries, five centuries, six centuries, and what will you find? English law presenting itself to the Irish people in a guise forbidding sympathy or respect, and evoking fear and resentment. Take it at its birth in this country. Shake your minds free of legal theories and legal fictions, and deal with facts. This court where I now stand is the legal and political heir, descendant, and representative of the first law-court of the Pale six or seven centuries ago. Within that Pale were a few thousand English settlers, and of them alone did the law take cognizance. The Irish nation — the millions outside the Pale — were known only as "the King's Irish enemies." The law classed them with the wild beasts of nature whom it was lawful to slay. Later on in our history, we find the Irish near the Pale sometimes asking to be admitted to the benefits of English law, since they were forbidden to have any of their own; but their petitions were refused. Gentlemen, this was English law as it stood towards the Irish people for centuries; and wonder, if you will, that the Irish people held it in "disesteem": —

"The Irish were denied the right of bringing actions in any of the English courts in Ireland for trespasses to their lands, or for assaults and batteries to their persons. Accordingly, it was answer enough to the action in such a case to say that the plaintiff was an Irishman, unless he could produce a special charter giving him the rights of an Englishman. If he sought damage against an Englishman for turning him out of his land, for the seduction of his daughter Nora, or for the beating of his wife Devorgil, or for the driving off of his cattle, it was a good defence to say he was a mere Irishman. And if an Englishman was indicted for manslaughter, if the man slain was an Irishman, he pleaded that the deceased was of the Irish nation, and that it was no felony to kill an Irishman. For this, however, there was a fine of five marks payable to the King; but mostly they killed us for nothing. If it happened that the man killed was a servant of an Englishman, he added to the plea of

the deceased being an Irishman, that, if the master should ever demand damages, he would be ready to satisfy him."

That was the egg of English law in Ireland. That was the seed — that was the plant — do you wonder if the tree is not now esteemed and loved? If you poison a stream at its source, will you marvel if down through all its courses the deadly element is present? Now trace from this, its birth, English law in Ireland — trace down to this hour — and examine when or where it ever set itself to a reconciliation with the Irish people. Observe the plain relevancy of this to my case. I and men like me are held accountable for bringing law into hatred and contempt in Ireland, and, in presenting this charge against me, the Solicitor-General appealed to history. I retort the charge on my accusers, and I will trace down to our own day the relations of hostility which English law itself established between itself and the people of Ireland. Gentlemen, for four hundred years — down to 1607 — the Irish people had no existence in the eye of the law; or rather, much worse, were viewed by it as "the King's Irish enemie." But even within the Pale, how did it recommend itself to popular reverence and affection? Ah! gentlemen, I will show that in those days, just as there have been in our own, there were executions and scaffold-scenes which evoked popular horror and resentment, though they were all "according to law," and not to be questioned unless by "seditionists." The scaffold streamed with the blood of those whom the people loved and revered — how could they love and revere the scaffold? Yet, 'twas all "according to law." The sanctuary was profaned and rifled; the priest was slain or banished: 'twas all "according to law," no doubt, and to hold law in "disesteem" is "sedition." Men were convicted and executed "according to law;" yet the people demonstrated sympathy for them, and resentment against their executioners — most perversely, as a Solicitor-General, doubtless, would say. And, indeed, the state papers contain accounts of those demonstrations written by Crown officials, which sound very like the Solicitor-General's speech to-day. Take, for instance, the execution — "according to law" — of the "popish bishop" O'Hurley. Here is the letter of a state functionary on the subject: —

"I could not before now so impart to her Majesty as to know her mind touching the same for your lordship's direction. Wherefore she having at length resolved, I

have, accordingly, by her commandment, to signify her Majesty's pleasure unto you touching Hurley, which is this: That the man being so notorious and ill a subject, as appeareth by all the circumstances of his cause he is, you proceed, if it may be, to his execution by ordinary trial of him for it. How be it, in case you shall find the effect of his course DOUBTFUL by reason of the affection of such as shall be on his jury, and by reason of the supposal conceived by the lawyers of that country, that he can hardly be found guilty for his treason committed in foreign parts against her Majesty: then her pleasure is you take A SHORTER WAY WITH HIM by martial law. So, as you may see, it is referred to your discretion, whether of those two ways your lordship will take with him, and the man being so resolute to reveal no more matter, it is thought best to have NO FURTHER TORTURES used against him, but that you proceed FORTHWITH TO HIS EXECUTION in manner aforesaid. As for her Majesty's good acceptation of your careful travail in this matter of Hurley, you need nothing to doubt, and, for your better assurance thereof, she has commanded me to let your lordship understand that, as well as in all others the like, as in the case of Hurley, she cannot but greatly allow and commend YOUR DOINGS."

Well, they put his feet into tin boots filled with oil, and then placed him standing in the fire. Eventually they cut off his head, tore out his bowels, and cut the limbs from his body. Gentlemen, 'twas all "according to law;" and to demonstrate sympathy for him and "disesteem" of that law was "sedition." But do you wonder greatly that law of that complexion failed to secure popular sympathy and respect? One more illustration, gentlemen, taken from a period somewhat later on. It is the execution — "according to law," gentlemen, entirely "according to law" — of another popish bishop named O'Devany. The account is that of a Crown official of the time — some most worthy predecessor of the Solicitor-General. I read it from the recently published work of the Rev. C. P. Meehan: "On the 28th of January, the bishop and priest, being arraigned at the King's Bench, were each condemned of treason, and adjudged to be executed the Saturday following; which day being come, a priest or two of the Pope's brood, with holy water and other holy stuffs" — (no sneer was that, at all, gentlemen; no sneer at Catholic practices, for a Crown official never sneers at Catholic practices) — "were sent to sanctify the gallows whereon they were to die. About two o'clock P. M., the traitors were delivered to the sheriffs of Dublin, who placed them in a small car, which was followed by a great multitude. As the car progressed the spectators knelt down, but the bishop, sitting still like a block, would not vouchsafe them a word, or turn his head aside. The multitude, however, following the car, made such a dole and

lamentation after him, as the heavens themselves resounded the echoes of their outcries." (Actually a seditious funeral procession — made up of the ancestors of those thirty thousand men, women, and children, who, according to the Solicitor-General, glorified the cause of murder on the 8th of last December.) "Being come to the gallows, whither they were followed by troops of the citizens, men and women of all classes, most of the best being present, the latter kept up such a shrieking, such a howling, and such a hallooing, as if St. Patrick himself had been gone to the gallows, could not have made greater signs of grief; but when they saw him turned from off the gallows, they raised the *ullubub* with such a maine cry, as if the rebels had come to rifle the city. Being ready to mount the ladder, when he was pressed by some of the bystanders to speak, he repeated frequently, *Sine me queso*. The executioners had no sooner taken off the bishop's head, but the townsmen of Dublin began to flock about him, some taking up the head with pitying aspect, accompanied with sobs and sighs; some kissed it with as religious an appetite as ever they kissed the Pax; some cut away all the hair from the head, which they preserved for a relic; some others were practisers to steal the head away, but the executioner gave notice to the sheriffs. Now, when he began to quarter the body, the women thronged about him, and happy was she that could get but her handkerchief dipped in the blood of the traitor; and the body being once dissevered in four quarters, they neither left finger nor toe, but they cut them off and carried them away; and some others that could get no holy monuments that appertained to his person, with their knives they shaved off chips from the hallowed gallows; neither could they omit the halter wherewith he was hanged, but it was reseued for holy uses. The same night after the execution, a great crowd flocked about the gallows, and there spent the fore part of the night in heathenish howling, and performing many popish ceremonies; and after midnight, being then Candlemas-day, in the morning having their priest present in readiness, they had Mass after Mass till, daylight being come, they departed to their own houses."

There was "sympathy with sedition" for you, gentlemen. No wonder the Crown official who tells the story — some worthy predecessor of Mr. Harrison — should be horrified at such a demonstra-

tion. I will sadden you with no further illustrations of English law, but I think it would be admitted that, after centuries of such law, one need not wonder if the people hold it in "hatred and contempt." With the opening of the seventeenth century, however, came a golden and glorious opportunity for ending that melancholy — that terrible state of things. In the reign of James I. English law, for the first time, extended to every corner of this kingdom. The Irish came into the new order of things frankly and in good faith; and if wise counsels prevailed then amongst our rulers, oh, what a blessed ending there might have been to the bloody feud of centuries! The Irish submitted to the Gaelic king, to whom had come the English crown. In their eyes he was of a friendly, nay, of a kindred race. He was of a line of Gaelic kings that had often befriended Ireland. Submitting to him was not yielding to the brutal Tudor. Yes, that was the hour, the blessed opportunity for laying the foundation of a real union between the three kingdoms — a union of equal national rights under the one crown. This was what the Irish expected, and in this sense they, in that hour, accepted the new dynasty. And it is remarkable that, from that day to this, though England has seen bloody revolutions and violent changes of rulers, Ireland has ever held faithfully — too faithfully — to the sovereignty thus adopted. But how were they received? How were their expectations met? By persecution, proscription, and wholesale plunder, even by that miserable Stuart. His son came to the throne. Disaffection broke out in England and Scotland. Scottish Protestant Fenians, called "Covenanters," took the field against him, because of the attempt to establish Episcopalian Protestanism as a state church. By armed rebellion against their lawful king — I regret to say it — they won rights which now most largely tend to make Scotland contented and loyal. I say it is to be regretted that those rights were thus won; for I say that, even at best, it is a good largely mixed with evil where rights are won by resort to violence or revolution. His concessions to the Calvinist Fenians in Scotland did not save Charles. The English Fenians, under their Head Centre Cromwell, drove him from the throne, and murdered him on a scaffold in London. How did the Irish meanwhile act? They stood true to their allegiance; they took the field for the king. What was the result? They were given over to slaughter and plunder by the brutal soldiery of the English

Fenians. Their nobles and gentry were beggared and proscribed; their children were sold as white slaves to West Indian planters; and their gallant struggles for the king, their sympathy for the royalist cause, was actually denounced by the English Fenians as "sedition," "rebellion," "lawlessness," "sympathy with crime." Ah! gentlemen, the evils thus planted in our midst will survive and work their influence; yet some men wonder the English law is held in "disesteem" in Ireland! Time went on, gentlemen; time went on. Another James sat on the throne; and again English Protestant Fenianism conspired for the overthrow of their sovereign. They invited "foreign emissaries" to come over from Holland and Sweden to begin the revolution for them. They drove their legitimate king from the throne — never more to return. How did the Irish act in that hour? Alas! Ever too loyal — ever only too ready to stand by the throne and laws, if only treated with justice or kindliness — they took the field for the king, not against him. He landed on our shores; and had the English Fenians rested content with rebelling themselves, and allowed us to remain loyal as we desired to be, we might now be a neighboring but friendly and independent kingdom under the ancient Stuart line. King James came here and opened his Irish parliament in person. Oh, who will say in that brief hour, at least, the Irish nation was not reconciled to the throne and laws? King, parliament and people, were blended in one element of enthusiasm, joy and hope, the first time for ages Ireland had known such a joy. Yes —

> "We, too, had our day — it was brief, it is ended —
> When a King dwelt among us — no strange King — but OURS;
> When the shout of a people delivered ascended,
> And shook the green banner that hung on yon towers.
> We saw it like leaves in the summer-time shiver;
> We read the gold legend that blazoned it o'er —
> 'To-day — now or never; to-day and forever' —
> O God! have we seen it to see it no more?"

[Applause in court.] Once more the Irish people bled and sacrificed for their loyalty to the throne and laws. Once more confiscation devastated the land, and the blood of the loyal and true was poured like rain. The English Fenians and the foreign emissaries triumphed, aided by the brave Protestant rebels of Ulster. King

William came to the throne — a prince whose character is greatly misunderstood in Ireland: a brave, courageous soldier, and a tolerant man, could he have had his way. The Irish who had fought and lost, submitted on terms; and had law even now been just or tolerant, it was open to the revolutionary *régime* to have made the Irish good subjects. But what took place? The penal code came, in all its horror, to fill the Irish heart with hatred and resistance. I will read for you what a Protestant historian — a man of learning and ability — who is now listening to me in this court — has written of that code. I quote "Godkin's History," published by Cassell of London: —

"The eighteenth century," says Mr. Godkin, "was the era of persecution, in which the law did the work of the sword more effectually and more safely. Then was established a code framed with almost diabolical ingenuity to extinguish natural affection — to foster perfidy and hypocrisy — to petrify conscience — to perpetuate brutal ignorance — to facilitate the work of tyranny — by rendering the vices of slavery inherent and natural in the Irish character, and to make Protestantism almost irredeemably odious as the monstrous incarnation of all moral perversions."

Gentlemen, in that fell spirit English law addressed itself to a dreadful purpose here in Ireland; and, mark you, that code prevailed down to our own time; down to this very generation. "Law" called on the son to sell his father; called on the flock to betray the pastor. "Law" forbade us to educate — forbade us to worship God in the faith of our fathers. "Law" made us outcasts, scourged us, trampled us, plundered us — do you marvel that, amongst the Irish people, law has been held in "disesteem?" Do you think this feeling arises from "sympathy with assassination or murder?" Yet, if we had been let alone, I doubt not that time would have fused the conquerors and the conquered, here in Ireland as elsewhere. Even while the millions of the people were kept outside the constitution, the spirit of nationality began to appear, and under its blessed influence toleration touched the heart of the Irish-born Protestant. Yes, thank God — thank God, for the sake of our poor country, where sectarian bitterness has wrought such wrong — it was an Irish Protestant parliament that struck off the first link of the penal chain. And lo! once more, for a bright, brief day, Irish national sentiment was in warm sympathy and heart-felt accord with the laws. "Eighty-two" came. Irish Protestant patriotism, backed

by the hearty sympathy of the Catholic millions, raised up Ireland to a proud and glorious position; lifted our country from the ground, where she lay prostrate under the sword of England — but what do I say? This is "sedition." It has this week been decreed sedition to picture Ireland thus.* Well, then they rescued her from what I will call the loving embrace of her dear sister Britannia, and enthroned her in her rightful place, a queen among the nations. Had the brightness of that era been prolonged — picture it, think of it — what a country would ours be now! Think of it! And contrast what we are with what we might be! Compare a population, filled with burning memories — disaffected, sullen, hostile, vengeful — with a people, loyal, devoted, happy, contented; and England, too, all the happier, the more secure, the more great and free. But sad is the story. Our independent national legislature was torn from us by means, the iniquity of which, even among English writers, is now proclaimed and execrated. By fraud and by force that outrage on law, on right, and justice, was consummated. In speaking thus I speak "sedition." No one can write the facts of Irish history without committing sedition. Yet every writer and speaker now will tell you that the overthrow of our national constitution, sixty-seven years ago, was an iniquitous and revolting scheme. But do you, then, marvel that the laws imposed on us by the power that perpetrated that deed are not revered, loved and respected? Do you believe that that want of respect arises from the "seditions" of men like my fellow-traversers and myself? Is it wonderful to see estrangement between a people and laws imposed on them by the overruling influence of another nation? Look at the lessons — unhappy lessons — taught our people by that London legislature where their own will is overborne. Concessions refused and resisted as long as they durst be withheld; and when granted at all, granted only after passion has been aroused and the whole nation been embittered. The Irish people sought Emancipation. Their great leader was dogged at every step by hostile government proclamations and crown prosecutions. Coercion act over coercion act was rained upon us; yet O'Connell triumphed. But how and in what

* For publishing an illustration in the "Weekly News" thus picturing England's policy of coercion, Mr. Sullivan had been found guilty of seditious libel on the previous trial.

spirit was Emancipation granted? Ah! there never was a speech more pregnant with mischief, with sedition, with revolutionary teaching — never words tended more to bring law and government into contempt — than the words of the English premier when he declared Emancipation must, sorely against his will, be granted if England would not face a civil war. That was a bad lesson to teach Irishmen. Worse still was taught them. O'Connell, the great constitutional leader, a man with whom loyalty and respect for the laws was a fundamental principle of action, led the people towards further liberation — the liberation, not of a creed, but a nation. What did he seek? To bring once more the laws and the national will into accord; to reconcile the people and laws by restoring the constitution of Queen, Lords and Commons. How was he met by the government? By the flourish of the sword; by the drawn sabre and the shotted gun, in the market-place and the highway. "Law" finally grasped him as a conspirator, and a picked jury gave the Crown then, as now, such verdict as was required. The venerable apostle of constitutional doctrine was consigned to prison, while a sorrowing, aye, a maddened nation wept for him outside. Do you marvel that they held in "disesteem" the law and government that acted thus? Do you marvel that to-day, in Ireland, as in every century of all those through which I have traced this state of things, the people and the law scowl upon each other?

Gentlemen, do not misunderstand the purport of my argument. It is not for the purpose — it would be censurable — of merely opening the wounds of the past that I have gone back upon history somewhat farther than the Solicitor-General found it advantageous to go. I have done it to demonstrate that there is a truer reason than that alleged by the Crown in this case for the state of war — for, unhappily, that is what it is — which prevails between the people of Ireland and the laws under which they now live. And now apply all this to the present case, and judge you my guilt — judge you the guilt of those whose crime, indeed, is that they do not love and respect law and government as they are now administered in Ireland. Gentlemen the present prosecution arises directly out of what is known as the Manchester tragedy. The Solicitor-General gave you his version, his fanciful sketch, of that sad affair; but it will be my duty to give you the true facts, which differ considerably from the Crown story. The

Solicitor-General began with telling us about "the broad summer's sun of the 18th of September." [Laughter.] Gentlemen, it seems very clear that the summer goes far into the year for those who enjoy the sweets of office: nay, I am sure it is summer "all the year round" with the Solicitor-General while the present ministry remain in. A goodly golden harvest he and his colleagues are making in this summer of prosecutions; and they seem very well inclined to get up enough of them. [Laughter.] Well, gentlemen, I'm not complaining of that, but I will tell you who complain loudly — the "outs," with whom it is midwinter, while the Solicitor-General and his friends are enjoying this summer. [Renewed laughter.] Well, gentlemen, some time last September, two prominent leaders of the Fenian movement — alleged to be so at least — named Kelly and Deasy, were arrested in Manchester. In Manchester there is a considerable Irish population, and amongst them it was known those men had sympathizers. They were brought up at the police court; and now, gentlemen, pray attentively mark this. The Irish executive that morning telegraphed to the Manchester authorities a strong warning of an attempted rescue. The Manchester police had full notice; how did they treat the timely warning, a warning, which, if heeded, would have averted all this sad and terrible business which followed upon that day? Gentlemen, the Manchester police authorities scoffed at the warning. They derided it as a "Hirish" alarm. What! The idea of low "Hirish" hodmen or laborers rescuing prisoners from them, the valiant and the brave! Why, gentlemen, the Seth Bromleys of the "force" in Manchester waxed hilarious and derisive over the idea. They would not ask even a truncheon to put to flight even a thousand of those despised "Hirish;" and so, despite specific warning from Dublin, the van containing the two Fenian leaders, guarded by eleven police officers, set out from the police office to the jail. Now, gentlemen, I charge on the stolid vainglorionsness in the first instance, and the contemptible pusillanimity in the second instance, of the Manchester police — the valiant Seth Bromleys — all that followed. On the skirts of the city the van was attacked by some eighteen Irish youths, having three revolvers — three revolvers, gentlemen, and no more — amongst them. The valor of the Manchester eleven vanished at the sight of those three revolvers — some of them, it seems, loaded with blank cartridge!

The Seth Bromleys took to their heels. They abandoned the van. Now, gentlemen, do not understand me to call those policemen cowards. It is hard to blame an unarmed man who runs away from a pointed revolver, which, whether loaded or unloaded, is a powerful persuasion — to depart. But I do say that I believe in my soul that, if that had occurred here in Dublin, eleven men of our metropolitan police would have taken those three revolvers or perished in the attempt. [Applause.] Oh, if eleven Irish policemen had run away like that from a few poor English lads with barely three revolvers, how the press of England would yell in fierce denunciation; why, they would trample to scorn the name of Irishman. [Applause in the court, which the officials vainly tried to silence.]

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald — If these interruptions continue, the parties so offending must be removed.

Mr. Sullivan — I am sorry my lord, for the interruption; though not sorry the people should endorse my estimate of the police. Well, gentlemen, the van was abandoned by its valiant guard; but there remained inside one brave and faithful fellow, Brett by name. I am now giving you the facts as I in my conscience and soul believe they occurred; and as millions of my countrymen, aye, and thousands of Englishmen, too, solemnly believe them to have occurred, though they differ in one item widely from the Crown version. Brett refused to give up the key of the van which he held; and the attacking party commenced various endeavors to break it open. At length one of them called out to fire a pistol into the lock and thus burst it open. The unfortunate Brett at that moment was looking through the keyhole, endeavoring to get a view of the inexplicable scene outside, when he received the bullet and fell dead. Gentlemen, that may be the true, or it may be the mistaken version. You may hold to the other, or you may hold to this. But whether I be mistaken therein or otherwise, I say here, as I would say if I stood now before my eternal Judge on the last day, I solemnly believe the mournful episode to have happened thus — I solemnly believe that the man Brett was shot by accident, and not by design. But even suppose your view differs sincerely from mine, will you, can you, hold that I, thus conscientiously persuaded, sympathize with murder, because I sympathize with men hanged for that which I contend was accident, and not murder? That is exactly the issue in this case.

Well, the rescued Fenian leaders got away; and then, when all was over — when the danger was passed — valor tremendous returned to the fleet-of-foot Manchester police. Oh, but they wreaked their vengeance that night on the houses of the poor Irish in Manchester! By a savage razzia they soon filled the jails with our poor countrymen seized on suspicion. And then broke forth all over England that shout of anger and passion which none of us will ever forget. The national pride had been sorely wounded; the national power had been openly and humiliatingly defied; the national fury was aroused. On all sides resounded the hoarse shout for vengeance, swift and strong. Then was seen a sight the most shameful of its kind that this century has exhibited — a sight at thought of which Englishmen yet will hang their heads for shame, and which the English historian will chronicle with reddened cheek — those poor and humble Irish youths led into the Manchester dock in chains! In chains! Yes; iron fetters festering wrist and ankle! Oh! gentlemen, it was a fearful sight; for no one can pretend that in the heart of powerful England there could be danger those poor Irish youths would overcome the authorities and capture Manchester. For what, then, were those chains put on untried prisoners? Gentlemen, it was at this point exactly that Irish sympathy came to the side of those prisoners. It was when we saw them thus used, and saw that, innocent or guilty, they would be immolated — sacrificed to glut the passion of the hour — that our feelings rose high and strong in their behalf. Even in England there were men — noble-hearted Englishmen, for England is never without such men — who saw that, if tried in the midst of this national frenzy, those victims would be sacrificed; and accordingly efforts were made for a postponement of the trial. But the roar of passion carried its way. Not even till the ordinary assizes would the trial be postponed. A special commission was sped to do the work while Manchester jurors were in a white heat of panic, indignation and fury.

Then came the trial, which was just what might be expected. Witnesses swore ahead without compunction, and jurors believed them without hesitation. Five men arraigned together as principals — Allen, Larkin, O'Brien, Shore, and Maguire — were found guilty, and, the judge concurring in the verdict, were sentenced to death. Five men — not three men, gentlemen — five men in the one

verdict, not five separate verdicts. Five men by the same evidence and the same jury in the same verdict. Was that a just verdict? The case of the Crown here to-day is that it was; that it is "sedition" to impeach that verdict. A copy of that conviction is handed in here as evidence to convict me of sedition for charging, as I do, that that was a wrong verdict, a bad verdict, a rotten and a false verdict. But what is the fact! That her Majesty's ministers themselves admit and proclaim that it was a wrong verdict, a false verdict. The very evening those men were sentenced, thirty newspaper reporters sent up to the Home Secretary a petition protesting that—the evidence of the witnesses and the verdict of the jury notwithstanding—there was at least one innocent man thus marked for execution. The government felt that the reporters were right and the jurors wrong. They pardoned Maguire as an innocent man—that same Maguire whose legal conviction is here put in as evidence that he and four others were truly murderers, to sympathize with whom is to commit sedition—nay, "to glorify the cause of murder." Well, after that our minds were easy. We considered it out of the question any man would be hanged on a verdict thus ruined, blasted, and abandoned; and believing those men innocent of murder, though guilty of another most serious legal crime—rescue with violence, and incidental, though not intentional loss of life—we rejoiced that a terrible mistake was, as we thought, averted. But now arose in redoubled fury the savage cry for blood. In vain, good men, noble and humane men, in England tried to save the national honor by breasting this horrible outburst of passion. They were overborne. Petitioners for mercy were mobbed and hooted in the streets. We saw all this; we saw all this; and think you it did not sink into our hearts? Fancy, if you can, our feelings when we heard that yet another man out of five was respited—ah! he was an American gentleman—an American, not an Irishman—but that the three Irishmen, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, were to die—were to be put to death on a verdict and on evidence that would not hang a dog in England! We refused to the last to credit it; and thus incredulous, deemed it idle to make any effort to save their lives. But it was true; it was deadly true. And then, gentlemen, the doomed three appeared in a new character. Then they rose into the dignity and heroism of martyrs. The manner in which they bore themselves through the

dreadful ordeal ennobled them forever. It was then we all learned to love and revere them as patriots and Christians. Oh! gentlemen, it is only at this point I feel my difficulty in addressing you whose religious faith is not that which is mine. For it is only Catholics who can understand the emotions aroused in Catholic hearts by conduct such as theirs in that dreadful hour. Catholics alone can understand how the last solemn declarations of such men, after receiving the last sacraments of the Church, and about to meet their great Judge face to face, can outweigh the reckless evidence of Manchester thieves and pickpockets. Yes; in that hour they told us they were innocent, but were ready to die; and we believed them. We believe them still. Aye, do we! They did not go to meet their God with a falsehood on their lips. On that night before their execution, oh, what a scene! What a picture did England present at the foot of the Manchester scaffold! The brutal populace thronged thither in tens of thousands. They danced; they sang; they blasphemed; they chorused "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen" by way of taunt and defiance of the men whose death agonies they had come to see! Their shouts and brutal cries disturbed the doomed victims inside the prison as in their cells they prepared in prayer and meditation to meet their Creator and their God. Twice the police had to remove the crowd from around that wing of the prison, so that our poor brothers might in peace go through their last preparations for eternity, undisturbed by the yells of the multitude outside. Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen—that scene! That scene in the grey cold morning when those innocent men were led out to die—to die an ignominious death before the wolfish mob! With blood on fire, with bursting hearts, we read the dreadful story here in Ireland. We knew that these men would never have been thus sacrificed had not their offence been political, and had it not been that in their own way they represented the old struggle of the Irish race. We felt that, if time had but been permitted for English passion to cool down, English good feeling and right justice would have prevailed; and they never would have been put to death on such a verdict. All this we felt; yet we were silent till we heard the press, that had hounded those men to death, falsely declaring that our silence was acquiescence in the deed that consigned them to murderers' graves. Of this I have personal knowledge, that, here in Dublin at least,

nothing was done or intended until the "Evening Mail" declared that popular feeling, which had had ample time to declare itself if it felt otherwise, quite recognized the justice of the execution. Then we resolved to make answer. Then Ireland made answer. For what monarch, the loftiest in the world, would such demonstrations be made, the voluntary offerings of a people's grief? Think you it was "sympathy for murder" called us forth, or caused the priests of the Catholic Church to drape their churches? It is a libel to utter the base charge. No, no. Of the acts of those men at that rescue we had naught to say. Of their innocence of murder we were convinced. Their patriotic feelings, their religious devotion, we saw proved in the noble, the edifying manner of their death. We believed them to have been unjustly sacrificed in a moment of national passion; and we resolved to rescue their memory from the foul stains of their maligners, and make it a proud one forever with Irishmen. Sympathy with murder, indeed? What I am about to say will be believed, for I think I have shown no fear of consequences in standing by my acts and principles. I say for myself, and for the priests and people of Ireland, who are affected by this case, that sooner would we burn our right hands to cinders than express, directly or indirectly, sympathy with murder; and that our sympathy for Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, is based upon the conviction that they were innocent of any such crime. Gentlemen, having regard to all the circumstances of this sad business, having regard to the feelings under which we acted, think you, is it a true charge that we had for our intent and object the bringing of the administration of justice into contempt? Does a man, by protesting ever so vehemently against an act of a not infallible tribunal, incur the charge of attempting its overthrow? What evidence can be shown to you that we uttered a word against the general character of the administration of justice in this country, while denouncing this particular proceeding, which we say was a fearful failure of justice—a horrible blunder, a terrible act of passion! None,—none. I say, for myself, I sincerely believe that in this country of ours justice is administered by the judges of the Irish Bench with a purity and impartiality between man and man not to be surpassed in the universal world. Let me not be thought to cast reflection on this court, or the learned judges before whom I now stand, if I except in a certain sense, and

on some occasions, political trials between the subject and the Crown. Apart from this, I fearlessly say the bench of justice in Ireland fully enjoys, and is worthy of, respect and homage. I care not from what political party its members be drawn, I say that, with hardly an exception, when robed with the ermine, they become dead to the world of politics, and sink the politician in the loftier character of representative of sacred Justice.

Yet, gentlemen, holding those views, I would, nevertheless, protest against and denounce such a trial as that in Manchester, if it had taken place in Ireland. For, what we contend is that the men in Manchester would never have been found guilty on such evidence, would never have been executed on such a verdict, if time had been given to let panic and passion pass away; time to let English good sense and calm reason and sense of justice have sway. Now, gentlemen, judge ye me on this whole case; for I have done. I have spoken at great length, but I plead not merely my own cause, but the cause of my country. For myself I care little. I stand before you here with the manacles, I might say, on my hands. Already a prison cell awaits me in Kilmainham. My doom, in any event, is sealed. Already a conviction has been obtained against me for my opinions on this same event; for it is not one arrow alone that has been shot from the Crown-office quiver at me, at my reputation, my property, my liberty. In a few hours more my voice will be silenced; but, before the world is shut out from me for a term, I appeal to your verdict, to the verdict of my fellow citizens, of my fellow countrymen, to judge my life, my conduct, my acts, my principles, and say, am I a criminal. Sedition, in a rightly ordered community, is indeed a crime. But who is it that challenges me? Who is it that demands my loyalty? Who is it that calls out to me, "O ingrate son! where is the filial affection, the respect, the obedience, the support that is my due? Unnatural, seditious, and rebellious child, a dungeon shall punish your crime!" I look in the face of my accuser, who thus holds me to the duty of a son. I turn to see if there I can recognize the features of that mother, whom indeed I love, my own dear Ireland. I look into that accusing face, and there I see a scowl, and not a smile. I miss the soft, fond voice, the tender clasp, the loving word. I look upon the hands reached out to grasp me — to punish me; and lo! great stains, blood-red, upon those hands; and

my sad heart tells me it is the blood of my widowed mother, Ireland. Then I answer to my accuser: "You have no claim on me; on my love, my duty, my allegiance. You are not my mother. You sit indeed in the place where she should reign. You wear the regal garments torn from her limbs, while she now sits in the dust, uncrowned and overthrown, and bleeding from many a wound. But my heart is with her still. Her claim alone is recognized by me. She still commands my love, my duty, my allegiance; and whatever the penalty may be, be it prison, chains, be it exile or death, to her I will be true." [Applause.] But, gentlemen of the jury, what is that Irish nation to which my allegiance turns? Do I thereby mean a party, or a class or creed? Do I mean only those who think and feel as I do on public questions? Oh, no. It is the whole people of this land; the nobles, the peasants, the clergy, the merchants, the gentry, the traders, the professions, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Dissenter. Yes, I am loyal to all that a good and patriotic citizen should be loyal to; I am ready, not merely to obey, but to support with heartfelt allegiance, the constitution of my own country — the Queen, as Queen of Ireland, and the free parliament of Ireland once more reconstituted in our national senate-house in College-green. And reconstituted once more it will be. In that hour the laws will again be reconciled with the national feeling and popular reverence. In that hour there will be no more disesteem, or hatred, or contempt for the laws; for, howsoever a people may dislike and resent laws imposed upon them against their will by a subjugating power, no nation disesteems the laws of its own making. That day, that blessed day, of peace and reconciliation, and joy, and liberty, I hope to see. And when it comes, as come it will, in that hour it will be remembered for me that I stood here to face the trying ordeal, ready to suffer for my country; walking with bared feet over red-hot ploughshares like the victims of old. Yes; in that day it will be remembered for me, though a prison awaits me now, that I was one of those journalists of the people who, through constant sacrifice and self-immolation, fought the battle of the people, and won every vestige of liberty remaining in the land. [As Mr. Sullivan resumed his seat, the entire audience burst into applause, again and again renewed, despite all efforts at repression.]

SPEECH.

BY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

[857]

HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

SPEECH

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN OPPOSITION TO PITT'S FIRST INCOME TAX.

A WISE man, sir, it is said, should doubt of everything. It was this maxim, probably, that dictated the amiable diffidence of the learned gentleman,* who addressed himself to the chair in these remarkable words: "I rise, Mr. Speaker, if I have risen." Now, to remove all doubts, I can assure the learned gentleman† that he actually did rise; and not only rose, but pronounced an able, long, and elaborate discourse, a considerable portion of which was employed in an erudite dissertation on the histories of Rome and Carthage. He further informed the House, upon the authority of Scipio, that we could never conquer the enemy until we were first conquered ourselves. It was when Hannibal was at the gates of Rome, that Scipio had thought the proper moment for the invasion of Carthage, — what a pity it is that the learned gentleman does not go with this consolation and the authority of Scipio to the lord mayor and aldermen of the city of London! Let him say, "Rejoice, my friends! Bonaparte is encamped at Blackheath! What happy tidings!" For here Scipio tells us, you may every moment expect to hear of Lord Hawkesbury making his triumphal entry into Paris. ‡ It would be whimsical to observe how they would receive such joyful news. I should like to see such faces as they would make on that occasion. Though

* Dr. Lawrence.

† Mr. Perceval, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, in 1809, Prime Minister. He was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, May 11, 1812, by a man named Bellingham.

‡ Alludes to a boast of his lordship, at an early period of the war against France.

I doubt not of the erudition of the learned gentleman, he seems to me to have somehow confounded the stories of Hanno and Hannibal, of Scipio and the Romans. He told us that Carthage was lost by the parsimony or envy of Hanno, in preventing the necessary supplies for the war being sent to Hannibal; but he neglected to go a little further, and to relate that Hanno accused the latter of having been ambitious —

"Juvenum furentem cupidine regni;"

and assured the senate that Hannibal, though at the gates of Rome, was no less dangerous to Hanno. Be this, however, as it may, is there any Hanno in the British senate? If there is, nothing can be more certain than that all the efforts and remonstrances of the British Hanno could not prevent a single man, or a single guinea, being sent for the supply of any Hannibal our ministers might choose. The learned gentleman added, after the defeat of Hannibal, Hanno laughed at the senate; but he did not tell us what he laughed at. The advice of Hannibal has all the appearance of being a good one: —

"Carthaginis mœnia Romæ munerata."

If they did not follow his advice, they had themselves to blame for it.

From the strain of declamation in which the learned gentleman launched out, it seems as if he came to this House as executor to a man whose genius was scarcely equalled by the eccentricities he sometimes indulged. He appears to come as executor, and in the House of Commons, to administer to Mr. Burke's fury without any of his fire. It is, however, in vain for him to attempt any imitation of those declamatory harangues and writings of the transcendent author, which, towards the latter part of his life, were, as I think, unfortunately too much applauded. When not embellished with those ornaments which Mr. Burke was so capable of adding to all he either spoke or wrote, the subject of such declamations could only claim the admiration of a school-boy. The circumstance of a great, extensive and victorious republic, breathing nothing but war in the long exercise of its most successful operations, surrounded with triumphs, and panting for fresh laurels, to be compared, much

less represented as inferior, to the military power of England, is childish and ridiculous. What similitude is there between us and the great Roman republic in the height of its fame and glory? Did you, sir, ever hear it stated, that the Roman bulwark was a naval force? And if not, what comparison can there be drawn between their efforts and power? This kind of rhodomontade declamation is finely described in the language of one of the Roman poets —

> "I demens, curre per Alpes,
> Ut pueris placcas, et DECLAMATIO fias." *
>
> JUVENAL, Sat. x., 166.

The proper ground, sir, upon which this bill should be opposed, I conceive to be neither the uncertainty of the criterion, nor the injustice of the retrospect, though they would be sufficient. The tax itself will be found to defeat its own purposes. The amount which an individual paid to the assessed taxes last year can be no rule for what he shall pay in future. All the articles by which the gradations rose must be laid aside, and never resumed again. Circumstanced as the country is, there can be no hope, no chance whatever, that, if the tax succeeds, it ever will be repealed. Each individual, therefore, instead of putting down this article or that, will make a final and general retrenchment; so that the minister cannot get at him in the same way again, by any outward sign which might be used as a criterion of his wealth. These retrenchments cannot fail of depriving thousands of their bread; and it is vain to hold out the delusion of modification or indemnity to the lower orders. Every burthen imposed upon the rich in the articles which give the poor employment, affects them not the less for affecting them circuitously. A coachmaker, for instance, would willingly compromise with the minister, to give him a hundred guineas not to lay the tax upon coaches; for though the hundred guineas would be much more than his proportion of the new tax, yet it would be much better for him to pay the larger contribution, than, by the laying down of coaches, be deprived of those orders by which he got his bread. The same is the case with watchmakers, which I had lately an opportunity of witnessing, who, by the tax imposed last year, are reduced

* Go, fight, to please school-boy statesmen, and furnish a DECLAMATION for a Doctor, learned in the law.

to a state of ruin, starvation, and misery; yet, in proposing that tax, the minister alleged, that the poor journeymen could not be affected, as the tax would only operate on the gentlemen by whom the watches were worn. It is as much cant, therefore, to say, that by bearing heavily on the rich, we are saving the lower orders, as it is folly to suppose we can come at real income by arbitrary assessment, or by symptoms of opulence. There are three ways of raising large sums of money in a State: First, by voluntary contributions; secondly, by a great addition of new taxes; and thirdly, by forced contributions, which is the worst of all, and which I aver the present plan to be. I am at present so partial to the first mode, that I recommend the further consideration of this measure to be postponed for a month, in order to make an experiment of what might be effected by it. For this purpose let a bill be brought in, authorizing the proper persons to receive voluntary contributions; and I should not care if it were read a third time to-night. I confess, however, that there are many powerful reasons which forbid us to be too sanguine in the success even of this measure. To awaken a spirit in the nation, the example should come from the first authority, and the higher departments of the State. It is, indeed, seriously to be lamented, that whatever may be the burdens or distresses of the people, the government has hitherto never shown a disposition to contribute anything; and this conduct must hold out a poor encouragement to others. Heretofore all the public contributions were made for the benefit and profit of the contributors, in a manner inconceivable to more simple nations. If a native inhabitant of Bengal or China were to be informed, that in the west of Europe there was a small island, which in the course of one hundred years contributed four hundred and fifty millions to the exigencies of the State, and that every individual, on the making of a demand, vied with his neighbor in alacrity to subscribe, he would immediately exclaim, "Magnanimous nation! you must surely be invincible." But far different would be his sentiments, if informed of the tricks and jobs attending these transactions, where even loyalty was seen cringing for its bonus! If the first example were given from the highest authority, there would at least be some hopes of its being followed by other great men, who received large revenues from the government. I would instance particularly the teller of the exchequer, and another

person of high rank, who receive from their offices £13,000 a year more in war than they do in peace. The last noble lord (Lord Grenville) had openly declared for perpetual war, and could not bring his mind to think of anything like a peace with the French. Without meaning any personal disrespect, it was the nature of the human mind to receive a bias from such circumstances. So much was this acknowledged in the rules of this House, that any person receiving a pension or high employment from his Majesty, thereby vacated his seat. It was not, therefore, unreasonable to expect that the noble lord would contribute his proportion, and that a considerable one, to carry on the war, in order to show the world his freedom from such a bias. In respect to a near relative of that noble lord, I mean the noble marquis (Marquis of Buckingham), there could be no doubt of his coming forward liberally.

I remember, when I was Secretary to the Treasury, the noble marquis sent a letter there, requesting that his office might, in point of fees and emoluments, be put under the same economical regulations as the others. The reason he assigned for it was, "the emoluments were so much greater in time of war than peace, that his conscience would be hurt by feeling that he received them from the distresses of his country." No retrenchment, however, took place in that office. If, therefore, the marquis thought proper to bring the arrears since that time also from his conscience, the public would be at least £40,000 the better for it. By a calculation I have made, which I believe cannot be controverted, it appears, from the vast increase of our burdens during the war, that if peace were to be concluded to-morrow, we should have to provide taxes annually to the amount of £28,000,000. To this is further to be added, the expense of that system, by which Ireland is not governed, but ground, insulted, and oppressed. To find a remedy for all these incumbrances, the first thing to be done is, to restore the credit of the bank, which has failed, as well in credit as in honor. Let it no longer, in the minister's hands, remain the slave of political circumstances. It must continue insolvent till the connection is broken off. I remember, in consequence of expressions made use of in this House, upon former discussions, when it was thought the minister would relinquish that unnatural and ruinous alliance, the newspapers sported a good deal with the idea that the House of

Commons had forbid the bans between him and the old lady.* Her friends had interfered, it was said, to prevent the union, as it was well known that it was her dower he sought, and not her person nor the charms of her society. The old lady herself, however, when wooed, was quickly won, and nothing could be more indelicate than to observe her soon afterwards ogling her swain, and wantonly courting that violence she at first complained of. In the first instance it might be no more than a case of seduction; but from her subsequent conduct, it became arrant prostitution

> "I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
> Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven;
> But my relenting heart would pardon all,
> And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me."

It is, sir, highly offensive to the decency and sense of a commercial people, to observe the juggle between the minister and the Bank. The latter vauntingly boasted itself ready and able to pay; but that the minister kindly prevented, and put a lock and key upon it. There is a liberality in the British nation which always makes allowance for inability of payment. Commerce requires enterprise, and enterprise is subject to losses. But I believe no indulgence was ever shown to a creditor, saying, "I can, but will not pay you." Such was the real condition of the Bank, together with its accounts, when they were laid before the House of Commons; and the chairman† reported from the committee, stating its prosperity, and the great increase of its cash and bullion. The minister, however, took care to verify the old saying, "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better." "Ah!" said he, "my worthy chairman, this is excellent news, but I will take care to secure it." He kept his word, took the money, gave exchequer bills for it, which were no security, and there was then an end to all our public credit. It is singular enough, sir, that the report upon this bill stated that it was meant to secure our public credit from the avowed intentions of the French to make war upon it. This was done most effectually. Let the French come when they please, they cannot touch our public credit

* "Old lady of Threadneedle Street," is in England a common expression to mean the Bank of England.

† Mr. Bragge was chairman of the Committee, and this gave Sheridan the hint for his punning allusion.

at least. The minister has wisely provided against it, for he has previously destroyed it. The only consolation besides that remains to us, is his assurance that all will return again to its former state at the conclusion of the war. Thus we are to hope, that though the Bank now presents a meagre spectre, as soon as peace is restored, the golden bust will make its reappearance. This, however, is far from being the way to inspirit the nation or intimidate the enemy. Ministers have long taught the people of the inferior order, that they can expect nothing from them but by coercion, and nothing from the great but by corruption. The highest encouragement to the French will be to observe the public supineness. Can they have any apprehension of national energy or spirit in a people whose minister is eternally oppressing them?

Though, sir, I have opposed the present tax, I am still conscious that our existing situation requires great sacrifices to be made, and that a foreign enemy must at all events be resisted. I behold in the measures of the minister nothing except the most glaring incapacity, and the most determined hostility to our liberties; but we must be content, if necessary for preserving our independence from foreign attack, to strip to the skin. "It is an established maxim," we are told, "that men must give up a part for the preservation of the remainder." I do not dispute the justice of the maxim. But this is the constant language of the gentleman opposite to me. We have already given up part after part, nearly till the whole is swallowed up. If I had a pound, and a person asked me for a shilling, to preserve the rest I should willingly comply, and think myself obliged to him. But if he repeated that demand till he came to my twentieth shilling, I should ask him, "Where is the remainder? Where is my pound now? Why, my friend, that is no joke at all." Upon the whole, sir, I see no salvation for the country but in the conclusion of a peace, and the removal of the present ministers.

ADDRESS.

BY

ROBERT EMMET.

[867]

Powerful Address of Robert Emmet.

Delivered at his Trial before Lord Norbury, Sept. 19, 1803.

MY Lords—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice.

The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port —when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and my name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High — which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest — which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard — a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made.

Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying, "that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs."

I appeal to the immaculate God — I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear — by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me — that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity

which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

Here he was again interrupted by the court.

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy — my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction.

Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions — where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed iguominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my

character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man, to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all Hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or swayed by the purest motive — my country's oppressors, or —

Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.

My lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from an undeserved reproach, thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away for a paltry consideration the liberties of his country? Why did your lordships insult me? Or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lords, that form prescribes that you should ask the question. The form also presents the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before the jury were empanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I insist on the whole of the forms.

Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the court desired him to proceed.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wish to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No; I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it a change of masters? No, but for ambition. Oh, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the

rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol! To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendor and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism — I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought their aid — and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it — as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country; I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America; to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valor; disciplined, gal-

lant, pregnant with science and experience; that of a people who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects: not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

Here he was interrupted by the court.

I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor over much: you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord — men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.

Here he was interrupted.

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor — shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

Here the judge interfered.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, — am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions. To which Mr. Emmet replied: —

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim — it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say — I am going to my cold and silent grave — my lamp of life is nearly extinguished — my race is run — the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I

have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is — THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace; and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then* and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

ADDRESS.

BY

MICHAEL DAVITT.

[877]

Sincerely yours
Michael Davitt

Future Policy of Irish Nationalists.

The following masterly address on the "Future Policy of Irish Nationalists," which he delivered in Mechanic's Hall, Boston, on December 8, 1878, before his departure for Ireland, being his first great effort in oratory, and a clear exposition of the reasons for unity of action amongst all classes of Irishmen, we give in full: —

IT would be difficult to conceive a position more unenviable than that in which an Irish Nationalist places himself when he attempts to review the past of his party in order to point out what he believes to have been rash or impolitic in its career. A criticism of the wisdom of an action that has failed or a line of conduct which has been injudicious, is at once construed into disloyalty to the principles or party which may have prompted such action by a sincere but imprudent resolve. But when he expresses himself dissatisfied with the narrow sphere of a policy which tends to exclude from National labor every one but a pronounced Separatist, and adds his belief that a change of tactics would turn the exertions of sincere Irishmen, though now pronounced Separatists, into the National cause, he is at once assumed to have "forfeited his principles," and to be on the high road to West-Britonism.

In consequence of this proneness of the Irish mind to hasty and uncharitable deductions, men (who *think* while working in Ireland's cause) are deterred from condemning what they know to be injudicious, lest they should find themselves ostracized from its ranks for their anxiety to see it directed the surest way to success. In my humble opinion, a want of moral courage belittles a man far more than a deficiency in the physical article, and that real cowardice consists in dreading the sentimental consequences of an upright, honest action. It has ever been the practice to pander to the popular prejudices of our country, by hyperbolical eulogies on everything

Irish, and we have thus become the spoiled children of struggling nationalities, and, as a necessary consequence, backward in our political education as a people, as well as behind the progressive march of the age. Holding these opinions, I will endeavor to-night to show you how we ourselves are to blame for past failures, and how essential it is, that the causes which led to such failures be guarded against in the future. The indestructibility of Irish nationality is no more its distinguishing characteristic, than is its past inapplicability to the working out of its own success, or the winning of an advanced social and political position for the people who profess it. We can boast that hundreds of years of the worst rule that ever cursed a country has failed to crush it; but can we say that Ireland is to-day in a condition commensurate with the struggles and sacrifices of her sons on her behalf during the past seven centuries? I think not; and the "why and wherefore" of this fact is what should focus upon it the thought and studies of practical Nationalists of the present. That there has been an unmethodical application of energies, or rather, a reckless waste of national strength in this long contest, is but too patent from a comparison between the position, social and political, of our country to-day, and that of other peoples who have struggled successfully against the same enemy. The very strength of our purpose and determination of our resolves were the means which invited defeat. We grasped at liberty in the intoxication of sincerity, and blindly discarded every other practical consideration. We "resolved," and "swore," and "determined" to *avenge Ireland's wrongs!* but took no essential method to win her liberty. We were actuated as much by *revenge* as by patriotism, and received the penalty which follows the obeying of a passion instead of the dictates of a virtue. While recognizing that it was a war of races, Saxon against Celtic, we refused to shelter ourselves behind the ramparts of expediency or employ any of the many justifiable means by which a weak people might utilize their strength; and we therefore marched into the open plain inviting destruction. Instead of watching our enemy from behind the Torres Vedras of Ireland's imperishable national principles, and determining our action by his weakness or strength according to the powers arrayed against him, we left our position exposed in order to challenge him to single combat, and we never

marched to the Paris of the British Empire to see him relinquish his spoils or surrender his conquests.

No greater mistake could be made by Fenianism than the drawing of but a single line of distinction between a West Briton and the Irishman who accepted its programme of action as the safe, certain, and only means of winning independence. The assumption that all Irish Nationalists were included in the Fenian organization was a piece of disastrous folly, as it engendered a bitter hostility to earnest Irishmen who only refused to follow a leader whom they did not know in a movement which confined itself to a single class of their countrymen. Thus, a host of enemies were created where the reserve force of a real national movement should find strength and support.

Now, a fault-finder or critic has no claim to a fair hearing, unless he has something reasonable to substitute for or amend in what he condemns. I will, therefore, with your indulgence, attempt to point out what, in my opinion, would place our national cause upon a stronger footing, and multiply its chances of success in the near future.

As I have freely censured the past policy of my own party, it may have created a suspicion in your minds that it was the *party* itself or its *principles* which I attacked under cover of a review of its past history. I trust it will not need my assurance to convince you of my belief in and adherence to the doctrine of physical force, and that whatever other agencies, expedient, moral, or diplomatic, which I may desire to see added to the factors at work in the national cause, I am convinced, that it is only the manhood strength of Ireland which can give the *coup-de-grace* to her enemy's rule over her. This belief does not exclude the employment of any of the other means I have just alluded to as an auxiliary to the final *dernier ressort* as being unjustifiable or antagonistic to the principles involved in the contest; and it is on this ground I rest a claim for the utilizing of every safe and justifiable expedient in the working out of our country's social and political redemption. It is well, therefore, to look outside the National party in Ireland, to reconnoitre our friends or enemies, and see how far the one can be counted upon and how much the other is to be dreaded.

The Ireland of the present may be divided into four distinct

sections of political strife, presumably in her interest: the Nationalist or party of action, "National" Constitutional, West British, and neutral, or rather non-participant, Irishmen.

Take the first of these parties, which, on account of its being the custodian of Ireland's non-forfeited right to independence, should necessarily be the most powerful in numbers and influence; yet we must admit that it is not so, when it is looked at either in the light of its recent past endeavors or from its present hold on the public mind of Ireland. But let it be disassociated from the consequences of sincere but injudicious or premature action, and pitted against anti-national feeling in Ireland, and it possesses at once the unquestioned representative sentiment of the Irish people, and outnumbers in its adherents all the other parties combined. The position which we occupy in the political world is, therefore, a singularly anomalous one; for while our people are unquestionably national in their inward convictions, they exhibit in their external or public aspect a contradiction to that very fact. Hence the world either misunderstands or discredits our political aspirations. Now how is it that the Nationalist party is numerically the strongest in sentiment and sympathy, while not so in action? And why does external opinion remain sceptical as to Ireland's real desire for separation?

To answer the first question, I will crave permission to place myself in the position of a tiller of the soil in Ireland, — say one of Patten Bridge's victims, on the barren slopes of the Galtees. I will assume I have just reached the level of my mud-walled cabin, on the mountain side, after carrying a load of manure on my back from the plains below. I have seen the short-horns, and black-faced sheep, from England and Scotland, grazing upon the rich land at the foot of the mountains, — the land which formerly belonged to my ancestors, and the produce of which is now fattening brute beasts while my six children are starving with hunger. I might be supposed to say, "How is it that I, who have done no wrong to God, my country, or society, should be doomed to a penal existence like this? Who are they that stand by and see the beasts of the field preferred before me and my family? I am powerless to do anything but provide for the cravings of those whom God has sent to my care, and to relax my labor for a day might be a day's starvation to my little ones. If I go down to the castle and avenge my

wrongs on the head of Patten Bridge, I am but injuring him, and not the system which enables him to plunder me. I must therefore refrain from an act which would see *me* die on the scaffold, and *my children* in the workhouse. If no one else will assist me, I am condemned to this miserable existence for the remainder of my life. Who are they that have time and energy to take part in the political strife of the day, and say they are working for Ireland and me? The Nationalist party tells me that when independence is won, I will no longer be at the mercy of an English landlord. That is like feeding my children with a mind's-eye-view of the dinner that will be served in Galtee Castle to-day. Yellow meal porridge is a more substantial meal than visionary plenty, and if the Nationalists want me to believe in, and labor a little for, independence, they must first show themselves desirous and strong enough to *stand between me and the power which a single Englishman wields over me.* If they show they can *do that*, and thereby better my condition, they will convince me of their strength in Ireland, and earnestness in my behalf; and it is not in Irish nature to refuse a helping hand to those who assist another. Let them show that the social well-being of our people is the motive of their actions, and aim of their endeavors, while striving for the grand object ahead, and then the farming classes in Ireland will rally round them to assist in reaching that object. They look upon a man's existence in an abstract light, and think he should be moved in their cause without consulting that selfishness which is invariably the mainspring of human actions. God only knows how much I would like to fight for Ireland to-morrow if I could only see a chance of success, or had my wife and children in a similar position to that in which I am told the farmers of France and Belgium have theirs; but every former attempt at success has failed, me and mine are still at the mercy of the landlord, and therefore I can only give the Nationalists my sympathy and well-wishes, for my labor, time, and life, is necessary to the feeding of little Nora and the other children. The Parliamentarians promise to do more for me than any other party, but they break their promises in Westminster, and show as great an interest in Turkey as in Ireland. They are also at war with the Nationalists, and consequently the government and the West Britons have it all their own way over the vast majority of the Irish people. Me and

the likes of me are told we have friends in all parties; but we never are made to feel anything but the power and influence of our enemies, — the landlords. I must bring up another creel of dung from the bottom of the mountain before mid-day, and then share my bowl of stirabout with my little ones. God's will be done, but it is a hard life to lead in the nineteenth century!"

This is no exaggeration of the thoughts or attitude of the people who are compelled to stand aloof from political strife in Ireland; and this vast class, recruited alike from the one instanced as well as from all those whose avocations and actions have their root in the *virtue of the honest, selfish cares of social life*, are within reach of the party of action, if the necessary steps are taken to enlist their assistance and co-operation.

Turning to the political aspect of Irish nationality as it is viewed from abroad, it is easy to show how we have been, and are still, discredited with practical earnestness in our opposition to English rule. We have flattered ourselves too long with the belief that we were assured of French and American sympathy in our contest with the enemy of our race, and that these and other countries would accept of our spasmodic struggles against a dominant power as proving the disaffection and determined opposition of a whole people, while "representatives," municipalities, religious and other bodies, public men and public writers, were convincing them to the direct contrary. 'Tis true that periodical attempts at insurrection have shown that though our country is subjugated it is not reconciled to alien government, willing to forfeit its national birthright; but, convincing as all this may be to *Irishmen*, others will look upon our repeated risings in the light of past events, and speak of them in proportion to their importance as looked at from an external point of view, while weighing us in the political balance of nationalities in exact accordance with the public spirit and political tendencies of our people of the present. The collective opinions of foreign nations, in sympathy with or indifference towards the Irish question, will be formed from its present phases, and not, as *we* would desire, from past occurrences; and therefore the less our national aspirations and convincing opposition to alien rule are manifested to the world by the public tone and attitude of our people, the less interest there will be taken and sympathy felt by the world in our cause. Our

connection with the past of Ireland — the inspiration we draw from its history, and the events therein recorded — must influence, of course, our line of action in the working out of the political destiny of our fatherland; but our glorious past will not win for us one iota of sympathy from outside the Irish race beyond what is demanded by the consistency of such actions with the object aimed at, and the practical manner in which the national desire for the attainment of that object is manifested.

When we appeal to mankind for the justice of our cause, we must assume the attitude of a *united*, because an earnest, people, and show reason why we refuse to accept of our political annihilation. We can only do this by the thoroughness of purpose which should actuate, and the systematic exertions which alone can justify, us in claiming the recognition due to a country which has never once acquiesced in its subjugation, nor abandoned its resolve to be free. Viewing that country then, as she presents herself to-day, the problem of her redemption may be put in this formula: Given the present social and political condition of Ireland, with the spirit, national tendencies, physical and moral forces of her people — together with the power, influence, and policy arrayed against them — to indicate what should be the plans pursued, and action adopted, whereby the condition of our people could be materially improved, in efforts tending to raise them to their rightful position as a Nation.

I confess to the difficulty of solving such a problem, but not so much as to the putting it into practice if theoretically demonstrated; but

> "Right endeavor's not in vain —
> Its reward is in the doing;
> And the rapture of pursuing,
> Is the prize the vanquished gain."

Let us see if we can discover a key to the difficulty of the Irish question. I will assume that there are certain matters or contingencies important to or affecting the Irish race which are of equal interest to its people (irrespective of what differences of opinion there may be amongst them on various other concerns), — such as the preservation of the distinctive individuality of the race itself among peoples; the earning for it that respect and prestige to which it is by right and inheritance entitled, by striving for its improve-

ment, physically and morally, and its intellectual and social advancement, revival of its ancient language, etc; and that there are past occurrences and sectional animosities which all classes must reasonably desire to prevent in future, for the honor and welfare of themselves and country, — such as religious feuds and provincial antipathies. I will also assume that the raising of our peasant population from the depths of social misery to which it has been sunk by an unjust land system, would meet with the approval of most classes in Ireland, and receive the moral co-operation of Irishmen abroad, as would also the improvement of the dwellings of our agricultural population, which project, I also assume, would be accepted and supported by all parties in Irish political life. Without particularizing any further measures for the common good of our people, for which political parties cannot refuse to mutually co-operate, if consistent with their *raison d'etre* as striving for their country's welfare, I think it will be granted that Nationalists (pronounced or quiescent), Obstructionists, Home Rulers, Repealers, and others, could unite in obtaining the reforms already enumerated by concerted action on and by whatever means the present existing state of affairs in Ireland can place within their reach. Such concerted action for the general good would necessitate a centripetal platform, as representing that central principle or motive which constitutes the hold and supplies the influence that a country's government has upon the people governed.

A race of people, to preserve itself from destruction by an hostile race, or by partisan spirit and factious strife internally, or absorption by a people among which it may be scattered, absolutely requires some central idea, principle, or platform of motives of action, by which to exercise its national, or race-individuality, strength, with a view to its improvement and preservation. A people's own established government supplies this need, of course, but where, as in Ireland, there is no government of or by the people, and the dominant power is but a strong executive faction, the national strength is wasted, — 1. By the *divide et impera* policy of that dominant English faction; 2. By desperate attempts to overthrow that power; and 3. By hitherto fruitless agitation to win a just rule, or force remedial legislation from an alien assembly by means repugnant to the pride of the largest portion of our people; while here, in this

great shelter-land of peoples, the Irish race itself is fast disappearing in the composite American. If, therefore, a platform be put forth embodying resistance to every hostile element pitted, or adverse influence at work, against the individuality of Ireland and its people, and a programme of national labor for the general welfare of our country be adopted, resting upon those wants and desires which have a first claim upon the consideration of Irishmen, — such a platform, if put forth, not to suit a particular party, but to embrace all that is earnest and desirous among our people for labor in the vineyard of Ireland's common good, a great national desire would be gratified, and an immense stride be taken towards the goal of each Irishman's hopes.

Such a centre-composite platform would not necessarily require any control over the organization of its respective party-adherents, nor need the resources of the party of action except when the final appeal for self-government should be made. All that it would demand from its individual elements would be such support as should make it superior in influence over the public life of Ireland to that which the *English faction* wields to our disgrace and disadvantage to-day. Apart from the material good which would assuredly follow from such a platform being adopted, how inestimable would be the collateral advantages that would accrue from Irishmen *acting together at last* for some tangible common benefit to be conferred upon themselves and their country! The gradual but certain sweeping away of West-British ideas before the advance of a united national Irish sentiment; the harmonizing of the hitherto conflicting elements in political parties; the developing of our people's political education; the creation of a healthy and vigorous public spirit which would at once attract and challenge the attention of foreign opinion, and concentrate upon Ireland an international interest in a *renaissant* people, who can exert a powerful influence over the destiny of a declining empire, the prestige and power of which are obnoxious to rival nations. Then the immense impetus which would be given to the national cause by the moral support of a sympathetic participation in it by the vast Irish and Irish-American element in this country, by far the greater part of which has heretofore stood aloof from Ireland's struggles, in consequence of

having no feasible plan laid before it, whereby its assistance and influence could be profitably employed in the same.

The difficulties in the way of such an united Irish public movement are to be found in the unreasonable prejudice and suicidal antagonism which exists between the two parties who each assume to be Ireland's benefactor, — the Nationalist and the Irish-Constitutional bodies. This mutual opposition has weakened both, diffused bad blood among the community, increased the number of non-participants in the political life of the country, and strengthened the position of the coercive faction. Condemnation of Nationalist action by Irish Constitutionals is permissible only within the limits of a censure upon desperate, untimely resolves on insurrection, as their opposition is unjustifiable upon any other ground.

The Nationalist party is the guardian of their country's inalienable right to be mistress of her own destinies; its records are those which tell of a nation's fight against the extermination of its people: its martyrology is that of Ireland; and all of which we can justly be most proud in her history — her seven centuries' struggle against overwhelming odds for the highest ambition of a nation (independence) — is the platform of the party of action. Its very defeats have won victories for the Constitutionalists; and the intensity of its earnestness has compelled remedial measures to be conceded to Ireland. As the Irishman who believes that his country could not govern herself if politically isolated is too contemptible to be noticed, the objection against the Nationalist party by its Constitutional opponent is belief in the improbability of final success, — and not antagonism to the object aimed at.

On the other side, the prejudice existing among Nationalists against Constitutional action is in proportion to the anti-National complexion which it assumes; hence, Home Rule, from its being so much more un-Irish in essence and scope, is looked upon with greater antipathy than Repeal. Giving the Constitutionals credit, as in charity bound, for the best intentions, we must assume that they are actuated by the following reasons and motives: Believing in the impossibility of separation, they rely upon moral force as a means of advancing the interests of the country, and that they employ this means in the conviction that it is the safest and most efficient plan by which an improvement of the people can be effected,

and their country benefited. When the acts of Constitutionals belie these motives, they become reprehensible; but in their honesty of conduct within the lines of their good intents, they are deserving of, and entitled to, recognition and tolerance as laborers in behalf of Ireland and its people. They are as prominent in the political arena as the Nationalists, — more so, in fact, as they have a public policy to catch the public ear and eye. They have a following in Ireland which is at once powerful and influential, and cannot, therefore, be ignored. They have enlisted the support of the Catholic clergy, and count the middle class of the country as belonging to their party. Since the passing of the ballot-bill they can appeal with more force to Irish voters, who no longer run the risk of eviction for opposing landlord nominees. This freedom from restraint in the exercise of the franchise among a remedy-seeking people must logically impel them to look for redress, and men to champion their cause, in the safest, and, to them, most effectual means within their reach.

To these facts must be added still stronger ones, namely, that, whether we Nationalists like it or not, Irish voters, as well as non-electors, will participate in elections, and interest themselves in their results. So long as the infamous Act of Union lasts, men will be sent to Westminster to represent or betray their country, in exact proportions to the interest or indifference with which the whole Irish people look upon Parliamentarianism. An indication of a national resolve to minimize the disgrace of a traitor-representation in an hostile assembly would curb the self-seeking place-hunters in the auction of their "patriotism," and themselves in St. Stephen's political mart. Hostility towards, or complete isolation from, parliamentary action by the Nationalists, will engender and encourage West-Britonism in Irish representation, and the world, which persists in looking at the Irish question through the medium of the House of Commons, will form its opinions on the wants and political tendencies of Ireland from the conduct and utterances of her "representatives." The amount of national sentiment and hostility to alien rule exhibited in Westminster by Irish members of Parliament will be to Russia, France, and America the gauge of the same sentiment and hostility in Ireland, where such members are elected. With the public ear in Ireland, and the eye and attention of the world in the world's most

conspicuous assembly, *how are the Constitutionalists handicapped in a contest for party influence with the Nationalists, who have neither?* Suppose the positions and advantages reversed in the last respect, at least, would the Nationalists be weaker and the cause of Ireland worse situated? I think not.

Having defined the relative positions and strength of the two great parties in Irish politics, no other conclusion can be come to but this: that until an understanding, base of public union, or common public platform, is established between them, the Executive faction, *alias* Castle government, will influence, direct, and domineer the official and public life of Ireland, and her people "may whistle to the winds for self-government, or escape from the Saxon's control."

Now let us put prejudices one side and honestly look at facts, and we will find that parliamentary action during the past few years has been trying to clothe itself in the garb of honesty, notwithstanding numerous instances of betrayal of trust. Mr. Isaac Butt, in giving a Federal complexion to Ireland's constitutional holiday garment for Westminster parade, was endeavoring to make Imperial broadcloth out of Irish frieze, and he has become politically bankrupt, in consequence of failure. Abstract this disagreeable feature, together with the un-Irish conduct and treachery of some of Mr. Butt's supporters, from the action of Irish members in the House of Commons during the past few years, and we will find a more national and determined stand taken for Ireland and against the government than at any former period in that assembly. Seeing this, finding large classes of our people boasting of it, and recognizing the fact that the centre figure of this stubborn attitude in an hostile assembly, has, in the small space of four years, become the most popular and most trusted of Irishmen, is there not something good can come out of Nazareth, after all? If so, let us see how it can be increased.

For the present good of Ireland, and as a policy of expediency, I, as a Nationalist, could support the following programme consistently with my own principles and Ireland's present wants: —

1st. The first and indispensable requisite in a representative of Ireland in the Parliament of England to be a public profession of his belief in the inalienable right of the Irish people to self-government, and recognition of the fact that the want of self-government is the chief want of Ireland.

2d. An exclusive Irish representation, with the view of exhibiting Ireland to the

world in the light of her people's opinions and national aspirations, together with an uncompromising opposition to the government upon every prejudiced or coercive policy.

3d. A demand for the immediate improvement of the land system by such a thorough change as would prevent the peasantry of Ireland from being its victims in the future. This change to form the preamble of a system of small proprietorships similar to what at present obtains in France, Belgium and Prussia. Such land to be purchased or held directly from the state. To ground this demand upon the reasonable fact that, as the land of Ireland formerly belonged to the people (being but nominally held in trust for them by chiefs or heads of clans elected for that among other purposes) it is the duty of the government to give compensation to the landlords for taking back that which was bestowed upon their progenitors after being stolen from the people, in order that the state can again become the custodian of the land for the people-owners.

4th. Legislation for the encouragement of Irish industries, development of Ireland's natural resources; substitution, as much as practicable, of cultivation for grazing; reclamation of waste lands; protection of Irish fisheries, and improvement of peasant dwellings.

5th. Assimilation of the county to the borough franchise, and reform of the grand jury laws, as also those affecting convention in Ireland.

6th. A national solicitude on the question of education by vigorous efforts for improving and advancing the same, together with every precaution to be taken against it being made an anti-national one.

7th. The right of the Irish people to carry arms.

It will be objected by some, that to meddle in parliamentary action, no matter how honest, is contrary to Nationalist principles, and therefore censurable. No man likes to put his hands in pitch; but if he is tarred and feathered for no fault of his own, and against his will, he must clean himself as best he can. The pitch of English rule on Ireland will not be removed by kid-gloved indifference and straight-laced, lofty patriotic consistency; it is better to commence scrubbing it off wherever more can be otherwise added. It will be again objected that if a strong National party were sent to Parliament, and it succeeded in obtaining some remedial measures, the people of Ireland would be contented with what they would thus obtain, and cease to strive for separation. Granted that a portion of our people would "rest and be thankful" for a better condition of affairs than they live under at present; but would the Nationalist party be so? If it would, it is not the real representative of Ireland's past; if it would not, there is no earthly justification for an abstention from endeavoring to benefit even those that would accept the situation, when side by side with their social and political

advancement would be that of those who would not take it as a final settlement of the question.

It is showing a strange want of knowledge of England's hatred and jealousy of Ireland to suppose that a government formed from any of the English parties would ever concede *all* that could satisfy the desires of the Irish people; and to ground an apprehension upon such an improbable contingency is a mistake.

Again, the supposition that the spirit of Irish nationality, which has combated against destruction for seven centuries, only awaits a few concessions from its baffled enemy to be snuffed out thereby, does not speak highly for those who hold that opinion of its frailty. In my opinion, we may expect to hear no more of "the cause" when the genius of Tipperary shall carve the Rock of Cashel into a statue of Judge Keogh, and Croagh Patrick shall walk to London to render homage to the Duke of Connaught. Every chapter of our history, every ensanguined field upon which our forefathers died in defence of that cause, every name in the martyrology of Ireland, from Fitzgerald to Charles McCarthy, proclaim the truth of Meagher's impassioned words: "From the Irish mind the inspiring thought that there once was an Irish Nation self-chartered and self-ruled can never be effaced; the burning hope that there will be one again can never be extinguished."

With these convictions, and the consummation of such hopes predestined by an indestructible cause and imperishable national principles, Irish Nationalists can, without fear of compromising such principles, grapple with West-Britonism on its own ground, and strangle its efforts to imperialize Ireland. The popular party in Ireland has a right to participate in everything concerning the social and political condition of the country; to compete with the constitutional and other parties who cater for public support, and stamp in this manner its Nationalist convictions and principles upon everything Irish, from a local board of poor-law guardians to a (by circumstances compulsory) representation in an alien parliament.

No party has a right to call itself National, which neglects resorting to all and every justifiable means to end the frightful misery under which our land-crushed people groan. It is exhibiting a callous indifference to the state of social degradation to which the power of the landlords of Ireland has sunk our peasantry to ask

them to "plod on in sluggish misery from sire to son, from age to age," until we, by force of party and party selfishness, shall free the country. It is playing the part of the Levite who passed by the man plundered by thieves. It is seeing a helpless creature struggling against suffocation in a ditch, and making no immediate effort to save him. If we refuse to play the part of the Good Samaritan to those who have fallen among robber landlords, other Irishmen will not. The cry has gone forth, "Down with the land system that has cursed and depopulated Ireland;" and this slogan cry of war has come from the Constitutionalists.

In the name of the common good of our country, its honor, interests, social and political, let the two great Irish parties agree to differ on party principles, while emulating each other in service to our impoverished people. Let each endeavor to find points upon which they can agree, instead of trying to discover quibbles whereon to differ. Let a centre platform be adopted, resting on a broad, generous, and comprehensive Nationalism, which will invite every earnest Irishman upon it. The manhood strength of Ireland could then become an irresistible power, standing ready at its post, while the whole Irish race, rallying to the support of such a platform, would cry —

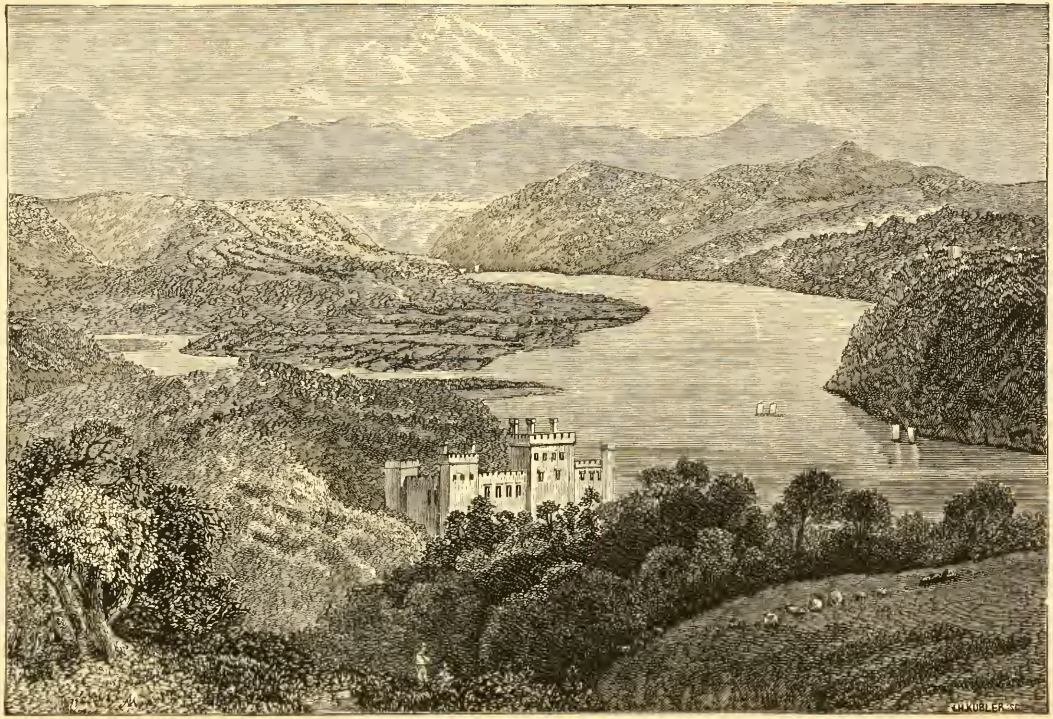
"*We want the land that bore us!*
We'll make that want our chorus;
And we'll have it yet, tho' hard to get,
By the heavens bending o'er us."

SPEECH.

BY

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

[895]



VALLEY OF THE BLACK WATER.

SPEECH

AT CONCILIATION HALL, DUBLIN, JULY 28, 1846.

MY LORD MAYOR — I will commence as Mr. Mitchell concluded, with an allusion to the Whigs.

I fully concur with my friend, that the most comprehensive measures which the Whig minister may propose, will fail to lift this country up to that position which she has the right to occupy, and the power to maintain. A Whig minister, I admit, may improve the province — he will not restore the nation. Franchises, tenant compensation bills, liberal appointments may ameliorate, they will not exalt; they may meet the necessities, they will not call forth the abilities of the country. The errors of the past may be repaired — the hopes of the future will not be fulfilled. With a vote in one pocket, a lease in the other, and "full justice" before him at the petty sessions, in the shape of a "restored magistrate," the humblest peasant may be told that he is free; trust me, my lord, he will not have the character of a freeman, his spirit to dare, his energy to act. From the stateliest mansion down to the poorest cottage in the land, the inactivity, the meanness, the debasement, which provincialism engenders, will be perceptible.

These are not the crude sentiments of youth, though the mere commercial politician, who has deduced his ideas of self-government from the table of imports and exports, may satirize them as such. Age has uttered them, my lord, and the experience of eight years has preached them to the people.

A few weeks since, and there stood up in the court of Queen's Bench an old and venerable man to teach the country the lessons he had learned in his youth, beneath the portico of the Irish Senate House, and which during a long life he had treasured in his heart,

as the costliest legacy a true citizen could bequeath to the land that gave him birth.

What said this aged orator?

"National independence does not necessarily lead to national virtue and happiness; but reason and experience demonstrate that public spirit and general happiness are looked for in vain under the withering influence of provincial subjection. The very consciousness of being dependent on another power for advancement in the scale of national being, weighs down the spirit of a people, manacles the efforts of genius, depresses the energies of virtue, blunts the sense of common glory and common good, and produces an insulated selfishness of character, the surest mark of debasement in the individual, and mortality in the state."

My lord, it was once said by an eminent citizen of Rome, the elder Pliny, that "we owe our youth and manhood to our country, but our declining age to ourselves." This may have been the maxim of the Roman—it is not the maxim of the Irish patriot. One might have thought that the anxieties, the labors, the vicissitudes of a long career, had dimmed the fire which burned in the heart of the illustrious Roman whose words I have cited; but now, almost from the shadow of death, he comes forth with the vigor of youth, and the authority of age, to serve the country in the defence of which he once bore arms, by an example, my lord, that must shame the coward, rouse the sluggard, and stimulate the bold. These sentiments have sunk deep into the public mind; they are recited as the national creed. Whilst these sentiments inspire the people, I have no fear for the national cause. I do not dread the venal influence of the Whigs.

Inspired by such sentiments, the people of this country will look beyond the mere redress of existing wrong, and strive for the attainment of future power.

A good government may, indeed, redress the grievances of an injured people, but a strong people alone can build up a great nation. To be strong, a people must be self-reliant, self-ruled, self-sustained. The dependence of one people upon another, even for the benefits of legislation, is the deepest source of national weakness. By an unnatural law it exempts a people from their just duties — their just responsibilities. When you exempt a people from these duties, from these responsibilities, you generate in them a distrust in their own powers. Thus you enervate, if you do not

utterly destroy that spirit which a sense of these responsibilities is sure to inspire, and which the fulfillment of these duties never fails to invigorate. Where this spirit does not actuate, the country may be tranquil — it will not be prosperous. It may exist, it will not thrive. It may hold together, it will not advance. Peace it may enjoy — for peace and freedom are compatible. But, my lord, it will neither accumulate wealth nor win a character; it will neither benefit mankind by the enterprise of its merchants nor instruct mankind by the example of its statesmen.

I make these observations, for it is the custom of some moderate politicians to say, that when the Whigs have accomplished the "pacification" of the country, there will be little or no necessity for Repeal. My lord, there is something else, there is everything else to be done when the work of "pacification" has been accomplished — and here it is hardly necessary to observe that the prosperity of a country is perhaps the sole guarantee for its tranquillity, and that the more universal the prosperity, the more permanent will be the repose.

But the Whigs will enrich as well as pacify. Grant it, my lord. Then do I conceive that the necessity for Repeal will augment. Great interests demand great safeguards. The prosperity of a nation requires due protection of a senate. Hereafter a national senate may require the protection of a national army.

So much for the extraordinary affluence with which we are threatened, and which, it is said by gentlemen on the opposite shore of the Irish Sea, will crush this Association, and bury the enthusiasts who clamor for Irish nationality in a sepulchre of gold. This prediction, however, is feebly sustained by the ministerial programme that has lately appeared.

On the evening of the 16th, the Whig premier, in answer to a question that was put to him by the member for Finsbury, Mr. Duncombe, is reported to have made this consolatory announcement:

"We consider that the social grievances of Ireland are those which are most prominent, and to which it is most likely to be in our power to afford, not a complete and immediate remedy, but some remedy, some kind of improvement, so that some kind of hope may be entertained that, some ten or twelve years hence, the country will, by the measures we undertake, be in a far better state with respect to the frightful destitution and misery which now prevail in that country. We have that practical object in view."

After that most consolatory announcement, my lord, let those who have the patience of Job and the poverty of Lazarus, continue, in good faith, "to wait on Providence and the Whigs;" continue to entertain "some kind of hope," that if not "a complete and immediate remedy," at least "some remedy," "some improvement," will place this country "in a far better state" than it is at present, "some ten or twelve years hence." After that let those who prefer the periodical boons of a Whig government, to that which would be the abiding blessing of an Irish parliament; let those who deny to Ireland what they assert for Poland; let those who would inflict, as Henry Grattan said, "an eternal disability upon this country," to which Providence has assigned the largest facilities for power; let those who would ratify the "base swap," as Mr. Sheil once stigmatized the Act of Union, and who would stamp perfection upon that deed of perfidy, — let such men

> "Plod, led on in sluggish misery,
> Rotten from sire to son, from age to age,
> Proud of their trampled nature."

But we, my lord, who are assembled in this hall, and in whose hearts the Union has not bred the slave's disease — we who have not been imperialized — we are here with the hope to undo that work, which forty-six years ago dishonored the ancient peerage and subjugated the people of our country.

My lord, to assist the people of Ireland to undo that work I came to this hall. I came here to repeal the Act of Union — I came here for nothing else. Upon every other question I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you. Upon questions of finance — questions of a religious character — questions of an educational character — questions of municipal policy — questions that may arise from the proceedings of the legislature — upon all these questions I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you. Yet more, my lord; I maintain that it is my right to express my opinion upon each of these questions, if necessary. The right of free discussion I have here upheld. In the exercise of that right I have differed sometimes from the leader of this Association, and would do so again. That right I will not abandon — I shall maintain it to the last.

In doing so, let me not be told that I seek to undermine the influence of the leader of the Association, and am insensible to his services. My lord, I am grateful for his services, and will uphold his just influence.

This is the first time I have spoken in these terms of that illustrious Irishman in this hall. I did not do so before — I felt it was unnecessary. I hate unnecessary praise — I scorn to receive it — I scorn ever to bestow it.

No, my lord, I am not ungrateful to the man who struck the fetters off my arms, whilst I was yet a child, and by whose influence my father — the first Catholic who did so for two hundred years — sat for the last two years in the civic chair of an ancient city. But, my lord, the same God who gave to that great man the power to strike down an odious ascendancy in this country, and enabled him to institute in this land the glorious law of religious equality — the same God gave to me a mind that is my own — a mind that has not been mortgaged to the opinions of any man or any set of men — a mind that I was to use, and not surrender.

My lord, in the exercise of that right, which I have here endeavored to uphold — a right which this Association should preserve inviolate, if it desires not to become a despotism — in the exercise of that right, I have differed from Mr. O'Connell on previous occasions, and differ from him now. I do not agree with him in the opinion he entertains of my friend, Charles Gavan Duffy — that man whom I am proud indeed to call my friend, though he is a "convicted conspirator," and suffered for you in Richmond prison. I do not think he is a "maligner." I do not think he has lost, or deserves to lose, the public favor.

I have no more connection with the "Nation" than I have with the "Times." I therefore feel no delicacy on appearing here this day in defence of its principles, with which I avow myself identified.

My lord, it is to me a source of true delight and honest pride to speak this day in defence of that great journal. I do not fear to assume the position; exalted though it be, it is easy to maintain it. The character of that journal is above reproach. The ability that sustains it has won an European fame. The genius of which it is the offspring, the truth of which it is the oracle, have been recognized, my lord, by friends and foes. I care not how it may be

assailed — I care not howsoever great may be the talent, howsoever high may be the position, of those who now consider it their duty to impeach its writings — I do think it has won too splendid a reputation to lose the influence it has acquired. The people whose enthusiasm has been kindled by the impetuous fire of its verse, and whose sentiments have been ennobled by the earnest purity of its teachings, will not ratify the censure that has been pronounced upon it in this hall. Truth will have its day of triumph as well as its day of trial; and I foresee that the fearless patriotism, which, in those pages, has braved the prejudices of the day, to enunciate grand truths, will triumph in the end.

My lord, such do I believe to be the character, such do I anticipate will be the fate of the principles that are now impeached.

This brings me to what may be called the "question of the day."

Before I enter upon that question, however, I will allude to one observation which fell from the honorable member for Kilkenny, and which may be said to refer to those who expressed an opinion that has been construed into a declaration of war.

The honorable gentlemen said — in reference, I presume, to those who dissented from the resolutions of Monday — that those who were loudest in their declarations of war, were usually the most backward in acting up to those declarations. My lord, I do not find fault with the honorable gentleman for giving expression to a very ordinary saying, but this I will state, that I did not volunteer the opinion he condemns — to the declaration of that opinion I was forced. You left me no alternative — I should compromise my opinion, or avow it. To be honest, I avowed it. I did not do so to brag, as they say; we have had too much of that "bragging" in Ireland. I would be the last man to emulate the custom.

Well, I dissented from those peace resolutions, as they are called. Why so? In the first place, my lord, I conceive that there was not the least necessity for them.

No member of this Association suggested an appeal to arms. No member of this Association advised it. No member of the Association would be so infatuated as to do so. In the existing circumstances of the country, an excitement to arms would be senseless and wicked, because irrational. To talk, in our days, of repealing the Act of Union by force of arms, would be to rhapsodize. If the

attempt were made, it would be a decided failure. There might be riot in the street; there would be no revolution in the country.

The Secretary will far more effectually promote the cause of Repeal by registering votes in Greene Street than registering fire-arms in the head police office. Conciliation Hall, on Burgh Quay, is more impregnable than a rebel camp on Vinegar Hill. The hustings at Dundalk will be more successfully stormed than the magazine in the Park. The Registry club, the reading room, the polling booths, these are the only positions in the country we can occupy. Voters' certificates, books, pamphlets, newspapers, these are the only weapons we can employ.

Therefore, my lord, I cast my vote in favor of the peaceful policy of this Association. It is the only policy we can adopt. If that policy be pursued with truth, with courage, with fixed determination of purpose, I firmly believe it will succeed.

But, my lord, I dissented from the resolutions before us for other reasons. I stated the first; I will now come to the second:

I dissented from them, for I felt that, by assenting to them, I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force, in all countries, at all times, and under every circumstance. This I could not do; for, my lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times when arms will alone suffice, and when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood.

Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion; but, as the honorable member for Kilkenny has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument, but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason, let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioned despotism.

Then, my lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral; nor do I conceive it profane to say that the King of Heaven — the Lord of Hosts — the God of battles — bestows His benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

From that evening on which in the valley of Bethulia, He nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this, our day, on which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been

stretched forth from His Throne of Light to consecrate the flag of freedom — to bless the patriot's sword. Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

Abhor the sword — stigmatize the sword! No, my lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarians, and through those cragged passes struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionists of Innspruck.

Abhor the sword — stigmatize the sword! No, my lord, for at its blow, a grand nation started from the waters of the Atlantic; and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic, — prosperous, limitless, and invincible.

Abhor the sword — stigmatize the sword! No, my lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belginm — scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps — and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets, into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

My lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself, not in this Hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

My lord, I honor the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success; and I, for one, will not stigmatize, for I do not abhor, the means by which they obtained a Citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies.

SPEECH.

BY

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

[905]

YOUGHAL ABBEY, COUNTY CORK.

SPEECH

BEFORE THE IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, QUEBEC, MAY, 1862.

I RECEIVED some time ago a warm invitation from my friend, Captain Anderson, the secretary of this society, asking me to be present and take part in the proceedings of this evening. It was an invitation given with great cordiality, for an Irish society's benefit, and the object was to enable the society to assist the friendless emigrant and the unfortunate resident. It seems to one to be incident to our state of society, where we have no legal provision for the poor, no organized system of relief of any public general kind, that there should be a division of charitable labor among our different voluntary societies; and as I look upon them all, whether under the auspices of Saint Patrick or any other patron saint, as being themselves but members of one vast society — the society of Canada — I did not feel that I could, either on Irish or on Canadian grounds, decline the invitation. It is very true, Mr. President, that you and I will not be found to-morrow worshipping under the same roof; but is that any reason why we should not be united here to-night in a common work of charity? With me it is no reason; such differences exist in the first elements of our population; and it is the duty of every man, especially of every man undergoing the education of a statesman, to endeavor to mitigate instead of inflaming religious animosities. No prejudices lie nearer the surface than those which plead the sanction of religion; any idiot may arouse them, to the wise man's consternation, and the peaceful man's deep regret. If, in times past, they have been too often and too easily aroused, we must all deeply deplore it; but for the future — in these new and eventful days, when it is so essential that there shall be complete harmony within our ranks, — let us all agree to brand the propagandist of bigotry as the most dangerous of

our enemies, because his work is to divide us among ourselves, and thereby render us incapable of common defence.

It is upon this subject of the public spirit to be cultivated among us — of the spirit which can alone make Canada safe and secure, rich and renowned — which can alone attract population and augment capital, that I desire to say a few words with which I must endeavor to fulfil your expectations. I feel that it is a serious subject for a popular festival — but these are serious times, and they bring upon their wings most serious reflections. That shot fired at Fort Sumpter on the 12th of April, 1861, had a message for the North as well as for the South; and here, in Quebec, if anywhere, by the light which history lends us, we should find those who can correctly read that eventful message. Here, from this rock, for which the immortals have contended; here, from this rock, over which Richelieu's wisdom and Chatham's genius, and the memory of heroic men, the glory of three great nations has hung its halo, we should look forth upon a continent convulsed, and ask of a ruler: "Watchman, what of the night?"

That shot fired at Fort Sumpter was the signal gun of a new epoch for North America, which told the people of Canada, more plainly than human speech can ever express it, to sleep no more except on their arms; unless in their sleep they desire to be overtaken and subjugated. For one, Mr. President, I can safely say, that, if I know myself, I have not a particle of prejudice against the United States; on the contrary, I am bound to declare that many things in the constitution and the people, I sincerely esteem and admire. What I contend for with myself, and what I would impress upon others, is, that the lesson of the last few months, furnished by America to the world, should not be thrown away upon the inhabitants of Canada.

I do not believe that it is our destiny to be engulfed into a Republican union, renovated and inflamed with the wine of victory, of which she now drinks so freely; it seems to me we have theatre enough under our feet to act another and a worthier part; we can hardly win the Americans on our own terms, and we never ought to join them on theirs. A Canadian nationality — not French Canadian, nor British Canadian, nor Irish Canadian — patriotism rejects the prefix, — is, in my opinion, what we should look forward to, —

that is what we ought to labor for, that is what we ought to be prepared to defend to the death. Heirs of one-seventh of the continent, inheritors of a long ancestral story, and no part of it dearer to us than the glorious tale of this last century — warned not by cold chronicles only, but by living scenes passing before our eyes, of the dangers of an unmixed democracy — we are here to vindicate our capacity by the test of a new political creation.

What we most immediately want, Mr. President, to carry on that work, is men; more men, and still more men! The ladies, I dare say, will not object to that doctrine. We may not want more lawyers and doctors, but we want more men in the town and country. We want the signs of youth and growth in our young and growing country. One of our maxims should be, "Early marriages, and death to old bachelors." I have long entertained a project of a special tax upon that most undesirable class of the population, and our friend, the Finance Minister, may perhaps have something of the kind among the agreeable surprises of his next Budget. Seriously, Mr. President, what I chiefly wanted to say on coming here, is this, that if we would made Canada safe and secure, rich and renowned, we must all liberalize — locally, sectionally, religiously, nationally.

There is room enough in this country for one great free people; but there is not room enough under the same flag and the same laws, for two or three angry, suspicious, obstructive "nationalities."

Dear, most justly dear to every land beneath the sun, are the children born in her bosom, and nursed upon her breast, but when the man of another country, wherever born, speaking whatever speech, holding whatever creed, seeks out a country to serve, and honor, and cleave to, in weal or in woe, — when he heaves up the anchor of his heart from its old moorings, and lays at the feet of the mistress of his choice, his new country, all the hopes of his ripe manhood, he establishes, by such devotion, a claim to consideration, not second even to that of the children of the soil. He is their brother, delivered by a new birth from the dark-wombed Atlantic ship that ushers him into existence in the new world — he stands by his own election among the children of the household, and narrow and most unwise is that species of public spirit, which, in the perverted name of patriotism, would refuse him all he asks, "a fair field and no favor."

I am not about to talk politics, Mr. President, though these are grand politics. I reserve all else for what is usually called "another place," — and I may add, for another time. But I am so thoroughly convinced and assured that we are gliding along the currents of a new epoch, that if I break silence at all in the presence of my fellow subjects, I cannot choose but speak of the immense issues which devolve upon us, at this moment, in this country.

I may be pardoned, perhaps, if I refer to another matter that comes home to you, Mr. President, and to myself. Though we are alike opposed to all invidious national distinctions on this soil, we are not opposed, I hope, to giving full credit to all the elements which at the present day compose our population. In this respect, it is a source of gratification to learn that among your invited guests to-night there are twelve or thirteen members of the House to which I have the honor to belong — gentlemen from both sides of the House — who drew their native breath in our own dearly beloved ancestral island. It takes three-quarters of the world in these days to hold an Irish family, and it is pleasant to know that some of the elder sons of the family are considered, by their discriminating fellow citizens, worthy to be entrusted with the liberties and fortunes of their adopted country. We have here men of Irish birth who have led, and who still lead the Parliament of Canada, and who are determined to lead it in a spirit of genuine liberality.

We, Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, born and bred in a land of religious controversy, should never forget that we now live and act in a land of the fullest religious and civil liberty. All we have to do, is, each for himself, to keep down dissensions, which can only weaken, impoverish and retard the country; each for himself, do all he can to increase its wealth, its strength and its reputation; each for himself, you and you, gentlemen, and all of us — to welcome every talent, to hail every invention, to cherish every gem of art, to foster every gleam of authorship, to honor every acquirement and every natural gift, to lift ourselves to the level of our destinies, to rise above all low limitations and narrow circumscriptions, to cultivate that true catholicity of spirit, which embraces all creeds, all classes, and all races, in order to make of our boundless province, so rich in known and unknown resources, a great new Northern nation.

LETTER

OF

BISHOP NULTY.

[911]

RIGHT REV. T. NULTY, BISHOP OF MEATH.

To Joseph Cowen, M. P., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Y Dear Sir,—I have neither leisure nor inclination to take any part in politics, and it was only in exceptional circumstances that I ever meddled in them at all. I have not often obtruded on the attention of the public except under the pressure of a public necessity or when I could not help it. But now that the excitement caused by the late extraordinary action of the Government has subsided considerably, and that the results of that policy can be calmly and dispassionately examined, it becomes the sacred duty of every man who has anything to say in defence of his country not to withhold it. The situation of affairs which the Government has so suddenly and so unexpectedly created in Ireland, has no parallel or precedent even in her own melancholy history; and it has no existing counterpart (except, perhaps, in Russia) in any other country on the globe. The people of this nation now live under the sway of coercion, and of force, and of arbitrary arrests and imprisonment, and not under the rule of constitutional law and free government. Our liberties have been forfeited *de jure* by the disastrous Coercion Bill of last year, and they are now simply annihilated *de facto* by the excessive severity with which the Government exercises the exceptional powers given them by that Act. By the strange and extraordinary use they have made of these unconstitutional powers, they have profoundly shocked public feeling with a succession of sudden and painful surprises. For months past we heard every day with bewildered astonishment of the arrest and imprisonment of innocent, educated, and highly-gifted Irishmen, who in the estimation of their countrymen were above even the suspicion of anything that could be regarded as criminal or dishonorable. Although the people's patience had thus been sorely tried, they still hoped on. But the sudden and unexpected arrest of Messrs. Parnell, Sexton, and Dillon; the total suppression of the

Land League organization; the dispersion by force of peaceful public meetings, and the violent and unnatural silence and restraint put on freedom of speech, all occurring as they did in rapid succession, spread terror and dismay.

During the passing of the Coercion Act, the Government had solemnly but perfidiously pledged itself to Parliament that the fact of being a member of the Land League organization would be no ground for arresting a man as a "reasonable suspect," and yet eminent and distinguished Land Leaguers were, as a matter of fact, the only persons actually arrested under it. On the other hand, you would search in vain, among the actual Suspects, for the "dissolute ruffians and village tyrants" to whom alone it was solemnly promised the operations of the Act would be restricted. No man, therefore, being able to make even a rational guess at the principles by which the Government was guided in forming its estimate of a "Suspect," every man now feels that his liberty is not safe for the space of a single hour. Your innocence and immunity from every form of crime; your punctual observance of every law, human as well as divine; the irreproachable testimony of your own conscience, afford you no guarantee against arbitrary arrest and imprisonment. You are forced, therefore, to infer that every hour you are left in the enjoyment of your freedom; every hour you are allowed to live in your house: in the bosom of your family, and not in the prison cell, confronted and watched by warders and jailers, is a free gift to which you really have no right or legal claim, and which you enjoy from, and during the good will and pleasure of the Government. And as the youth and manhood of the nation, the most gifted, the most intelligent, and the most highly educated — in fact, the very flower of the agricultural, the industrial, and the commercial classes — were all once members of the now proscribed Land League organization, so every man you meet is in fear and trembling for his personal freedom. Many have deserted their business, their families, and their homes, and as all feel the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads, so no one can apply himself with his usual earnestness and skill to the calling in which he earned his living. You feel yourself instinctively under *the baleful influence of a reign of terror.*

You cannot help mistrusting and suspecting those whom you

never doubted before; and no matter how sternly your reason may rebuke the groundlessness of your fears, you still fancy yourself surrounded by spies and informers, ready and eager to misinterpret and misrepresent your most thoughtless and innocent actions. And fresh grounds for alarm have recently arisen from the decidedly altered tone and bearing of the police force throughout the kingdom.

A strange and extraordinary spirit of brutality and insolence seems to have seized on this force, and displays itself ostentatiously on every occasion that offers. It is true they never possessed the moderation, the patience, and forbearance of a force that seemed impressed with the responsibility of respecting the rights of citizens, even at the time that it became their duty to act with firmness and vigor against them as offenders, but now they have shaken off even the semblance of moderation, and they scornfully and defiantly irritate and threaten the people, as if they had no right to be regarded as anything better than rebels or slaves. They appear to think that they have a right to do just what they please, to be amenable to no tribunal, and to have relieved themselves from every sense of responsibility. I know of one instance, at least, in which a large body of police, with a resident magistrate at their head, seemed chagrined and disappointed because the peaceable and orderly demeanor of *the people deprived them even of a pretext for firing at them*, as they had threatened. Under the guidance of men, whose conduct has more than once excited a well-grounded suspicion that they were under an artificial excitement, which, in them, would be highly criminal, this force now assails with wanton and indiscriminate brutality the innocent and the peaceable, as well as the disorderly and the riotous. They fire volleys into crowds of unarmed men, at the very time they are actually running for their lives; and even the dignity and helplessness of woman, which render her personal safety sacred in every nation on earth that is civilized as well as brave, afford her no protection from these warriors, for they shoot down women as well as men; and, according to sworn accounts, they bayonet to death young girls even when they are down. Three coroners' juries, on their solemn oaths and on sworn testimony, have found and recorded verdicts of wilful murder against them, and yet the accused appear to be still at large, and do not seem to have been in the least disconcerted by such insignificant incidents. And if

any one, like myself, ventures to raise his voice and give vent to his feelings in a piercing cry of anguish and of pain over the ruins of the liberties of his country, he is liable to be arrested and thrown into prison, to add one more to the three hundred and forty high-spirited, intelligent, and educated men who are now, like so many wild beasts, caged within bars of iron, deprived of their liberty, their freedom, and every other gift that makes life agreeable, or even endurable. And yet these men have not been convicted of any crime; let them clamor as they may, they will not be brought to trial, and no opportunity given them for proving their innocence. They are subjected to the indignities, to the solitude and the horrors of prison life, simply because the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary wish it: and they must remain there during their good will and pleasure. This system of arbitrary arrests — of cruel and indefinite imprisonment, for purely political crimes, which are only "suspected" — whilst it continued merely a Continental institution, shocked and scandalized Mr. Gladstone immensely, and he denounced it in burning words that set all Europe in a blaze. But oh! shade of King Bomba, you have now your revenge! The system that had then been reprobated in words that will live forever, that had then been relegated into eternal infamy, oblivion, and shame, has quite recently been discovered among the "resources of civilization"; has been revived, in its own proper living individuality and identity, by the very man who had then so fiercely decried it. It is now one of the flourishing social institutions of free England, and is actually in full swing this moment, plaguing her majesty's subjects throughout the jails of Ireland with forms of physical suffering and mental anguish that to them are all but intolerable, and from which, before the winter shall have passed, some shall very likely escape by going mad, and others by becoming totally ruined in health, and rendered utterly worthless for the rest of their lives.

Surely, then, Mr. Gladstone might have spared that galling phrase with which he mocks and insults us, when he assures the world that to annihilate a nation's liberties, to crowd her prisons and her jails with the best and noblest of her sons, to silence freedom of speech, and to make every man in the community dependent for his personal freedom on his sole, arbitrary will, are all but departments in the high and accomplished art of governing on principles derived

from the "resources of civilization." Government by force, by arbitrary arrests, by wholesale imprisonment, without judge or jury, by silencing freedom of speech and the right to complain of injustice and wrong, used to be regarded as a hateful despotism which would not be tolerated for one week in any civilized country, and which could not exist at all except in communities that were uncivilized and barbarous. But when men apply themselves to the odious task of oppressing or enslaving their fellow-creatures, they are wonderfully ready in devising smart incisive phrases with which, in defiance of decency and truth, they endeavor to palliate and pass off on the thoughtless forbearance of the public, excesses to which they would not venture to direct attention by professedly justifying or defending them.

History abounds with phrases of this kind, and they are associated with memories of which Mr. Gladstone would feel ashamed. I think it was Cromwell that characterized "as a great mercy of God" the wholesale slaughter of innocent and unarmed citizens; and the Russian tyrant announced to the world "that order reigned at Warsaw" at the very time that Warsaw ran red with the blood of Poland's noblest and bravest defenders. Not to talk, then, of the insult wantonly flung at a spirited and sensitive people, an ordinary sense of self-respect and a decent regard for his own character ought to have induced Mr. Gladstone to hold his hand here at any rate.

I have deliberately misstated nothing. I do not deny that a Tory Government could be found which would do exactly the same thing, if it were allowed freely to follow its naturally tyrannical instincts; but I do deny that any Tory Government would have the power or would dare to set up such a form of Government whilst the Liberal party sat on the Opposition benches. A Liberal administration, like the present Government, is then about the greatest misfortune that could happen to our country.

An old Roman said that no one but a fool would argue with the master of twenty legions. Mr. Parnell had the rashness, at Wexford, to reply to the Prime Minister's speech at Leeds. Further, he had the misfortune, in clear, logical and irresistible argument, fairly to vanquish him. Mr. Dillon's singular haste to repudiate Mr. Gladstone's questionable compliments, and Mr. Shaw's famous

linchpin process for ridding the world of civil-bill servers, furnished Mr. Parnell with a retort which was simply crushing, and which must have wounded the Prime Minister deeply. Now, all the world knows that Mr. Gladstone is an intellectual giant; but as he is not infallible, he sometimes makes mistakes, and if challenged and vanquished on these mistakes, he bears his defeat very badly. When smarting under the defeat and fall of his former administration, chiefly through the action taken by the Irish bishops, in the vast, varied, and almost boundless grasp of his intellectual powers, he sought relief for his wounded feelings in the various departments of ancient and modern literature, and even of Theology. Everybody remembers how he applied himself to the study of Theology; had a fling at the Syllabus, at the infallibility of the Pope, and at the degrading influence which the Catholic religion exercised on all who had the misfortune to belong to it. And everybody remembers, too, how powerfully and how scathingly his rash and ignorant accusations were exposed and refuted in about the most beautiful and eloquent brochure that ever emanated even from the pen of Cardinal Newman. In the soreness and irritation then created by Parnell's intellectual victory, lies the source of that impetuous, precipitate, and impassioned policy which Mr. Gladstone then suddenly inaugurated, and to which he has since steadily adhered. Incidents have cropped up from time to time as adjuncts of that policy, such as Parnell's dismissal from a magistracy which he did not prize; Dr. Kenny's dismissal by a sealed order; the threatening notices served on the telegraph boys, etc.; all of which seem so low, so petty, and so mean that any man in his senses, and not in a passion, would scorn to stoop to them. Now, sir, it appears to me that a man who holds in one hand the absolute disposal of the liberties of a nation, and in the other the tremendous responsibilities of his position, has no right to lay himself fairly open to the imputation of irritation or feeling in the exercise of the exceptional and dangerous powers entrusted to him. For passion and feeling blind every man who allows himself to be influenced or governed by them; and something has blinded Mr. Gladstone certainly.

He rests the whole justification of his sudden and extraordinary policy on the fact that Mr. Parnell was preventing by intimidation and other unlawful means, the tenantry of Ireland from availing

themselves of the benefits of the Land Bill. That accusation has never been proved, and in my judgment it never *can* be proved, simply because it is not true. That Mr. Parnell advised and warmly exhorted the Irish tenantry to hold their hands off the Land Bill till he had the decision on the test cases, no one will deny. Therefore, infers Mr. Gladstone, he unlawfully prevented them from appropriating any of the advantages which the Bill held out. Now, any one will at once see that this is a "*non sequitur*" which must be supported by proof, and as far as we know, at least, no such proof is as yet forthcoming. For might not the Irish tenantry hold aloof for a time from the Land Court (and they might not be advised to do so) for another far more rational and important purpose, viz., to facilitate and expedite the progress of business in the Court, and at the same time to draw from the Land Bill the largest possible amount of gain it was capable of yielding. That these were the objects really underlying Mr. Parnell's advice to the tenantry can very easily be made clear.

Owing to the extraordinary character of the powers vested in the Land Commission, its first decisions became matters of vital importance. This is by no means an ordinary Commission, authorized simply to interpret and administer an Act of Parliament. It seems rather an extraordinary Commission, vested in certain contingencies which will frequently arise under the Act, with *quasi* legislative powers, virtually to enact new laws as well as to administer them.

The settlement, therefore, of the *Irish Land Question* has only *commenced* with the passing of the Land Act; it is, as it were, still before Parliament; it is as yet under the consideration of the Legislature in all the vast and varied comprehensiveness of its *practical details*. Very many of the great principles of justice, equity, and right, are as yet to be determined, defined, and declared, and have as yet to receive, through the judgments of this Court, the sanction and approval of the Legislature.

To enable the Court, therefore, to discharge its duties with deliberation and dignity, and, on the other hand, not to weary and disgust its suitors with intolerable procrastination and delay, Mr. Parnell, with the deep practical sagacity for which he is remarkable, devised the scheme of submitting at the onset his test cases, the leading feature of which was, that they were essentially typical and

representative of classes numerous enough to be counted by hundreds and thousands.

[Bishop Nulty then goes into the discussion in detail of the course the Court was bound in justice to pursue under the conditions of its appointment, and the difficulty of ascertaining that thing called "fair" rent.]

Assuming that the prices of products range at a certain average, the value of any holding will entirely depend on its *productiveness*. The productiveness of a holding is a fact of great importance to its owner, and it affects, directly or indirectly, the interests of many others in its vicinity. The productiveness, therefore, cannot be satisfactorily proved except by the testimony of such witnesses, and their testimony proves it beyond all reasonable doubt. Now, if Mr. Parnell demanded accurate information, he would have all the local knowledge existing on the subject absolutely at his disposal, and dozens of trustworthy witnesses would voluntarily come forward.

The Land League was about the most perfect and the most highly-disciplined organization that ever existed in any country. It was everywhere present, active, intelligent and discriminating. The local branches were, as it were, so many deliberative assemblies, which absorbed all the talent, the experience, and knowledge of every kind in the various districts in which they were situated. Their members were, for far the greater part, the very flower of the industrial classes of the locality. Each branch possessed within itself all the local knowledge existing on the productiveness of the land, on the value of the land, and on every circumstance of impor tance connected with the land of the holdings.

Further, in the conferences that were held, and in the discussions and debates that were carried on by the members, that knowledge was systematized and arranged, so as to be ready for use at a moment's notice when called on.

After these preliminary preparations had been made, Mr. Parnell would submit the land of Ireland to the arbitrament of the Land Court, not in isolated solitary holdings, but in large lots of holdings of the same kind. The Court could examine the test cases that he submitted, and subject them to the most rigorous judicial inquiry; or it could take any individual case of its own. Whatever judgment it pronounced on any of the test cases would have virtually

been pronounced on all the cases of the class to which it belonged. After the test cases had been decided, the subsequent proceedings of the Court would simply be practical applications of the principles that were sanctioned and accepted on the decision of the test cases.

And thus the very circumstance on which Mr. Parnell relied to furnish the tenant with the means of drawing from the Land Act the largest amount of gain, is the very ground on which Mr. Gladstone accuses him of the crime of preventing him from drawing any benefit at all from it. I have wearied you not only with the outlines, but with the details of Mr. Parnell's policy; and I have to ask, is there anything in it immoral, obstructive, or criminal to the degree of deserving the punishment of imprisonment in Kilmainham!

[Bishop Nulty here refers to the large number of nominal landlords whose places really belonged to money lenders, but who still manage to live sumptuously upon the poor, whose extinction was, and justly so, the first step in Mr. Parnell's policy. In the course of the reference Dr. Nulty declares that the whole strength and vitality, the irresistible energy and activity of the Land League organization, were all derived from the enormous injustice and cruelty of the land system, which had created it, and which it assailed, and that a great enthusiastic movement, in which a whole people combines, is an impossibility where some great social grievance does not lie at the root of it.]

But the Government would not allow Mr. Parnell to use Mr. Gladstone's Bill as a great remedial measure. In their impatience and irritation they had recourse to *force*, which is no remedy at all for stifling the discontent which springs from injustice. Anyone can see, in the lawlessness and disorder that now prevail and which every good man reprobates and deplores, the folly as well as the failure of that remedy. And yet the magistrates of the various Irish counties (from Dublin to Westmeath) now loudly applaud this suicidal policy of the Government, and audaciously call on it for fresh and still more repressive coercion. But as nearly all of these magistrates are landlords, their promises of sympathy and support carry with them no moral weight. They really amount to no more than a last effort to sustain their own expiring influence and power. The class prejudices and passions that characterized these magisterial meetings, may be estimated from the fact that a man like Lord

Monck has been so blinded and infatuated by them as to make statements against Mr. Parnell and the Land League that were so scandalously untrue that one feels a difficulty in comprehending how they were not (as I am sure they were not) wilful and deliberate. But if it was safe for Lord Monck, it was very ungenerous of him to attack a man who could not, as he was aware, reply in his defence.

The moderation, and, indeed, I might add, the magnanimity of the magistrates of Westmeath in not calling for, in accordance with a time-honored custom, a Coercion Act *exclusively* for themselves, are edifying in the highest degree. But the excessive severity of the Coercion Act now existing, especially in its administration, counterbalances its non-exclusiveness, and so these hereditary coercionists are satisfied to let things stand as they are.

[Dr. Nulty then further goes on to show how, while Mr. Parnell recognized the Bill as not all he wanted, he still intended to get all the good he really could out of it — a thing that the Commissioners, judging from what they have already done, do not mean, it being next to impossible to know anything about the lands they are called to pass upon without local knowledge. Speaking of the vast expenditures and failures of the imported Scotch scientific, and the "model farm" enterprises to increase productiveness, he asks: —]

And how is it that the illiterate, unscientific farmer, by following the old system of husbandry, is able to draw from his farm what is sufficient to keep himself and his family *alive at any rate*, and at the same time pay a rack-rent to the landlord?

[Speaking of the decisions so far rendered, he notes it as a curious fact that the Government's own valuation was never taken as a guide. They always managed to hover over the line of Griffith's valuation, but rarely or never to descend — facts that of themselves will inevitably create a feeling of strong, reasonable, and widespread discontent, which will resuscitate the Land League organization, and infuse into it such fresh vitality and strength as, when the coercion shall have expired, will make it simply irresistible.]

But Mr. Gladstone says that the Land Question has been finally settled, and that he will listen to no further argument or discussion on it. But he said the same before, still the Land League agitation compelled him to take the question up, and pass his bill. But the

truth is that *finality* in legislation on any question is an absurdity; and with the widespread and unprecedented privations and sufferings of the agricultural classes in England and Scotland, on the one hand, and American and Australian competition on the other, *finality* in legislating on land is the most glaring of all absurdities. Why? Legislation on the Land Question is at its commencement, and in another year or two it will be in full swing in England and Scotland as well as here.

Two years ago they had only the haziest ideas of their constitutional rights to assemble together, to look each other in the face, and talk freely and frankly with each other over their common grievances. But now they are practically, as well as theoretically, convinced that by coming to a common, clear understanding, by harmonious action, and by combining all their energies and efforts, they can become a power that is almost irresistible. And they have actually come to that common understanding; they have legally and constitutionally united and combined, and created about the greatest and most thoroughly disciplined organization that has ever arisen in any country. The justice and legality of the organization itself, and the reasonableness of the reforms at which it aimed, were acknowledged and recognized in Parliament, and out of it, by the highest legal authorities in the land. The Government itself, though it always hated and feared, yet never ventured till quite recently to question it, and then only on a few points, which are mere accidental changes in the organization, and which can be easily eliminated. Now, sir, I confess I find it hard to have patience with some educated men whom you will hear from time to time awarding to Mr. Gladstone the whole merit of having passed the Land Act. Why, sir, you yourself have made it as clear as light that Mr. Gladstone, in taking up the Land Question, only yielded to an inevitable necessity which he resisted as long as he was able, and which would have shattered his Government to atoms if he continued to resist it much longer.

It was the Land League organization that dragged the tenants' wrongs into light; held them up to the gaze of the empire in a blaze of oratory and eloquence; that made every honest man indignant and ashamed of them, and thus created a strong, outspoken public opinion, which made it a necessity for Mr. Gladstone to pass his

Land Bill. This bill being thus the hard-earned fruit of our own labor, why should we not appropriate the gain as well as the glory of having passed it?

That Mr. Gladstone should punish and degrade an honorable and a distinguished rival on grounds such as these; that he should consign him, without judge or jury, to imprisonment and to chains; that he should extort from him, in the indignation which such injustice naturally provoked, a pretext for suppressing an organization whose justice and legality he never questioned, appear to me an arbitrary exercise of power which Liberal and Radical statesmen are bound by their own principles to disown.

The effete, and I suppose I may add the now expiring system of Irish Landlordism, was the great central social evil of our country for ages. A single class, numerically not large, kept a whole nation steeped in indescribable misery by exacting rents which in instances without number, nearly equalled the value of the whole produce of the land, and consequently it was all but impossible to meet them. Under this unjust system the people of a whole nation were kept continually on the verge of starvation, and hence the smallest unfavorable change in seasons, the slightest failure of their crops, particularly of the potato crop, slaughtered them wholesale, and sent them to premature graves. The landlords were further armed with the arbitrary power of evicting on any scale they thought proper, and they did exercise that power on a gigantic scale. I was myself an eye-witness of some of these clearances; and when I venture to look back at them, the very memory of what I saw makes me shudder even still. In one county in this diocese *there are at this moment* 369,000 *acres of the finest land in the world* laid down in grass and pasture. That immense tract of country was cleared substantially since the beginning of the present century. Of that vast, virtuous and industrious population that had been driven off these lands, those who had the courage and the means fled to foreign lands, and those who could not perished in the ditches or in the poorhouses.

A sentence of eviction is equivalent to a sentence of death in a country where, if you are to live at all, you must live by your industry on the land. A mortal fear of such eviction, then, was the only motive that could have influenced the people of a nation to submit to any rack-rents which robbed them of the fruits of their own

improvements and kept them perpetually on the border line of starvation. Mr. Gladstone's own Land Commission, although only in its infancy, is letting in a flood of light on the huge and ghastly proportions of the great social evil which for years past preyed on the vitals and drank up the life's blood of the nation. A system under which landlords exacted twenty, thirty, forty, and in some cases one hundred per cent. in excess of the real value cannot but be regarded as a system of legalized injustice; for it has challenged theoretically our right to live in the country in which we were born, and it has practically driven our people as exiles in hundreds of thousands into foreign lands. *Irishmen would be more than human* if they cherished for such a system anything less than the fiercest hatred. And yet this embodiment of injustice and cruelty has been fostered and protected with as much paternal tenderness and care as if it had been an essential requirement, not only for the good government, but for the very existence of the British Empire. The unjust and irrational partiality of British statesmen for Irish landlordism, coupled with the implacable severity with which they punished any one who dared to interfere with it, has been beyond all doubt, the main cause of the unpopularity and practical failure of British rule at all times in Ireland. Were it not for the baleful effects of this one cause, Ireland, without merging its nationality for a moment, would be as peaceful, and as orderly as Scotland. We offered successive governments, a hundred times over, a generous loyalty, a cheerful submission to their laws, a co-operation in everything calculated to advance the interests of England as well as our own, if they would only remove the injustice of this great social grievance which threatened our very existence. But they would not accept our loyalty on these conditions. They regarded the estrangement, the discontent, and even the avowed hatred of a nation as mere petty evils, when compared to the irreparable disaster of putting Irish landlords in bad humor. And the same unjust and irrational partiality infatuates British statesmen still. When the tyrannical injustice of Irish Landlordism had, quite lately, become intolerable, and when the unanimous voice of the country had called on Mr. Gladstone to grapple with it, and place some restraint on its excesses, why did he begin by placating it, by appeasing it, and by actually immolating to it the liberty and freedom of the nation he was directed to rescue from its

cruelty and injustice? And was it because he had imposed some restraints on its rack-renting injustice and its exterminating cruelty that he has since felt himself called on to make full and ample reparation and atonement, by punishing and imprisoning the men who were guilty of the crime of having compelled him to interfere with it at all. A policy based on a principle like this, does not merit either gratitude or approval. As a matter of fact, the whole Liberal party, and Mr. Gladstone's government in particular, can hardly be lower than it actually is with the Irish people abroad, as well as at home. If we Irishmen at home, cordially detest the Irish system of land tenure, our countrymen abroad simply execrate and abhor it. The millions of Irishmen in America, England, Scotland, Canada, and Australia, look back on the land of their birth with a depth and tenderness of feeling, of interest, of attachment, and of love which an Englishman can hardly comprehend. To the deep, keen, undying interest which these exiles feel in the welfare of the dear old land, and to the longing love with which they yearn and sigh to get one last look at it before they die, are associated a fierce execration and hatred of the system of land tenure which had cruelly and unjustly banished them away from it forever The strongest and deepest desire in the hearts of these Irish exiles would be to lend a hand and share their last shilling in any fair effort to extirpate and destroy the injustice of a system which they regarded as the responsible cause of their expatriation.

The intrepidity with which Mr. Parnell denounced this system before hostile majorities; the practical skill with which he developed to the highest pitch of efficiency the Land League organization; his splendid efforts to emancipate the land from the thraldom of Landlordism, realized to the fullest all these exiles longed for and desired. He won at once all the confidence and the attachment that generous hearts can bestow. Their generous sympathies soon assumed a practical and substantial form. Thousands of Land League organizations sprang up, as it were, by magic in every part of the world. There is not a city, town or village throughout the vast extent of the United States, Canada, Australia, as well as in England and Scotland, in which there are not found flourishing Land League branches, thoroughly organized and disciplined, all in communication with the great central (though now suppressed)

organization at home, and contributing to it a moral and a pecuniary support that makes it a power almost irresistible. Streams of gold still flow from these innumerable sources abundantly into its treasury. Mr. Parnell on the day of his arrest was regarded as the greatest, the most trusted, and the most popular Irishmen of this century, or perhaps of any other. The very day of his arrest Mr. Gladstone addressed a meeting, composed principally of aldermen, at the Guildhall in London, and his theme, of course, was the excited state of Ireland. Mr. Parnell had been arrested some hours before the meeting, and Mr. Gladstone was, of course, fully cognizant of the fact. At the very height, however, of a fieree, impassioned, and scathing philippic, in which Mr. Gladstone has no rival, and by which he can drive an auditory into all but absolute frenzy, a telegram arrives. The messenger presents himself exactly at the proper moment, forces his way to the place from which Mr. Gladstone is speaking, and presents the telegram amid the breathless silence. Mr. Gladstone reads it, and, with the solemnity of an accomplished actor, announces that the first act of the drama is opened — Mr. Parnell is arrested, and is now safely lodged in Kilmainham.

The announcement brought the meeting, to a man, to their feet, and it was hailed with loud, ringing, and prolonged cheers, and with the most extravagant demonstration of exultation. In reading this, it would strike any one that Mr. Gladstone might have remained satisfied with the victory he had fairly, or unfairly, won over his great rival, and that this wild, indecent ebullition of feeling over a falling foe looked very like striking him when he was down. I have no doubt that the enthusiastic applause that Mr. Gladstone had evoked afforded him the highest delight, but it did not excite the same feelings in the minds of millions of Irishmen who read of it with the news of Mr. Parnell's arrest the next morning. The wild, enthusiastic outburst of triumph and joy which hailed the announcement of Mr. Parnell's imprisonment caused them greater pain, irritated and exasperated them more, than a similar outburst of the fiercest hatred and contempt if levelled directly at themselves. But the most painful feature of this Guildhall meeting was that, as Mr. Gladstone fairly enough insinuated, it was representative in its character. The great Liberal and Radical parties spoke and acted

through it, and emphatically expressed their opinions and feelings through its proceedings. The Radical party had to do violence to their convictions and principles in assisting Mr. Gladstone to pass the most oppressive Coercion Bill ever enacted; and yet, with his promises broken before their eyes, they never yet condemned, or even complained of, the use he had made of the dangerous and unconstitutional powers which that Act gave him. But as we are now striving for our very lives, the time has come when they must speak out, and openly take a side for or against us. If they do not compel Mr. Gladstone to reverse his policy, and set Mr. Parnell and the other Suspects at liberty, on what reasonable grounds, may I ask, can they claim the loyalty, the allegiance, the political sympathy and support with which the Irish nation invariably favored them? In that event it would become our duty, as well as our interest, to assume an attitude of antagonism, and even of avowed, active, and aggressive hostility towards them. Any escape at all from Mr. Gladstone's government would not only be a relief, but a positive improvement of our condition. The great distinctive features that had long distinguished and characterized Liberal and Tory administrations are now obliterated. They do not now differ even in *degree*, and where they do differ, the balance of evil is on the Liberal side. I would, therefore, respectfully submit to these great parties to pause and gauge exactly our influence and strength before they finally reject us. The Irish race in Ireland, England, and Scotland, and all over the world, is united as one man, and with the sincerity and loyalty of brothers, in the great struggle in which we are now engaged. Although we are numerous enough to be counted by millions, yet we are thoroughly organized and disciplined; we are, moreover, sensitively attentive and obedient to the instructions issued for our guidance by the leaders whom we know and have confidence in. We can throw our united energy and strength into one great, combined movement; we can direct that movement to any point we please, and act and vote *solid* there against the common enemy.

I have the honor to be, faithfully yours,

✠ T. Nulty.

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